

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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## THE SONS OF THE PRESIDENTS

BY LYNDON ORR

THE question whether great fathers beget great sons is an old one, and it is easy to cite examples both for and against the theory. A more representative group for this purpose could not well be found than the twenty-five men who, from Washington to Roosevelt, have won and held the Presidency of the United States. A very few of them, such as Presidents Polk and Hayes, were "dark horses," securing the nomination by something very much like chance; and four others — Presidents

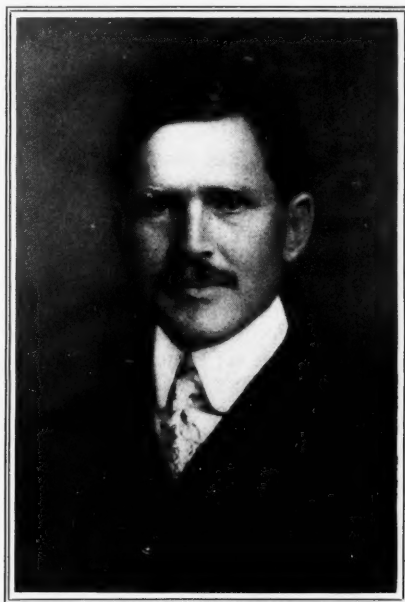
Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, and Arthur—succeeded to the headship of the nation only by the accident of death. But of the whole twenty-five there are not many who did not fight their way by sheer force of character and intellect up the heights of political power, until they towered so far above their fellow citizens as to make their promotion a reward of unquestioned merit.

This is why a special interest attaches to the sons of these conspicuous men. How often have they reached something



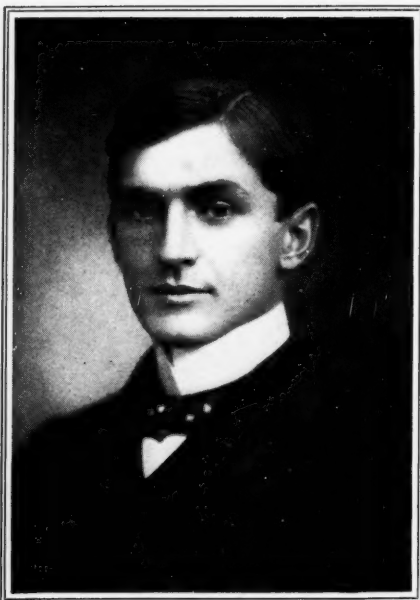
DR. HARRY AUGUSTUS GARFIELD, PRESIDENT  
OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE, ELDEST SON  
OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

*From a photograph by Marceau, New York*



JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD, SECRETARY OF  
THE INTERIOR, SECOND SON OF  
PRESIDENT GARFIELD

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*



ABRAM GARFIELD, YOUNGEST SON OF  
PRESIDENT GARFIELD

*From a photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland*

of their father's eminence? How often, on the other hand, have they been overshadowed by their inheritance of a distinguished name?

Perhaps the first thing that one notes is the fact that a large proportion of the Presidents had no sons at all, or were wholly childless. Jefferson, for example, had two daughters, whose mother died when they were very young. They saw little of the White House, but they were carefully watched over by Jefferson himself, who looked after the most minute details of their education. Queen Victoria once asked the American Embassy to secure for her an autograph letter of President Jefferson. In response to this request, the queen received a charming little note which Jefferson had written to his daughter Martha, often called Miss "Patsy" Jefferson, afterward Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph. It was a letter full of tender solicitude and friendly advice, as from an elder brother rather than from a father.

Miss Patsy, who was a very beautiful girl, was educated in a Paris convent while Jefferson represented the United

States at the French capital. With the enthusiasm of a young girl she longed to take the vows and become a nun. Her father's tact was shown by the way in which he treated this petition. He said not a word against it, but quietly invited the young enthusiast to come and stay with him for a while at the brilliant court of King Louis XVI. She did so, and somehow, after that, she never mentioned the nunnery again. She became, indeed, a most beautiful and brilliant woman of the world, and married very happily. Her portrait has come down to show us by her very looks that she was a worthy descendant of her illustrious father, and that, had she been a boy, she might have carried on his greatness to another generation.

#### A POSSIBLE SON OF WASHINGTON

It is well known that the wealthy widow whom Washington married bore him no children. There still exists, however, as there existed during his own lifetime, a legend that he was the father of a natural son, one Thomas Posey, born in Virginia before Wash-



COLONEL WEBB C. HAYES, SON OF  
PRESIDENT HAYES

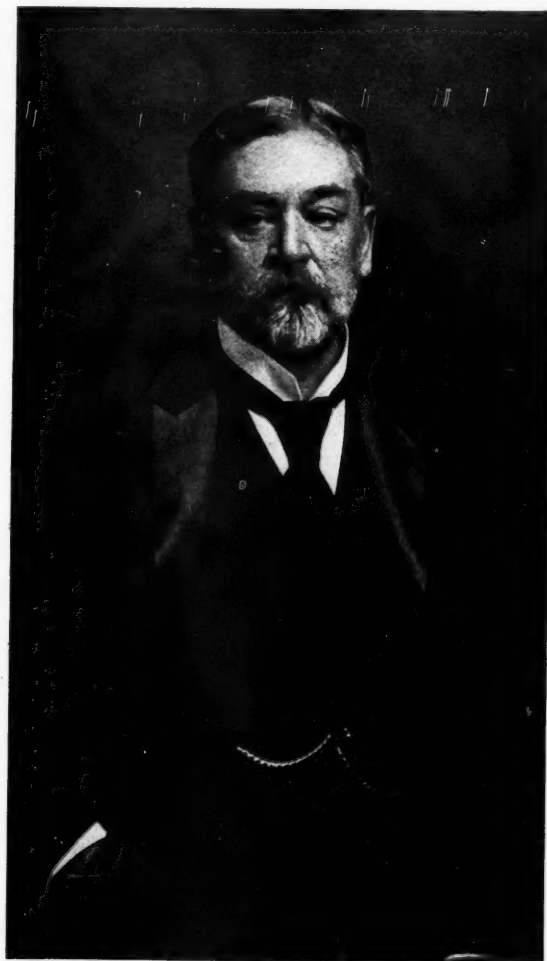
*From a photograph by Endean, Cleveland*



ington was married, and about whose parentage nothing definite can be ascertained. Taking into account the customs and morals of that day, the fact of such a relationship would commonly have been regarded as no more than an excusable incident in the life of a young soldier; but there is no positive evidence to support the tradition, which may be purely fiction. Those who have inclined to accept it have relied mainly upon two facts, neither of them at all conclusive—the remarkable physical resemblance of the men, and the great favor which Washington constantly showed the young Virginian. To these one may add, as a third circumstance, Posey's striking military prowess; though perhaps the latter was really the reason why Washington showed Posey so much favor.

At any rate, when eighteen years of age, Posey enlisted in a force of loyalists raised by Lord Dunmore, the last Colonial governor of Virginia; but after the Declaration of Independence, he followed the example of Washington and cast his lot in with the patriots, fighting stubbornly against the very troops among whom he had but lately served. He was with Washington in New Jersey, and later fought at Saratoga, witnessing the surrender of Burgoyne. Under "Mad Anthony" Wayne, he was present at the storming of Stony Point. This was one of the fiercest hand-to-hand struggles of the whole Revolution. When the word to scale the breastworks was given,

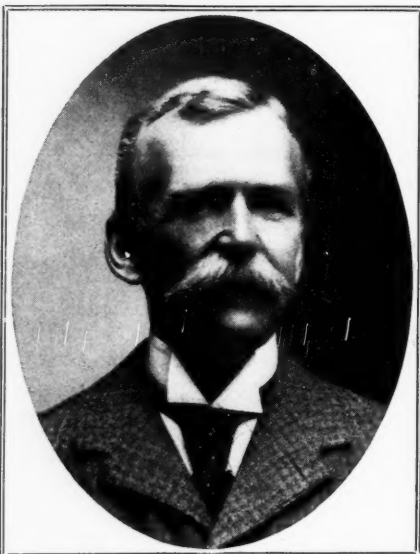
Posey leaped forward at the head of the American column and was one of the first men upon the ramparts. If he really had in him the blood of Washington, he united the steadfast courage



ROBERT T. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE PULLMAN COMPANY,  
ONLY SURVIVING SON OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

*From a photograph by Gessford, New York*

of that commander to a more fiery strain inherited from his unknown mother. He saw Lord Cornwallis give up his sword at Yorktown; and then betook himself to the pursuits of peace, settling successively in Virginia, in Kentucky, and in Louisiana. He was one



DR. LYON G. TYLER, PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM  
AND MARY COLLEGE, SON OF  
PRESIDENT TYLER

*From a photograph by Davis, Richmond*

of the first United States Senators from Louisiana, and did much to pacify the Indians of the West. A county in the State of Illinois still bears his name.

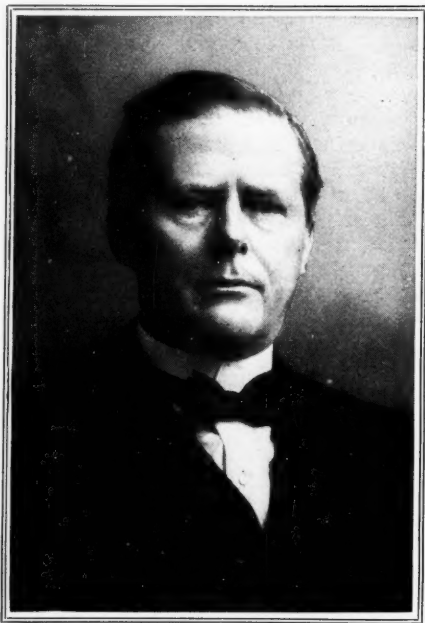
#### A FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND FAMILY

Just one President, John Quincy Adams, was himself the son of a President, besides being the father of a statesman who could probably have had the Presidency had he cared to accept the nomination.

John Quincy Adams, who was born in 1767, was perhaps the most thoroughly trained statesman, and the most scholarly and intellectual man, who ever held the office of President of the United States. The son of President John Adams, he was bred in an atmosphere of statecraft and high cultivation. Though he nominally held the chair of rhetoric at Harvard, the demand for his public services was so great that he practically had a perpetual leave of absence from the university. President Monroe made him minister at The Hague, whence he was transferred to the American legation in Portugal, and later to the more important mission to Prussia. Returning home for a time,

he entered the United States Senate; but soon took charge of the legation at St. Petersburg. From it he was summoned, in 1815, to arrange the Treaty of Ghent, which put an end to the War of 1812, and which was distinctly a diplomatic triumph for our country. Great Britain had great advantages of position, and her envoys, so to speak, held the best cards in the game; but Adams and his colleagues outplayed them, and went home while the cannon were still thundering to celebrate Jackson's victory at New Orleans, fought after the treaty had been signed. Soon he was made minister to England, and after his service in London he returned to become Secretary of State under President Monroe. There is little doubt that Adams had much to do with formulating the Monroe Doctrine.

Then he became President, and in the eyes of his countrymen his Presidency was a failure. Looking back upon it now, we read his record differently. His principles were almost too lofty for such a country as ours was at the time. Adams was infinitely able,

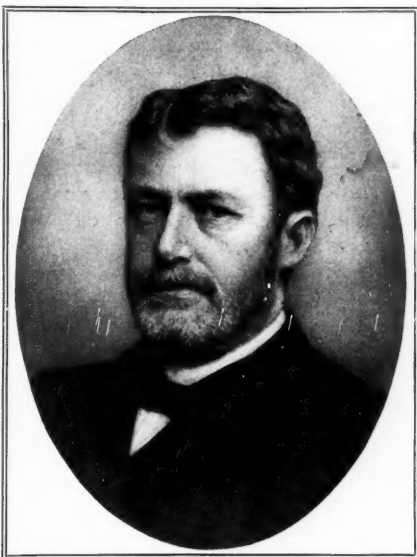


JESSE R. GRANT, YOUNGEST SON OF  
PRESIDENT GRANT

*From a photograph by Alman, New York*

but he also had an infinite scorn of popularity. He would not raise a finger, or move an eyebrow, or speak a pleasant word, to gratify a single human being. When he was reviled in the press, and when his motives were grossly misinterpreted, he seemed to take a grim pleasure in it. Naturally, he was not reelected; and when he left the White House his enemies declared that this austere, inflexible incarnation of integrity had carried away with him the gold spoons from the White House pantry!

One might think that his career would then have ended. On the contrary, he accepted an election to the House of Representatives, and there, for eighteen years, he served his country—a sturdy, picturesque, and inspiring figure. He championed stubbornly the right of free petition as against the upholders of slavery, and this old man eloquent used to be the storm-center of debate when all the ablest of his opponents hurled themselves on him alone. He had a racy wit; he loved a fight, and he fought so well that at last even his po-

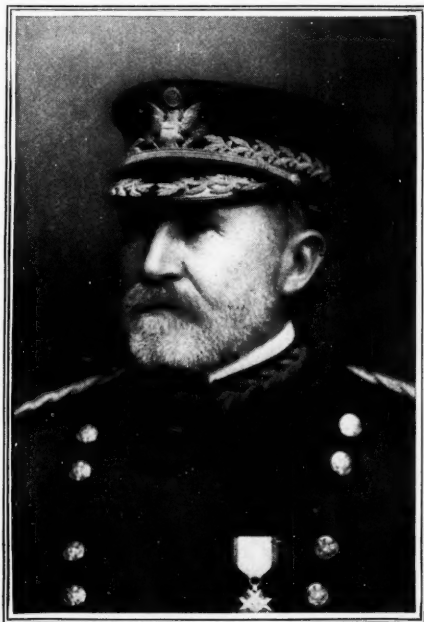


ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR., SECOND SON OF  
PRESIDENT GRANT

*From a photograph*

litical foes respected him, not alone because he was the son of a President and had been a President himself, but because of the bulldog stubbornness that made him so formidable in debate. It was he who was stricken down by death while in his place in the House, and was borne into one of the anterooms, where he uttered the memorable sentence: "This is the last of earth. I die content!"

Great as was the service which John Quincy Adams did his country, it perhaps was equaled, if not surpassed, by that of his son, Charles Francis Adams, the brightest name since Franklin's in the history of American diplomacy. Mr. Adams was remarkably like his father in appearance and temperament. He was a member of the House from 1858 to 1860; but in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, Secretary Seward selected him for the English mission. What he did there, and what he *was*, availed more to the Union cause than an army in the field or a battle-fleet on the open seas. He had to move amid a society which was distinctly hostile to our country. He had to read in the English newspapers, and to hear in the debates of Parliament, continual gibes



MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT, ELDEST  
SON OF PRESIDENT GRANT

*From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York*

about "Yankee cowardice"; and he had to deal with ministers like Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, who either hoped that the South would win, or who believed, like Mr. Gladstone, that it was sure to do so. Finally, he had to watch the proceedings of the Confederate emissary, Mason, and to keep a keen eye upon the formidable vessels which the Lairds of Liverpool were building, nominally for the French government, but actually for the Confederacy.

Through all this trying period, Mr. Adams bore himself with a fine tact,

a high sense of duty, and a firmness of character which appealed especially to Englishmen, since these are traits which Englishmen themselves admire in their own statesmen. Carl Schurz, who first met him at this time, wrote:

He had neither that vivacity nor that racy combativeness which made his father, John Quincy Adams, so formidable a fighter. But his whole mental and moral being combined to bring it about that every word he uttered had an extraordinary weight; and in his diplomatic encounters, his antagonists not only feared the reach and the exactness of his knowledge and the solidity of his



RICHARD F. CLEVELAND, ELDEST SON OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

*From a stereograph—copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



COLONEL RUSSELL B. HARRISON, SON OF PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON

*From a photograph by Rockwood, New York*

reasoning, but were anxious to keep his good opinion of them. He would not trifle with anything, and nobody could trifle with him.

He showed his quality in the dark days of 1863, when one of two powerful rams was launched in the Mersey, and might at any moment, under cover of darkness, slip away to receive off-shore an armament that would help it to break the blockade of the Southern ports. Mr. Adams had already let it be known that for Great Britain to recognize the Confederacy would be equivalent to a declaration of war upon

the United States. But this equipment of cruisers under false pretenses was more difficult to deal with. Nevertheless, the American envoy felt that now the time had come for action, and that Great Britain must make her choice. Lee's invading army had already been hurled back at Gettysburg, while Grant had opened the Mississippi by the capture of Pemberton at Vicksburg. With a stern resolve which his father might have envied, Mr. Adams sent to Lord John Russell documents to show that the rams were intended for the Confederate navy, and then wrote that famous despatch



Theodore, Jr.

THE FOUR SONS OF  
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

*From photographs by  
Puch, New York*

ending, with the incisive sentence which rings like the clang of steel on steel:

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war.

Two days later, Mr. Adams received a note from Lord John to the effect that steps had been taken to prevent the departure of the rams. From that day to the end of the war, there was no more danger of British intervention or of the escape of new Alabamas.

How much of an Adams this particular Adams was may be seen from his conduct in 1872. Many adherents of the Republican party had risen in revolt against President Grant's administration, and were willing to join hands with the Democrats. What they lacked was a leader upon whom both factions could unite, and whose character and standing were known to every one. Such a man was Mr. Adams, and had his name been placed at the head of the opposition ticket, it is very likely that he would have won. But some of the proceedings of the Liberal Republicans in their convention did not please him, and he contemptuously telegraphed to a friend:

Take me out of that crowd, please.

Naturally, "that crowd" was no longer enthusiastic for Mr. Adams. They nominated the erratic Horace Greeley, with disastrous results which are a part of our political history.

#### "PRINCE JOHN VAN BUREN"

President Van Buren was a widower during his term of office, and his two sons by a former marriage were already quite well known. One of them, Major Abraham Van Buren, was a graduate of West Point. He afterward fought valiantly at Monterey, and also under Scott in every engagement from the shelling of Vera Cruz to the capture of Mexico. For his gallantry at the battle of Contreras he was brevetted. He was perhaps even better known, however, for his conquest of Miss Angelica Singleton, one of the most beautiful and wealthy heiresses of that time.

It was his brother, however, John Van Buren, who became a really national figure. He was a showy, handsome, florid man, who professed to be a leader of fashion, while practising at the same time the profession of law.



Kermit



Archie



Quentin



His elaborate clothes, his famous dinners, and his rather free-and-easy jokes were known everywhere, and he was popularly styled "Prince John." Unfortunately, he was something of a braggart and ruffler, and his clients were not always persons of good repute—or, if so, their cases were not always savory.

Thus, in 1851 he undertook to act as counsel for the famous tragedian, Edwin Forrest, who had brought suit for divorce against his wife. Against this refined and honorable woman, Forrest, who was crazed with jealousy, made the most odious accusations, connecting her name with those of many prominent men. In the ensuing trial, which lasted for six weeks—an unheard-of time for those days—Mr. Charles O'Connor made his reputation by his defense of Mrs. Forrest. Among the persons brought into the suit was the well-known writer, N. P. Willis. There was no shadow of proof against Willis; and the trial ended by the complete overthrow of Forrest and "Prince John." In his summing up, however, the latter had let his tongue run on so virulently that Willis soon after wrote him a letter asking for an apology. "Prince John" was about to make a journey through the South, and Willis added:

If you decline to write me this apology, I am willing to meet you with such weapons as you may name at any place in the South.

It did not suit "Prince John" to fight. He published Willis's letter in a newspaper, styling it "a scurrilous and silly document." Willis, though physically frail, was by no means lacking in courage. Years before, in England, he had wrung an apology from the famous Captain Marryat; and he now published a brief card in which he said to "Prince John":

I pronounce you a coward, as well as a proper companion for the blackguards whose attorneyship constitutes your career.

"Prince John" tried to turn this off with a joke, but he had distinctly had the worst of the encounter; and from that time his prestige was much diminished. It may be added that he still acted as Forrest's counsel, and with

others kept Mrs. Forrest waiting eighteen years for the money which the court awarded her.

Later in life, having become more serious, John Van Buren joined the Republican party in its early days, and did much to bring about the nomination of Frémont in 1856. Ten years afterward, he died at sea.

#### OTHER SONS OF PRESIDENTS

General Zachary Taylor, whose Presidency was so speedily cut short by death, had a very able son in the person of General "Dick" Taylor, who was an effective cavalry officer on the Southern side during the Civil War, and who gave General Banks many an unhappy moment along the lower Mississippi. Other Presidents who have had soldier sons were Lincoln, Grant, Harrison, and Hayes. To-day, the only son of President Lincoln who grew up to manhood, Robert T. Lincoln, is best known as having been minister to England and Secretary of War, though he is now a lawyer and president of the Pullman Company in Chicago. In his first youth, however, he served on the staff of General Grant during the Civil War.

Grant's eldest son, Major-General Frederick Dent Grant, graduated from West Point, served in the regular army, and retired to civil life, becoming minister to Austria in 1885. When the Spanish War broke out, he offered his services, and was made a brigadier-general of volunteers by President McKinley. In 1901, President Roosevelt transferred him to the regulars. He has held important commands both in this country and the Philippines. President Grant's other two sons, however, Ulysses S. Grant and Jesse R. Grant, have led uneventful lives and have not turned to warfare.

The son of President Hayes, Colonel Webb C. Hayes, after graduating from Cornell, acted for a time as his father's secretary. Later, he entered business life, but on the outbreak of the war with Spain he volunteered for the field, was ordered to Cuba as a member of General Young's staff, and was wounded in the fighting before Santiago. In the following year he went to the

Philippines as lieutenant-colonel of a volunteer regiment, and before returning from the East he saw plenty of hard service. He won a medal of honor for personal gallantry in the action at Vigan in December, 1899.

President Harrison's son, Colonel Russell B. Harrison, now a lawyer and mining-operator, also went to the front in 1898, and served in Cuba and for two years in the Philippines.

President Arthur's only son, Alan Arthur, neither sought nor achieved any special distinction. As a student at Columbia and Princeton, he was an amiable youth with a tendency to get into trouble of the sort that comes easily to undergraduates. After leaving Princeton, he married a young lady of considerable wealth and made his residence abroad.

Two Presidents have had sons who devoted themselves to literary or scientific pursuits, and who finally governed colleges as their fathers had governed the nation. Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, son of President Tyler, is still living as president of that venerable institution, William and Mary College, in Virginia. He is also known for his valuable historical researches. President Garfield's eldest son, Harry Augustus Garfield, after studying at Williams, Columbia, Oxford, and at the Inns of Court in London, became professor of politics at Princeton, and last year was called to the presidency of Williams College, his own *alma mater* and that of his distinguished father. His brother, James Rudolph Garfield, also a Williams man, has done brilliant service in public life,

and is now President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior.

#### PRESIDENTS WHO HAD NO SONS

Out of the twenty-five statesmen who have been at the head of our Republic, more than one-third have had no sons. Washington, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, and Johnson had no children at all, while Jefferson and McKinley had only daughters. The sons of Fillmore and Pierce died while quite young. The only President who never married was Mr. Buchanan, who is said, to the day of his death, to have cherished an unhappy love-affair of his youth. The only President who was not married until after he became President was Mr. Cleveland, who made his happy union with Miss Frances Folsom during his first term.

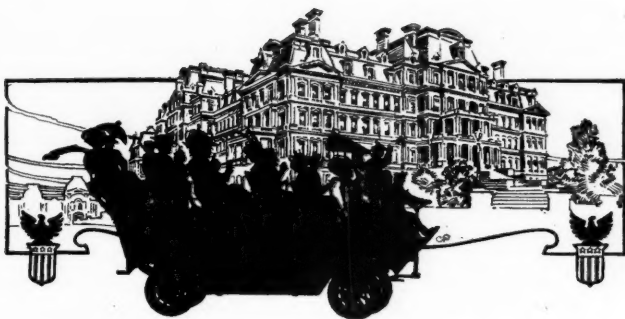
Thus, out of twenty-five Presidents, only eleven have had sons whose careers can be studied; since those of Mr. Cleveland and of President Roosevelt have not yet arrived at manhood. On the whole, a review of the eleven families tends to strengthen the theory of inherited genius. It would be difficult to take at random the sons of eleven average men and find any such marks of note among them; but the Presidents' sons number successful soldiers, diplomats, statesmen, scholars, and men of practical affairs. The Adams family and the Harrison family gave two Presidents to the nation. Here is a remarkable list of sons who have well sustained the distinction of their fathers, and among them there is not one of whom the nation may not be proud.

#### GENIUS

WHAT is this thing that God has given you—  
This subtler sense, so delicate and true  
That you can see in every single star,  
In every flower, all the things that are—  
In every human life, in every stone,  
A song, a poem, a story of its own?

What is this fairy gift, this magic light,  
That gilds your thoughts—this mystic inner sight,  
This drop of something in one human heart,  
That lifts you from the world and us apart,  
And leaves you on the peaks of sun and snow,  
While other men plod onward far below?

Helen Rowland



## WASHINGTON, OUR BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL—ITS SEAMY SIDE

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

VISITORS to the American capital have so long and so uniformly agreed in characterizing Washington as the best-ordered city in the United States that he who would suggest that there is a seamy side to the picture undertakes an ungracious task. Residents, however, know only too well that there are other aspects than those which impress the tourist who "sees Washington" from the front seat of a "rubber wagon"—aspects which this cursory observer doesn't want to see, and which the voluble guide doesn't feel it worth while to display.

In a peculiar way, Washington is the national city. No other of the world's capitals is this in quite the same way. In most cases, the capital is also the metropolis. London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Peking, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and so on, are the great cities of their respective countries; their political status is more or less incidental. Washington, on the other hand, is simply and almost exclusively the capital. Not only was it founded expressly to be the capital, but it was named for the Father of His Country, and its location, on the dividing line of the two sections, was determined as part of the great compromise between the Federalists and the

Democrats which was necessitated by factional differences at the very beginning of constitutional government in the United States.

Still more than this, the national government, recognizing its peculiar relation to its political headquarters, generously contributes from the Federal treasury one-half the total expense of the city government. For every dollar that the citizens of Washington pay in taxes, Uncle Sam goes into his pocket for another dollar. Therefore, the people of the whole country have a financial as well as a sentimental interest in knowing the truth about their capital; in seeing its blemishes as well as its beauties; in learning whether it is economically and properly administered.

### A CITY UNDER ALIEN GOVERNMENT

Furthermore, the people of the United States owe a peculiar duty to Washington and to the people of Washington. They are bound to give the capital a good government, because they have taken away from it the right to govern itself. Washington is in this regard an anomaly among American cities. Congress is its town council. The President might have added to his title that of "King of Washington." Congress being

the municipal legislature, the President is the real executive; for in him is vested the power to appoint the three commissioners of the District of Columbia, who administer the laws passed by Congress.

Washington, therefore, has an alien government. It is subjected to taxation without representation. The citizen with a grievance can't get out on the corner and denounce the aldermen. He gets no chance to appear at the polls on election day and "work against" the offending functionary. He can't draw up a platform of protest and announce himself as an opposition candidate. All he can do, if he is convinced that his town council isn't running the town properly, is to appeal to the people of Tombstone and Kalamazoo, of Pontiac and El Paso, of Tallahassee and Seattle, of Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and all the rest of these eighty-five million patriotic Americans who want Washington to be a model city, and beg them to elect a council that will be intelligent enough and disinterested enough to do better.

It is quite apparent that the protest of a comparatively small city of three hundred thousand people, spread all over this big country, and competing with the national interest in multifarious national issues, is likely to have very little effect. That is why Washington has rather got discouraged and benumbed. "What's the use?" it asks helplessly.

Washington has some very real and very concrete grievances, and the editor of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* having opened the way for a brief statement of these grievances, it is proposed here to make use of the opportunity. There is no purpose of calamitous lament. It is recognized that the whole nation is anxious to deal more than fairly with Washington, and that in many ways it is generous with its ward. It is proud of Washington, and wants to feel that its pride is justified.

Washington is not entered in competition for the pitiful distinction of being the worst-governed city in the country; but it is about the most expensively governed, and the results do not justify the cost. Everybody's business is

notoriously nobody's business; and in a most literal way, Washington's government is everybody's business.

#### THE SEAMY SIDE OF WASHINGTON

One fundamental difficulty with the government of Washington by Congress has been the disposition of our legislators to manage the city too much for the nation and too little for the people living in it. Splendid sweeps of asphalt avenues lined with glorious trees—for Washington has more trees than Paris, and vastly finer ones—constitute the front view which everybody admires; in the rear, too often, are squalid alleys in which insanitary hovels serve as the miserable shelter of wretched families. This is the seamy side—a side which the casual visitor does not take the trouble to see.

In these unsightly and unhealthy surroundings, packed together in their poverty-breeding poverty, live the unfortunates who, falling easy victims to consumption and typhoid and pneumonia, make Washington's record of deaths by these diseases one of the worst in the land, and a standing reproach to the government which veneers the front of things and doesn't look behind the veneer.

To this the unsatisfactory answer may be given that all large towns seem fated to have their slums. Perhaps; though nowadays the war on the slum is being waged relentlessly in cities where conditions are far more inherently difficult than in Washington, and the total extinction of the slum is no longer a dream of senseless idealism. And until the national pride in our capital shall have remedied existing conditions, the responsible powers have no right to point with pride to the municipal administration of Washington as a model for other cities.

Again, the condition of the public schools in Washington must make effective appeal to the average American who regards it as a first duty to every village, town, or city to establish the very best system of education that the community can afford.

Washington's public schools have been in turmoil for years. The laws have been changed so often and so funda-

mentally that no one organization gets its bearings worn down to the point of smooth working before a new scheme is legislated into being—and a new form of turbulence and disorganization results. There is always the most frank and cheering willingness to admit that things are wrong; but the remedy is likely to be worse than the disease. When the patient needs rest, he gets medicine. So the schools go on and on, costing enough to justify expectation that they should be the best, but failing sadly to realize that expectation.

How does it strike the self-satisfied American who is sure that his capital is a well-ordered city to know that when the public schools opened last year, there was overcrowding to the point of danger in many buildings, and to the extent of making good work impossible in more? In some cases it was necessary to go outside and rent structures erected for other purposes, in order to accommodate the pupils at all. In the last ten years the appropriations for erecting school-houses have been two million dollars less than the amount for which the school authorities have asked to meet their requirements.

#### \* A POLICY OF MISTAKEN ECONOMY

This suggests a niggardly policy at the point where economy should last be contemplated. Yet this, even, is not quite fair. The point is that Congress has utterly failed to take a comprehensive view of the situation. In other cities, where the government is close to the people and responsive to them, the budgets for current expenses and extraordinary charges are carefully separated; here there is no such wise and proper distinction. Congress seemingly feels that the veneer must be kept fresh and attractive, because Washington is a national show town; if to keep it thus takes too much money, why, something else must be lopped off to make the account balance.

In another city, bonds would be issued to meet extraordinary expenditures, such as buying a park which posterity will enjoy, and for which it may fairly be expected to help to pay. Washington doesn't issue bonds, which is right; with the United States behind it, bonds ought

not to be needed. Washington pays cash, and is retiring the small amount of bonds issued under a former dispensation as fast as possible.

But there is one advantage about issuing bonds in such cases. It enforces a differentiation between current and extraordinary expenditures. It guards against borrowing from the current expense pocket in order to pay into a depleted extraordinary expense pocket. The fact that the city needs two million dollars' worth of new school-buildings is not an argument that the new city hall should not have been built, or that Congress, last session, should not have appropriated two millions and a half to buy land for an extension of the Mall; but it is an argument in favor of a system under which a lopping off of the current expense fund will not be made to pay for any special increase in extraordinary expenses.

The reorganization in this regard of the financial system of the city has been repeatedly urged upon Congress by the commissioners of the District of Columbia; but without results. Congress, apparently, feels that if it pays half the expense of running things, and is reasonably liberal, and if it keeps up the polish on the nickel-plated front, so that visitors will exclaim about the beauties of Washington—why, the slums, and the death-rate, and the lack of school-buildings can be looked after some other time.

Right here is illustrated the weakness of the Washington system of government. Congress proposes to conduct its little experiment in city government in quite the right way—no bonds, no vague and dangerous floating debts, and so forth. The thing looks exceeding well. But the time comes when a few millions are wanted for some permanent investment—to buy a park, or to develop the system of boulevards connecting the parks, or to install a filtration plant for the city water. What happens?

Too frequently the disposition of Congress has been to keep the annual total of appropriations down to something like a traditional average. That means that to provide for these special expenditures the demands for current administration must be pruned down; that



necessities of the schools, of the penal system, or of the sanitary establishment must await consideration till some later time.

Back in 1900, at the time of the centenary of the founding of Washington, the Senate Park Commission scheme for the development and beautification of Washington was tentatively adopted. In truth, it was simply bringing together the best things in the plans of Washington and of L'Enfant, the great French engineer who made the first plat of the city. It involved a magnificent mall from the Capitol to the White House, the Washington Monument, and the State, War, and Navy Building; the completion of the system of great parks around the city, and their connection by parkway boulevards; the improvement of the Anacostia River basin—whose present condition is another reproach to Washington which the sightseer doesn't investigate; and the extension of Rock Creek Park from Washington down to the mouth of the beautiful Rock Creek, at Georgetown.

The commissioners of the District have ever since clung as closely as possible to this ideal in making their recommendations to Congress. It was impossible that so magnificent and expensive a scheme should be adopted at one stroke of the legislative pen; but the administrative authorities have worked persistently to secure the essentials of the scheme by piecemeal. They have made progress, too.

#### SPECIAL FAVORS TO THE RAILROADS

Part of the project involved the removal of the Pennsylvania station from land which the railroad never owned, in the Mall. Congress gave the company fifteen hundred thousand dollars to leave that land and join in the erection of the splendid new Union Station. There has been bitter criticism of that legislation. The Baltimore and Ohio demanded equally liberal terms for evacuating the public ground its terminal occupied, and got them. Thus three million dollars was voted away, one-quarter of which was contributed by the taxpayers of Washington, to pay, as has been charged, for that which the railroads never owned.

There are strange stories of the devious methods by which this legislation was passed; still stranger ones of the means by which, many years before, after the Pennsylvania was permitted to lay tracks in the Mall subject to the will of Congress, clauses were clandestinely inserted into enactments giving color to the railroad's claim of legal title to the privilege. These stories are characteristic. Washington people believe there has been all too much of kindly consideration for favored interests, the favors being ultimately charged against the capital city in its account with the public treasury and with its own tax-payers. They believe that Congress has thoughtlessly and good-naturedly—and sometimes, as to some influential members, corruptly—permitted special interests to exploit Washington and the national treasury, to their own enrichment, but to the grave disadvantage of the city and to the despoilment of Uncle Sam's treasure-chest.

Washington is expected to take what it gets without complaint, because Uncle Sam pays half the bills. But let's see about this. France—not Paris, with its millions of people and its immense commercial interests—has paid to make Paris what it is, the gayest and most delightful capital of Europe. Germany—not the huge population of Berlin, eight times as great as Washington's—foots the bills that represent the cost of making Berlin a true imperial city. Russia—not alone the property owners of St. Petersburg—has contributed most lavishly to make the seat of the Czars what it is. And so with others of the national cities. After all, the United States is only doing what other nations are doing for their capitals—vastly less than some of them do.

In Washington, things must be done on a national scale. The streets must be wide; there must be numerous parks, large and small; trees from all parts of the world must be brought and coaxed to grow here; every possibility of natural beauty must be developed; every blemish with which nature marred the prospect must be removed. All this, that the American citizen who on his bridal trip or his anniversary tour includes Washington in his itinerary, may



feel a due thrill of admiration and pride. National feeling demands all this. It must and ought to be done. But in frescoing the front of a noble building, there should not be neglect of the interior. The people who live in Washington ought to have the necessities and the utilities, as well as the adornments and the luxuries.

What does this allusion to the necessities mean? Well, a city of three hundred thousand people must have street-car service. Washington has it. It has a street-car system controlled by several companies. On the authority of a gentleman who made a careful computation for publication, which has never been questioned, it is stated that the aggregate capitalization of these lines is something over thirty millions of dollars—which is more than two-thirds of a million per mile of double-track line. Compared with other cities of the size and class of Washington, these are exceedingly high figures. Yet Washington is saddled with the necessity of paying returns on this huge sum. It would be impossible here to go into the marvels of finance by which these lines have been organized and reorganized into their present condition of inflated capitalization. Suffice it to say that that condition is a monument to the laxity of Congress—to its easy willingness to acquiesce in the purposes of prominent citizens who have "little bills" which would be "a good thing" for them.

#### THE GAS SCANDAL

Again, take the case of the Washington Gas Company. It started more than half a century ago, with an authorized capitalization of fifty thousand dollars. That limit has been raised from time to time till the company now has outstanding \$2,600,000 of stock, an equal amount of certificates of indebtedness, and \$600,000 of bonds. The stock is worth about three dollars to one of its face value; and now the company is in court with a proceeding, under color of a law of 1896, to double or treble its capital. If permitted, the increase will simply mean that for all future time the gas-users of the city must pay returns on so much more capital. It is a repetition of the easy process of stock-watering by stock

dividend. In a good many cities which regard themselves as none too well governed, that sort of performance is frowned upon, and in recent years it has been forbidden by law in many States.

The law of 1896, under which authority is claimed for this inflation, was forced through Congress in return for a reduction in the price of gas, then conceded to be excessive. The price was fixed at one dollar per thousand feet, with twenty-five cents penalty if bills be not paid within the first ten days of the month. To-day the dollar price is excessive by from twenty-five to fifty per cent, if comparison be made with other cities of Washington's size and circumstances.

Something like a year ago, the gas interest set about to have the courts make a valuation of its property, announcing its purpose, under the terms of the 1896 statute, to increase its capital issue up to the limit which a judicial valuation would fix on its property. The court took the procedure in hand, and it is still pending there, on an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

To understand what this inflation process means, it is necessary to explain that the original capital of fifty thousand dollars was never paid up in cash. Part of it was actually put into the company's treasury; then the earnings paid not only extremely profitable dividends—one hundred per cent in one year, and repeated dividends of fifteen to fifty per cent—but also the cost of extending the plant and keeping step with the city's requirements. The issue of \$2,600,000 of certificates of indebtedness was simply a device, of doubtful legality, to increase the nominal capital. The certificates were distributed *pro rata*, free of charge, to stockholders. They draw six per cent interest.

But the earnings have continued to grow until another huge increase of capital is necessary to hide their exorbitant character; wherefore the movement to expand the company's capital by five or ten millions of dollars.

#### AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS

When the gas company filed its petition reciting the law of 1896, and asking

that the court make a valuation, the commissioners of the District of Columbia protested, and instructed the corporation counsel to oppose the proceeding. Then, while the motion was still pending, the commissioners earnestly petitioned Congress to repeal the inflation act and to stop the scheme of injecting water by which to float the present excessive price of gas.

The consideration of this measure in Congress illustrates just what is the matter with Washington's government. The commissioners asked two things—that the inflation law be repealed, and that the price of gas be reduced from one dollar to seventy-five cents per thousand feet.

There was a long and hard fight over these propositions in the House Committee on the District of Columbia. The civic organizations of the city unanimously indorsed both proposals. Three of the four daily newspapers of Washington strongly advocated them; the fourth is owned by the president of the gas company, and is recognized as the organ of that corporation.

The fight over these two simple and manifestly reasonable proposals occupied the attention of the committee during most of the last session of Congress. The Senate and House Committees on the District of Columbia are the real legislative bodies for the city of Washington; for Congress commonly indorses whatever the committees recommend. So it early became apparent, as the contest had centered in the House committee, that if that body would only report the bills, they would in all probability pass.

The session wore away, with the people and the unfettered press clamoring for the proposed legislation. Experts were produced who demonstrated, to the confusion of the gas company's agents, that the terms of the bills were reasonable and fair. President Roosevelt himself took a hand to the extent of sending for at least one member of the House committee, and asking him to investigate and to do what he could for the two bills.

At length the committee voted on the bills, and ordered them reported to the House. It looked as if victory had been

won; but here there arose an unforeseen obstacle.

#### THE GAS BILLS AND CHAIRMAN SMITH

When a committee has ordered a bill reported, the chairman must report it to the House and call it up for consideration. Samuel W. Smith, Congressman from the sixth district of Michigan, is chairman of the House Committee on the District of Columbia; and as such, under the procedure of the House, he was still the guardian and custodian of the gas bills. He flatly declined to call them up.

From the beginning, Mr. Smith had been opposed to the gas legislation. He had thrown every possible obstacle in the way of the two bills. He didn't want to interfere with "vested rights." Apparently he had never heard that vested wrongs sometimes need correction, quite as much as vested rights require protection. He was angry and disgusted when, over his head and against his protest, his committee instructed him to report the bills.

So Chairman Smith declined to call up the bills on the floor of the house. He invented various excuses, and finally settled down to the allegation that Speaker Cannon would not recognize him to call them up; there was too much business of greater importance.

Speaker Cannon was seen in the interest of the bills. He declared flatly that Mr. Smith would be recognized to call them up. Mr. Smith was told what the Speaker had said. The membership of the House was almost unanimous in favor of them. The newspapers had aired the situation thoroughly, and Congress recognized that they ought to pass. In the case of the bill repealing the inflation act, it was of pressing necessity to secure immediate action. Failure might result in the courts sustaining the old law, allowing the inflation, and authorizing the issue of millions of watered stock. Once issued, and in the hands of "innocent" purchasers, it would be beyond attack.

Nevertheless, Mr. Smith stood firm against his committee, against the House, against the people of Washington—and in favor of the gas company. He was still standing firm when Congress ad-

journed at the end of May—the bills still in his inside pocket, the price of gas still exorbitant, and the inflation procedure merrily moving toward consummation in the courts.

Unfortunately, Samuel W. Smith is a typical example of the men who get into positions where, as legislators, they have to choose between the public and the private interest in Washington affairs. Out in his Michigan district they say that he is a stupendous success at getting garden-seeds and pensions; that he is an excellent letter-writer, and an admirable "mixer." He has been in Congress for nearly twenty years. So far as is recorded, he never served any especial purpose there, aside from his seed-distribution and pension-procuring functions, till he became chairman of the House Committee on the District of Columbia. In that capacity he has served the purposes of the Washington

Gas Company—and also the purpose of illustrating for this article, "What's the matter with Washington?"

The people of Mr. Smith's district would defeat him at the polls in November if they knew and appreciated his attitude toward the franchised and privileged monopolies of Washington. They would do it because they would want to rid themselves of the discredit of furnishing a Representative willing to rivet the shackles of monopoly on a community defenseless against an alien government; they would do it, especially, because they would be moved by the same pride in the national capital which has inspired so many millions of loyal Americans who have seen the veneer but not the inside.

Mr. Smith should certainly be defeated. All Congressmen and Congressional candidates of his class should be defeated.

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#### THE GATEWAY OF DEATH

I HEAR a garment's rustling sweep,  
The flutter of a wing;  
Another and a sweeter voice  
Takes up the notes I sing.

Beyond the light the shadows dark—  
Fall faith and trust between;  
Beyond the limits of the known,  
The boundaries of the seen.

And lo, against a fast-locked door,  
I beat my bruised hand.  
"Help me to know!" in vain I cry;  
"Help me to understand!"

I cry in vain. That fast-locked door  
No alien touch unbars;  
Its key lies lost in peopled space,  
Beyond the frontiered stars.

I hush my cries, lest *that* beyond  
Come faring back to me,  
From hidden, hideous, unknown paths  
No mortal eye may see.

"Unbar the door!" instead I beg,  
"I weary of the plain:  
Show me the road that lies beyond  
The turning of the lane!"

In vain I beg! The silence vast  
Flings back no sound to me;  
Beyond the portals of the dark  
I trust, but cannot see.

*Helen Tompkins*

# JIMINY'S CORNER IN THANKS

## A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY AND TURKEY DINNERS

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEIGH STORME"

Some hae meat wha canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat and we can eat,  
And sae the Lord be thankit!

**J**IMINY, general all-round epicure, sat at his ease and ate. A young woman volunteer waitress bent over him.

"Have you got enough?" she queried. "Do you like it? Isn't it great?"

She said this with an air of vivacity and cheerfulness that Jiminy slightly resented. Besides, her manners were bad. It was all well enough to feed folks, but it was pretty bad to tell them in addition just how good it was.

"It's fair," conceded Jiminy, gobbling a bit of the second joint; "but say, it ain't a marker to—" Then he stopped himself. "Gee," he thought, "I came near making a break that time! I was going to tell her it wasn't near as good as the Second Church blow-out. Say, if I had, she'd been on to me, and no mistake. And these here church folks is so blamed jealous, too. She'd 'a' jumped on me for that!"

He seized a piece of pumpkin-pie and made short work of it.

"Well, bo," he said to the boy next to him, "take care of yerself. I'm off. So long!" He hastened on. "I've got to hustle my stumps," he assured himself. "That is, if I'm goin' to make the honors even. It's up to me to do it."

He tore down one street and up the next, leaving the Stone Church Mission far behind. He hauled up, panting, almost at the other end of town; and

here he stopped before the door of a long, low building and fumbled in his clothes.

"Now for me Second Church ticket!" he wheezed breathlessly. He found it, presented it at the door, and entered boldly. "All O. K." he told himself. "I'm just in time. It's lucky they was just a little late. Say, missus, if you don't mind, just a teeny weeny good big piece off the breast. Yes'm, and some skin. You know the kind. Sure! I'm hungry as a bear."

"Are you all right, little boy?" queried a bespectacled matron, watching Jiminy as he disposed of his allowance of turkey. "Are you enjoying yourself, my son?"

"It ain't so good as last year," magnanimously responded Jiminy; "but it's as good as anybody could expect from this here Second Church, an' that's a fac'. Say, but you ought to see the feed put up by the West End. Say, they got millionaires over there. They don't do a thing but throw it into youse!"

"Have you ever been there?" queried another waitress, just to make Jiminy feel at home.

"I'm going there," gulped Jiminy. Then he stopped. This time he *had* made a break. "I'm going there—some time." That bettered matters. He improved them still more. "Maybe," he added doubtfully. Then he changed the subject. "Some o' that jelly like that feller has over there, miss. An' say, could you get me one of them napkins with them turkey pictures on? I'd like to decorate me room. Aw, say,

you're the goods! T'anks. That's fine. Well, fren's, it's me for the corner o' Main an' Market, ter sell the evenin' issues. Gee, but I'm rushed these days! So long!"

He disappeared from the immediate vicinity of the Second Church Mission. Whither he went, no one could exactly say, but a young man whose weight had liberally increased, and who looked turkey from his eyes, exuded turkey from his skin, and breathed it through his nose, waddled, almost gobbling, up to the West End Mission, half a mile away.

"Ticket!," said a man at the door.

"Say, I don't lose me ticket," said Jiminy, the boy who was largely human, but who was mostly bird. "I have hard enough time gettin' these tickets, I'm tellin' you."

"These tickets, did you say?" ventured the man.

"This ticket, bo," returned Jiminy; but he trembled, nevertheless. "May they never get on to the graft!" he murmured, as one who would say grace before meat.

"Aren't you the little boy who sells papers at the Main Street corner?" asked the clergyman of the West End Mission. "I've often seen you down there."

"I ain't the *little* boy," answered Jiminy, "but I'm the boy, all right, all right. And," he added to himself, "I'm growing right along."

"You look hungry," said the clergyman. "Now, don't be afraid—fill up! Eat all you can, my lad!"

"All I *can*," repeated Jiminy with a soulful sigh. "Gee, I could fly," he told himself later.

He was glad, after all, that he had had only three tickets; but he was also glad that he had at least that number.

Great things are not accomplished over night. It had taken Jiminy a matter of years to arrive at the period of three Thanksgiving tickets. He remembered well the time when he could not get even one. Then he also recalled the days of his extreme youth, when he attended a mission every Sunday for a year, just to get a ticket. And now—well, there was just one boy in town who knew how to divide up half a dozen

October and November Sundays among three distinct missions in order to accomplish the desired result. That boy was Jiminy; and he had never been caught.

"Jiminy," he said to himself when he reached his room that night, "yer got cause to be thankful. Yer ought to be thankful. Ye're good-lookin' an' ye're smart, and—say, Jiminy, yer idiot, whenever yer get down on yer luck, yer just wants to think how many poor chaps in this here town there is that only has *one* Thanksgivin' dinner in the year. Hooray!"

## II

WELL, that was last year. This year, the providence that graciously watched over Jiminy had again given him a square deal. Jiminy was happy. For the second time, his three church missions coughed up a Thanksgiving dinner-ticket apiece—for Jiminy. Life seemed very rosy as the glorious day approached.

But, suddenly, an untoward event occurred.

Jiminy, as has already been intimated, was the newsboy at the corner of Main and Market Streets. He had held his ground there ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper. They had tried to freeze him out in divers ways, but Jiminy had them all beaten—"to a frazzle," as he admitted to himself. If bigger boys turned up, Jiminy would dodge under them, and land a sale; if smaller, Jiminy would jump over them and do the same. And if Jiminy found that his rival was as good a salesman as he was himself, why—well, the field of honor was red with the victories of Jiminy.

But of all the thin ones and the small ones in the newspaper line that Jiminy ever saw, the lad that popped up a week before Thanksgiving was the thinnest and smallest. Jiminy would make about ten of him—especially after three Thanksgiving dinners, which, for the current year, Jiminy was holding in anticipation, vivid, joyful, and mouth-moistening.

"Now, where did this young guy blow in from?" thought Jiminy, as he watched the tiny specimen of humanity



dodge the street-cars and the teams. "An' who in thunder is he, anyhow? Say, kid," he announced, "you'd better skiddoo. This here's my beat, yer know."

"*Evening Star!*" returned the youngster, selling one to a customer of Jiminy's.

"There's going to be trouble pretty soon, kid," went on Jiminy, racing neck and neck to make a sale. The youngster made it.

"*Post*—yas, sir; and *News*—yas, sir."

"I mean it," muttered Jiminy.

"*Express!* Three an' two is five, sir," piped the young one.

For three days he kept it up, this interloper; and the worst of it was that people liked to buy of him. Jiminy's thoughts flew back to the days when he was about the size of this shaver, and when he froze out the regular boy on this corner.

"He don't freeze me out!" thought Jiminy. "Not much!"

But how was he to prevent it? The boy was too small to fight a duel; he was too irresponsible to argue with. He was not amenable to reason. He had only one answer to any rebuke; and that was to sell another paper.

Finally, on the third day, when ten of Jiminy's regular customers had been landed, right under his eyes, by this insignificant rival, he decided upon a course of action.

"If he's got a mother, er a father, er a sister, er a brother, I'll give *them* a change o' heart about this here! I'd like to run up agin some big bloke of a brother o' his! Oh, say," sighed Jiminy, humming a snatch from his favorite musical comedy:

Go to them gents up by them tents,

An' tell 'em this from me—

I'll knock their livers and lights to shivers.

At twenty minutes to three!

Accordingly, after business hours that evening, being still more than half a week before Thanksgiving Day, Jiminy set forth upon the trail of the small one. The small one took notice of the pursuit.

"You leave me alone," he whined.

"I'll leave *you* alone," answered

Jiminy, "but I'll reserve decision on whether I leave the rest of your family alone. Come on, now—no hangin' back! You're goin' home with me, an' I'm goin' home wit' you."

The small boy escorted him up one street and down another, and then the two dodged in among the alleys down on the Neck.

"If he takes me to his gang," thought Jiminy, "the Lord have mercy on the gang, fer I won't! That's what!"

"We're gettin' there," the kid commented, as they went.

"What's yer name, kid?" queried Jiminy.

"It's Flanagan," answered the small one.

"Sure!" replied Jiminy gleefully. "Ye're Mr. an' Mrs. Flanagan's young boy. To be sure—Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan!"

"Know 'em, did ye?" asked the boy, in some surprise.

"Did I?" answered Jiminy. "I *do!* I seen 'em both last night, walkin' arm an' arm, on Main Street, right here in town."

The small boy looked scared.

"Was it after dark ye seen 'em?" he inquired.

"On my own corner—after dark," admitted Jiminy.

"Gee!" said the lad. "I won't be goin' there long after dark, then—not if I can help it. I don't want to run into no ghosts!"

It became evident to Jiminy that Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan were, in Jiminy's vernacular, uncompromising "has-beens."

"Here's me home," said the boy.

Flanagan, the small one, entered. Jiminy followed. Instinctively, Jiminy rolled up one sleeve and spat viciously upon one hand.

"We'll see," he said.

He didn't see. There was nobody there but another small boy and a girl—a girl of Jiminy's own age, with, as Jiminy told himself, a wonderful sort of an eye.

"What'll you have?" queried the girl in a pleasant voice.

Jiminy explained the business situation as it then existed at the corner of Main Street and Market, there in town.



The girl listened. She smiled upon Jiminy.

"Aw, now," she said, "don't let it trouble you at all. It's on'y temp'rary, it is—that's all."

Jiminy melted before those smiling eyes.

"Oh, if that's all—" he conceded.

"It's only for a blow-out," went on the girl.

"As to how?" asked Jiminy.

"We want a blow-out on Thanksgiving," the girl answered. "I work down to the thread-works—you know 'em. I'm tryin' to keep these here kids off the street. They always wants to sell papers. Such a business!" said the girl, laying Jiminy low with a word. "But I promised 'em," she went on, "that they could sell papers until turkey-day, an' then we'd have a bit of a beef-steak an' somethin' good. You see? It's only temp'rary. After next week they won't bother you no more. The other boy's doin' the same thing on the avenue. You see?"

It was all satisfactory to Jiminy. So long as his business career was not to be undermined in its prime, he was quite content.

"And," he said, with some show of gallantry, for that girl's eyes were certainly winners, "I hope you have plenty of turkey and lots o' cranberry-sauce."

"Where would *we* get turkey?" said the girl. "You talk like you was a millionaire. Plenty o' round o' meat an' plenty o' puddin' for me. Turkey for the millionaires. Good-by."

Jiminy sighed as he went back.

"Turkey!" he thought to himself, just as if he *were* a millionaire. Trouble had dropped from him, as rain rolls from a duck. "I'm thankful all O. K. this year," he told himself. "Three turkey tickets an' me business troubles all cleaned up. They certainly is good to me!" "They," in this instance, being Jiminy's general designation of the providence that hovered over him.

### III

NEXT morning the small Flanagan was not at his post. Nor was he there next evening; nor the next day. Jiminy was glad of that, for the kid had no

right there, he told himself; but he had supposed the lad was coming, every day, until the holiday. It worried Jiminy somewhat.

It was on Wednesday evening, the night before Thanksgiving, that he made up his mind that he must find out about it. It wouldn't hurt him to swing around by that there alleyway, anyhow, he told himself. As he went, he thought of his three meals, and wondered in just what order he would take them.

"Will it be West End first, I dunno?" he speculated.

Jiminy and his digestive organs were great friends. "Nothin' ain't ever lost that you puts in yer stummick," he had assured himself. He was an eater—a born eater. Eating had ever been his delight. If he had ever made a show of generosity, it was not in the eating line. He would have divided marbles, dice—pennies, almost—with a friend, but he wanted all his fruit and candy for himself. And those three meals, that superabundance of turkey, that he was to get to-morrow! Gee whiz!

He reached the remnants of the Flanagan family almost before he knew it. They were all there—the two boys, such thin chaps, and the girl.

"What's the matter with the small one? He hasn't been down?" asked Jiminy.

"Didn't you make a kick up here?" answered the girl. "Ain't that enough? We're no hogs, the Flanagans, I guess. I told him to quit, an' he quit. You got to make a livin' down there; while for us, that was only a game—to get somepin' extra for Thanksgiving'."

Jiminy looked at the two young ones.

"Have you got yer dinner yet?" he asked. He didn't know why he asked it, but he did.

"We're goin' out to-night, late," answered the girl. "The later it is, the cheaper things is," she explained.

The small boys seemed to lick their chops.

"Gee!" they said. "Wait till we get out and buy it!"

And then, before Jiminy knew what he was doing, he had done it.

"Say, bo," he said to his erstwhile rival of the corner—"say, here's a

couple o' tickets fer a turkey dinner. You can give one to her, an' keep one yerself. I don't need 'em." He stopped and gulped. It was a hard pull. "That is, I don't think I do. You take 'em. An' say, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll come around ter-morrer an' show you where to go. Take 'em, kid. Say, you're batty. Take 'em, you young stiff!"

A turkey dinner! The girl's eyes bulged. It was plain that she had never heard of the missions and their holiday feasts. Besides, it would have been difficult for her to qualify. She had to rest on Sunday. With her family cares, and her week-day weariness upon her, she had no strength left to go out on Sunday. It was her day in bed.

"Such a rest I have!" she would say.

They took the tickets.

"But say," argued Johnny, the other young Flanagan—"say, where do I come in? Say, you! Those is for you an' sis. Say, where am I?"

"You keep quiet, Johnny," said the girl to the rebellious one. "I'll get you a good dinner, never fear. You can have all ours, see?"

"I'll come around in the morning and show you where," said their benefactor. He walked off, deep in thought. "Gee, I'm a jay," he thought. "Only one dinner for me to-morrer! Gee, what a scald! Three missions? Say, I ain't good enough. I ought to go to four or five, an' then I could invite me friends O.K. But think of it! One little dinner for me—oh, joy!"

The next day he found himself once more at the Flanagans'.

"We're ready," shouted the two Flanagan boys. "Come on, bo! We're waitin' fer you!"

"But—but," stammered Jiminy, "one o' these here was fer *you*!"

He nodded to the girl. She held up her hands.

"I got sich a crick in my back from that there thread-works, mister," she said, "that I couldn't get to go. I got to rest. It's all right—you run along. It's just the same as if you was doin' it for me."

Reluctantly, Jiminy started off with the small boys. When he had turned the corner, he had half a mind to seize

their tickets and run away. He looked them over. Turkey—why, it would make boys of those two little scarecrows, he reflected.

"They look like spiders," he said to himself.

They went, all three, their mouths watering as they sped. Jiminy showed them their respective feeding places. He had kept the best ticket—the West End—for himself. Having seen them safely inside, assured that they would have the feast of their lives, he made tracks for the other mission.

The way to the West End Mission was to turn to the right, and go up the avenue. Strange that he should go to the left, turning in the other direction; but he did, driven by some impulse he could not understand.

"It's you again!"

Jiminy started. He was back at the Flanagans', and the voice was the voice of the girl. Still acting under that strange impulse, Jiminy found himself drawing forth his third ticket—that for the prize dinner at the West End. He passed it over.

"Say," he said, "I didn't do a thing but swipe another ticket just for you. Gee, you oughter see how easy I got it! It was like rollin' off a log. Here, catch hold!"

The girl gasped with pleasure.

"It's good I didn't put them things on yet. I ain't even built a fire!"

Jiminy took a look at "them things."

"Corned beef and cabbage!" he said to himself. "Gee—fer Thanksgivin'!" He considered for an instant. "But say," he thought, "I don't know but I could stuff away some corned beef an' cabbage in meself. I'm hungry as a bear."

The girl took the ticket, and they set off, this time toward the West End Mission.

"You're just in time," said Jiminy. "You go through that there door, and hand out to the chap at the fence—that's all."

"Ain't—ain't you comin' in?" gasped the girl.

"Not on your life," gulped Jiminy, for it *was* a hard pull. "I'm dining to-day at the parlors o' the Newsboys' Pleasure Club, I am."

"Where's that?" she asked of the retreating Jiminy; but Jiminy did not answer, save to himself.

"Blessed if I know," he told himself. "First time I ever heard of the place. Gee whiz—just smell that turkey!" He sauntered down toward the corner of Main and Market Streets. He waved his hand into the air. "Oh, yes'm," he assured himself; "plenty of breast, an' some crisp skin an' a gob o' onion dressin'—to be sure!"

How hungry he was! He dodged into a beanery.

"Ham and!" he shouted. "Get a move on! Bring it right away!"

Late that night he sauntered into the Flanagans' once again. They were seated on the floor, telling one another about the time of their lives. Jiminy sat and listened.

"Gee," he thought, "if they don't stop talkin' turkey, I'll die o' starvation! Say, kids," he remarked, as he left them, "you come down on the corner o' Main an' Market an' sell papers all you want.

Say, I'll tell you what—we'll form a partnership, and freeze everybody out for blocks around! A word to the wise—are you on?"

He held out his hand to the girl. She pressed it silently.

"I'm thankin' *you* this day," she said.

Jiminy rolled away, intoxicated by the girl's wonderful eyes and by the way she had looked at him. He reached his little room, and sat down on a box to think.

"Gee whiz, Jiminy," he said, "there's lots of chaps can have turkey and all that; but think of all them duffers what hasn't got no—*girl*! Gee, I'm owin' thanks for that, all right! What's turkey? You don't think turkey when you're thinkin' *girl*—not much!"

He seized a lighted candle. Across the wall in smoke he wrote the name of Kitty Flanagan.

But, sleeping, he dreamed turkey.

"Yes'm—some more of the dark meat, please—an' some skin—an' dressin'—an' just a teeny weeny great big piece o' pie!"

### TREASURE

An ebony case with ivory bands  
In her sanctuary stands,  
And all the gems of Ind are there,  
Costly, beautiful, and rare:

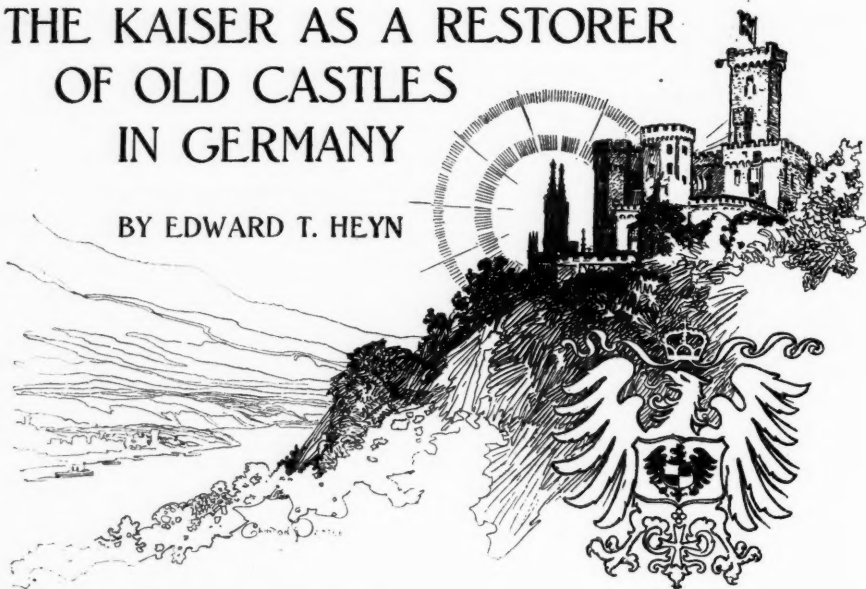
Beryl with its springtide sheen,  
Summery emerald's sun-shot green,  
Topaz with its autumn glow,  
Wintry diamond's ice and snow,  
Turquoise of Italian skies,  
Sapphires blue as naiads' eyes,  
Pearls from out the orient sea,  
Royal ruby's majesty,  
Opal's ever-shifting shade,  
With the duller sard and jade—  
Fragments of a rainbow feast!  
Essence of the glowing East!

Yet when dainty hands shall turn  
Gleaming gems that beam and burn,  
None, though prized at e'er so much,  
Shall be worth her lightest touch;  
The rarest, rated by the book,  
Worth less than her level look;  
Not all could buy the smallest part  
Of her devoted, loving heart!

Warwick James Price

# THE KAISER AS A RESTORER OF OLD CASTLES IN GERMANY

BY EDWARD T. HEYN



IT has often been said of the German Kaiser that he is a curious combination of modernism and medievalism. This is true enough. His modernism has become more marked with every year of his reign. In whatever relates to the progress of his empire, he is as radical as any American. He eagerly studies the very latest appliances of science. His battle-ships and his battalions are equally equipped with the very latest devices which human ingenuity has contrived. He has an open mind. He is strenuous, impulsive, almost avid in his desire to be in the forefront of modern progress.

All this affords an odd contrast with his medievalism. At one moment he speaks and acts like a person who has outrun the present, and lives wholly in the future. At another moment he is seen glittering in armor, surrounded by the pomp and pageantry of the fourteenth century, and speaking words which might fitly have fallen from the lips of an old-time monarch who ruled haughtily and absolutely by the grace of God.

This seeming contradiction of character is not really so contradictory as one might think. If we remember certain facts, the paradox disappears.

In the first place, the Kaiser is head of all Germany with the consent of the other German princes; and this is because he inherited the throne of Prussia, the most powerful of the German states. But Prussia was not originally German. In the twelfth century, its people were Slavs and Wends and other non-Teutonic tribes. Even Berlin, in its beginning, was a Slavic and not a German city. At that time the Order of Teutonic Knights made a vow that they would gradually overcome this heathen race and Germanize it. In the course of centuries they succeeded, and Prussia became German. Yet even to this day Prussians are not viewed by the other peoples of the empire as absolutely German, but as representing a mixed race with which Bavarians and Saxons, for example, are by no means in full sympathy.

Now, it is this feeling of aloofness on the part of the other German states which the Kaiser longs to overcome. There is a barrier—undefinable, impalpable, but very real—which must be broken down in order that all Germany may be truly one, and that the Kaiser himself may be in every sense the head of the whole Fatherland. In the fifties there was a song which German stu-

dents used to sing with intense enthusiasm, and which had this line for its refrain:

*Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!*

This refrain voices very well the ideal which the Kaiser has most at heart; and it is here that we are to find the explanation of much of his medievalism. He seeks in every way to lead the minds of his people back from the divisions and bickerings of recent years to the splendid deeds of their ancestors, to the noble achievements which are the heritage of every German all over his great empire. It is an ideal worthy of a poetic mind which is also intensely patriotic.

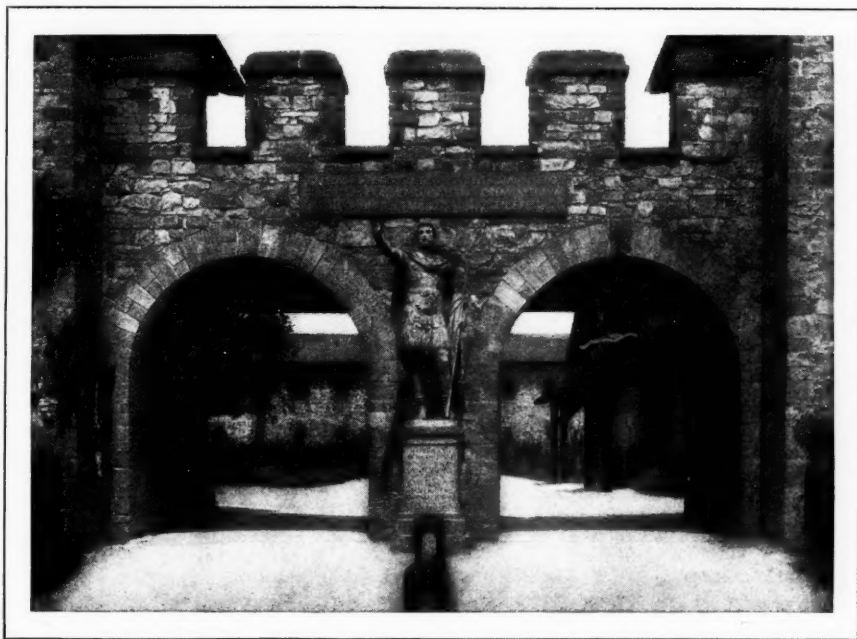
Here, too, we may find the reason for the Kaiser's constant allusions to the old Teutonic mythology, to the legends that are known to every German. This is why he has himself restored so many of the ceremonial forms of past ages. It was this that led him to compose his famous "Hymn to Aegir." It is the reason why he has adorned the beautiful Siegesallée in the Tiergarten at Berlin

with the statues of his ancestors. It is an even stronger reason why he should interest himself so ardently in restoring the ancient castles of Germany. These superb memorials of a great past have to him not only a historic but a symbolic value. They speak to all men of German blood of the splendor of their country's past, and serve as an inspiration for the future with German unity accomplished.

#### THE FORTRESS OF MARIENBURG

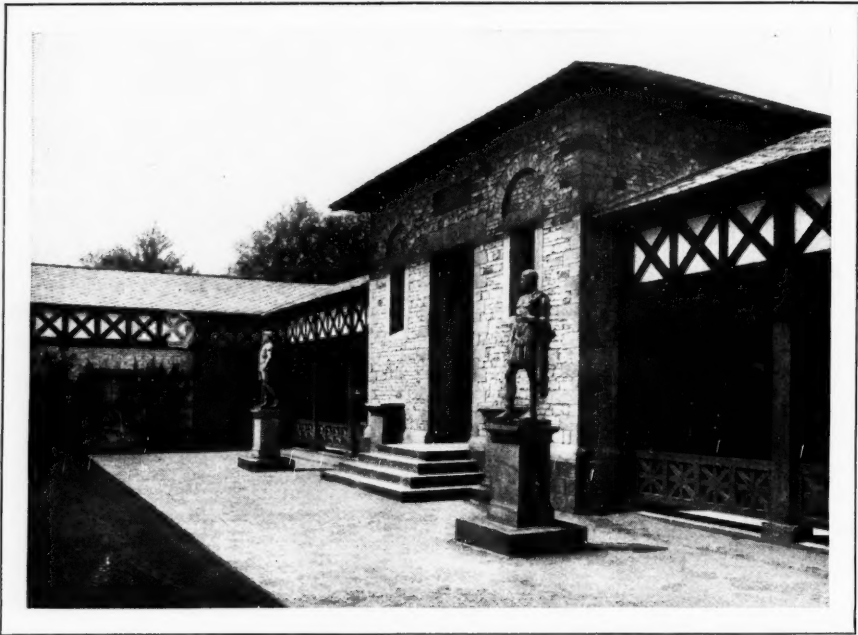
Quite appropriately, the first castle to be restored by William II was the famous Marienburg, in the province of West Prussia, not far from the ancient city of Danzig. Founded in the thirteenth century by the knights of the Teutonic Order, the Marienburg was their earliest stronghold on Prussian soil, and the most splendid medieval castle in all Germany. Built to withstand assaults, it consisted of three portions—the Hochschloss, or main castle, the Mittelschloss, or middle castle, and the Vorburg, or outer castle.

The last named, which guarded the



MAIN ENTRANCE-GATE OF THE SAALBURG, THE ANCIENT ROMAN CASTLE IN THE TAUNUS MOUNTAINS RESTORED BY THE KAISER—IN THE CENTER IS A STATUE OF THE ROMAN EMPEROR ANTONINUS PIUS





THE SAALBURG—COURTYARD, WITH STATUES OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS  
HADRIAN AND ALEXANDER SEVERUS

chief approach to the fortress, was devoted to workshops and arsenals for munitions of war. The two inner buildings, to which the visitor is admitted by a drawbridge, contain the quarters of the knights, the chambers of their grand master, and the stately halls in which the order held its meetings. They are surrounded by massive walls, pierced only here and there by narrow windows; but the interior is rich with Gothic decorations, with fine paintings and wood-carvings.

For some two centuries, this splendid fortress was a center of German power and a radiating point of German culture. The order, however, lost much of its influence in the fifteenth century. The Marienburg was assailed again and again by Polish armies. It suffered siege, and at last was taken by the Poles. Neglect and carelessness, fire and endless looting gradually wrecked the noble buildings. In 1772, when Frederick the Great reconquered West Prussia and retook the castle, very little of its former glory remained.

Like the Colosseum in Rome, this

mighty structure was used as a barracks, and later as a place of deposit for sand and corn and salt. Its refectory, where once the champions of chivalry had gathered in stately pomp under gilded carvings and panels of fretted gold, became a drill-room for raw recruits. Horses were stabled in its chapter-hall. The apartments of its grand master were occupied by paupers and rude weavers.

Not until 1803 was any check put upon this vandalism. In 1817, the castle was externally restored, but there seemed to be no hope of repairing the ravages from which the interior had suffered. Nevertheless, money was collected for this purpose, and the income from the Prussian state lotteries was devoted to it; but not until the reign of the present Kaiser was the work on the Hochschloss finished, so that now the castle appears in all its former beauty and impressiveness.

The restoration was finally completed in 1902, and the great pile was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies. Not since the days when it was the center of German power had so brilliant an assem-



bly met within its stately halls. The Kaiser took up his abode there, with a glittering retinue. Representatives of the Order of St. John, from England, Austria, Italy, and France, came to the Marienburg as invited guests. At the dedication, the grand master of the German Order of St. John, the late Duke Albert of Brunswick, led the array to the court of the Hochschloss. Here the knights defiled before the Kaiser, while the sound of trumpets thrilled again through the vast corridors, and chiming bells welcomed the procession to the castle church, where a beautiful and impressive religious ceremony was performed. At the banquet which followed, the Kaiser made one of his characteristic speeches, closing it with an ardent appeal to the people of West Prussia to remain firmly united for the welfare of the Fatherland.

#### THE CASTLE OF THE SAALBURG

Unique among the castles which the Kaiser has restored is the Saalburg, which lies among the Taunus Mountains, not far from the well-known watering-place of Homburg. This imposing structure carries one back, not to the Germany of the Middle Ages, but to that remote period of German history when the fierce blond warriors from the northern forests hurled themselves with fury against the Roman legions, sometimes routing them with terrific slaughter. Rome pushed its farther boundaries to the Rhine, but beyond that even the indomitable soldiers of the Cæsars were unwilling to go. Hence it happened,

about the year 70 A.D., that the Roman emperors began to construct the enormous chain of fortifications extending from the Rhine to the Danube—that is to say, from Cologne to Regensburg. It was to be a barrier against invasion from the north, and consisted of formidable stone walls, broken and surmounted here and there by forts and castles of great strength. This chain,

which in a way resembled the Chinese Wall, was three hundred and fifty miles in length, and was known as the Limes Germanicus, or German frontier. Much of it has been leveled by neglect and time; but here and there great masses of stone remain and are viewed with superstitious awe by the peasants, who call them "The Devil's Walls."

The Saalburg was the best-preserved relic of this line of Roman fortresses. Tradition ascribes its building to Germanicus, the son of Drusus, but this is only legend. Around it, excavations have brought forth a remarkable number of weapons, statues, chariots, and

bronzes belonging to the Roman period. Visitors to the Exposition of 1904 at St. Louis will remember a fine model of the castle which was shown there, together with a collection of antique weapons which belonged to it.

The ceremony of its dedication occurred in 1902, and was carried out entirely in the Roman fashion. The Kaiser, like a Roman Cæsar, came in state to the Saalburg, where he was greeted by the inhabitants very much as Titus or Hadrian would have been received. He entered the great gate of



BODO EBHARDT, THE ARCHITECT WHO SUPER-  
INTENDED THE RESTORATION OF THE  
HOHKÖNIGSBURG

*From a photograph by Klinger, Strassburg*

the castle and was conducted along the Triumphal Way to the innermost sanctuary, where the foundation-stone was laid. In this stone had been placed a scroll written in Latin by the historian of Rome, Theodor Mommsen, the most

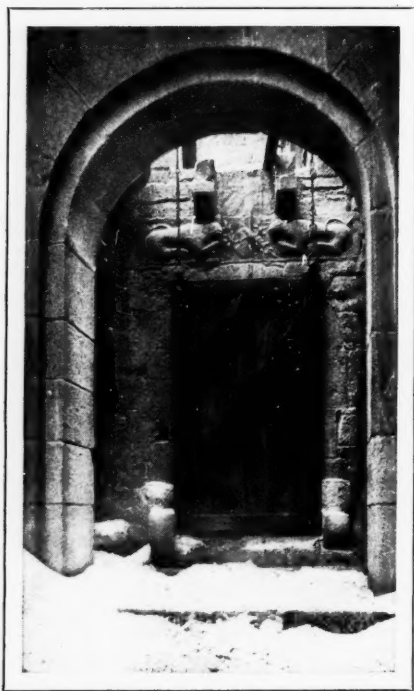
ander Severus, were placed in the Saalburg. There is also a statue of Antoninus Pius, on the base of which the Kaiser has set a brief but stately inscription coupling his own name with that of the old-time Cæsar in sonorous Latin—"Imperatorī Romanorum . . . imperator Germanorum."

#### THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG

The very latest restoration of an ancient German castle took place as recently as last May, when the Kaiser dedicated the famous Hohkönigsburg, a castle situated in Alsace, or, as the Germans prefer to call it, Elsass. The ruins of this stronghold were presented to the emperor by the neighboring town of Schlettstadt in 1889. Dilapidated though they were, they bore eloquent testimony to the architectural glory of the sixteenth century. They tower high in the Alsatian Mountains, commanding an admirable view of the beautiful Rhenish valley; of the Black Forest, and even of the distant Alps.

Until the Franco-Prussian War, the castle was, of course, in the possession of the French. The famous French architect, Viollet-le-Duc, said of it: "One can have no idea of the majestic grandeur of its battlements unless one has actually seen them. The great banquet-hall is one of the noblest conceptions of its age." Because of his enthusiasm, Napoleon III seriously considered rebuilding the ancient castle. The fortune of war gave it into German hands, and the Kaiser has been tireless in his efforts to have it restored precisely as it was four hundred years ago.

To this end he drew heavily on his private fortune, and every year wrung from the Reichstag a large appropriation for the work in hand. He consulted the castle-restorers of other countries, and gave his architect a free hand, urging him to make extensive journeys to Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy. He had sketches and drawings of foreign castles laid before him; and almost every year he personally visited the Hohkönigsburg, making a careful examination of the work as it progressed, and receiving reports from the architects and engineers. It delighted him to see the electric cranes hoisting enormous stones

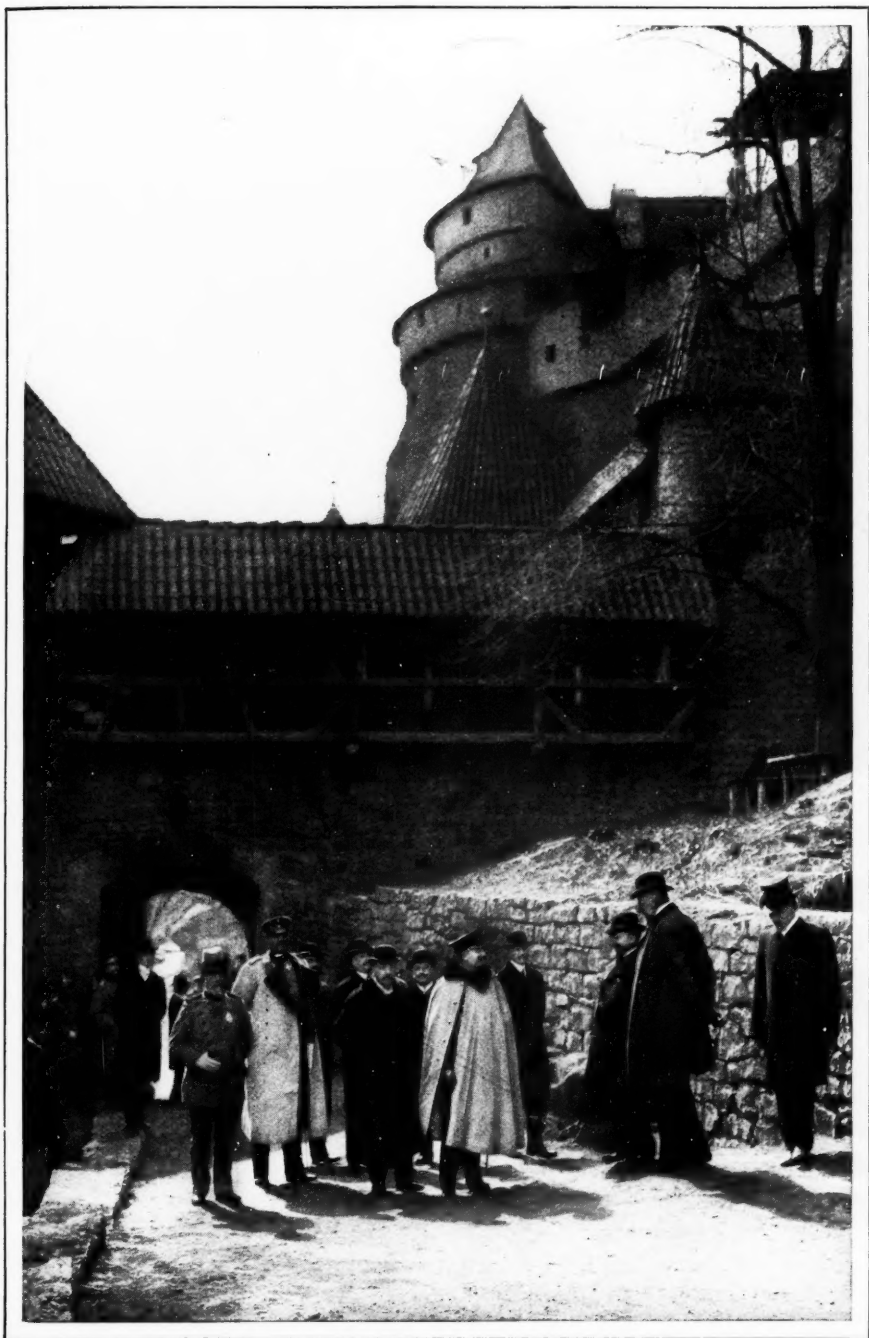


THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG—ONE OF THE MASSIVE GATEWAYS WITH ANCIENT ARMORIAL BEARINGS

learned man of modern times. His words may be translated thus:

The Roman Cæsars, for the protection of their boundaries, established this frontier castle; and now, after sixteen centuries, its remains have been restored with faithful adherence to the old traditions. To them a museum has been added, built in the thirteenth year of his reign, newly erected in memory of his father, Emperor Frederick III, by William II, on the eleventh day of October, 1902.

The museum mentioned above was placed in the restored prætorium of the castle. It contains some of the precious relics that were found there. By order of the Prussian minister of education, two bronze statues, one of the Emperor Hadrian and one of the Emperor Alex-



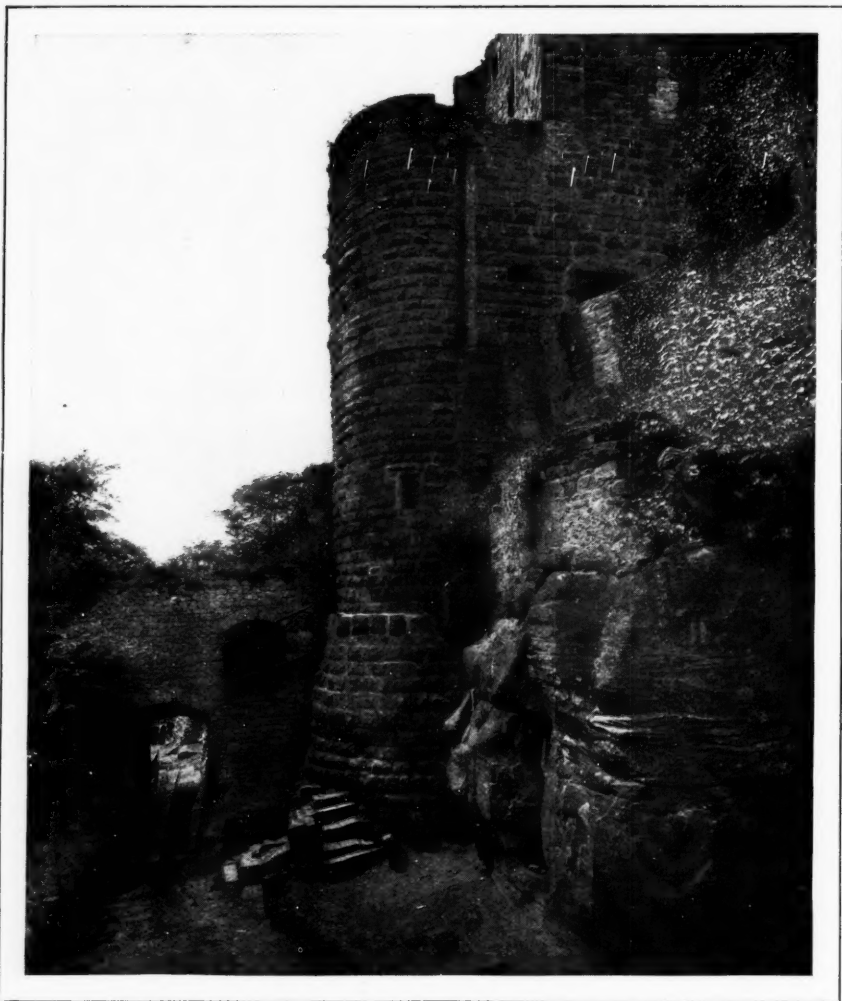
THE KAISER VISITING THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG IN APRIL, 1907, TO INSPECT THE PROGRESS  
OF THE WORK OF RESTORATION—ON HIS MAJESTY'S RIGHT IS  
THE ARCHITECT, HERR EBHARDT

to the top of the castle. He was entranced when a Roman floor was discovered, and he went in and out of all the subterranean passages and cellars.

This castle, indeed, like most of the great fortresses in Germany, was not

the imposing structure is that of the later period of the Middle Ages.

For centuries great masses of earth concealed some of the finest portions of the building. It has gone through every kind of battle shock. In 1472 the

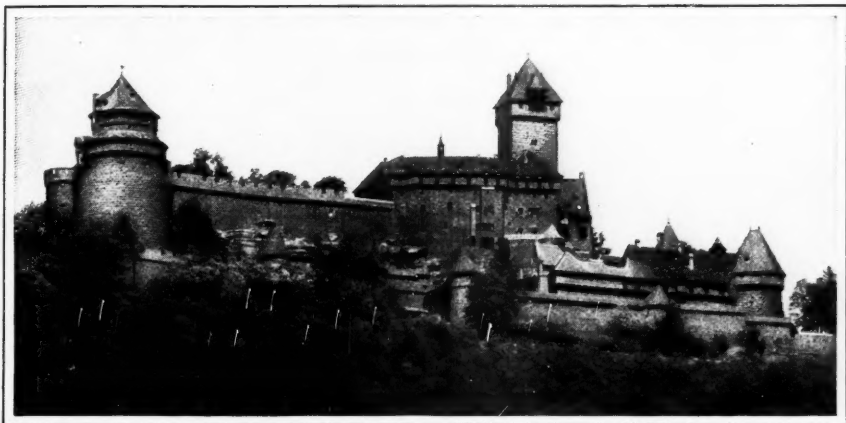


THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG—A COVERED WAY AT THE BASE OF THE LION TOWER

built at once, but represents an architectural growth. Its oldest parts are in the Romanesque style—corresponding to the Norman in England—with the heavy round arches, of which a type appears in the engraving on page 176. Elsewhere there are traces of Gothic influence; and as a whole, the impress borne by

cities of Basel and Strassburg joined forces with the Austrians to bombard and destroy it. Rebuilt by the counts of Tierstein, it again suffered severely in the Thirty Years' War; and during the French Revolution it passed through yet another period of destruction.

The Kaiser's object has been to let it



THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG—GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH

represent exactly a castle of the early sixteenth century. The smithy, the saddle-rooms, the powder-vaults, the armories, the living quarters of the inmates, the kitchens, bakeries, sleeping-rooms and dining-halls, together with the chapel, have all been skilfully restored to their original condition in accordance with an ancient inventory made at a time when the place was still inhabited. Even the trinkets, the rugs, and the embroideries have been restored. Upon the walls there hang more than two hundred suits of armor. The purpose of the emperor was declared in a speech which he made at Vienna while a guest of the famous Austrian castle-restorer, Count Wilczek:

We wish to show the present generation how, in the old times, their sword-bearing fathers rendered faithful duty and showed their knightly respect for women.

And again, in a telegram, he declared to his architect:

I am sure that you will aid in executing this work in a manner worthy of the German Empire. This fine castle shows us in the twentieth century how our forefathers built their homes. May this structure be a faithful reproduction of the old castle, and a source of pleasure to those who visit our beautiful Rhineland, reminding them of mighty ancestors, who there cultivated German thought and the virtues of German knighthood.

These sentences explain what is called the Kaiser's medievalism. He

invokes the memories of the past in order to stimulate the patriotism of the present. And so, last May, when the castle was completed, the emperor approached its gate and gave the key to the Baron von Bulach, whom he had appointed its custodian. The gate flew open, and the Kaiser, with his guests, entered the castle court, to find himself in a scene which recalled in every feature the Germany of four hundred years ago.

The wife of the architect received him and offered him a mass of flowers. Her two sons, dressed as pages, presented him with a silver helmet filled with wine, from which he took a deep draft of welcome. Then he was conducted through the castle. Everywhere he was greeted by men and women in sixteenth-century garb. Wine flowed freely in the huge cellars. Old German chorals sounded from the distant chapel. In the gardens, lovely women listened to the music of a troubadour. On the ramparts, groups of soldiers, clad in leather, sat beside their drums and ancient cannon, playing cards and throwing dice, after the fashion of the *lanzknechts* of long ago.

Of all the restorations which have been made in Germany during the past twenty years, that of the Hohkönigsburg is the most remarkable because it is the most complete. Nor is it the whim of an eccentric monarch. It is only one evidence of a far-reaching policy of patriotism which appeals to sentiment as well as to reason.





DON JAIME  
DE BOURBON

*From a recent  
photograph*

## THE CARLIST PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN

**T**HE most formidable pretender to a European throne is the head of the Carlist line, Don Jaime de Bourbon, Conde de Molina, who not only passively asserts his claim to the Spanish throne, but who at any moment may lead an open insurrection; for the rough mountaineers in the north of Spain are loyal Carlists and also indomitable fighters. Don Jaime is a trained soldier, a general in the Russian army.

The beginning of the Carlist claim dates from early in the last century. King Ferdinand VII of Spain was childless, although he had been three times married. His younger brother, Don Carlos, naturally expected to succeed him. Moreover, Spain still held to the so-called Salic law, which excludes women from the throne. Nevertheless, by a fourth marriage, King Ferdinand had a daughter who afterward became Queen Isabella; for at her birth, the Spanish Cortes revoked the Salic law. Then came the first of several Carlist wars; for the Carlists claim that the succession could not be altered. A long struggle took place, and this has been followed, since 1830, by repeated uprisings intended to restore the Carlist line to the throne.

Don Jaime's father, grandnephew and namesake of the first Don Carlos, is still alive, but he lives in retirement at Venice, and has relinquished his claim to his son.

# DESMOND O'CONNOR\*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS,"  
"JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

**D**URING the siege of Bruges by the allies, a part of the garrison that holds the Flemish city for Louis XIV is the Irish contingent in the French service. Desmond O'Connor, a captain of these gallant mercenaries, has fallen in love with a young Flemish noblewoman—Margaret, Countess of Anhalt—whom he has chanced to see in the church of St. Agnes. He has since called at the house where the countess is living with her foster-sister, Anne Van Rhyn, and has offered to help the two young women to escape from the beleaguered city.

Captain O'Connor speaks of his love-affair to Gaston de Brissac, a French officer, who, for a selfish reason, encourages him to press his suit. The countess has fled to Bruges from Paris in order to escape from the Vicomte de Louville, whom the king has ordered her to marry; and Gaston, being her cousin, would gladly see her defy the royal command and wed O'Connor, so that her fortune might be forfeited and might pass to himself.

Captain O'Connor volunteers to attempt to pass through the allies' lines with a message to the Duc de Vendôme, informing him of the desperate condition of the besieged city. Enlisting the assistance of an old retainer, Con Quirk, now a sergeant in the Irish Brigade, he plans to slip away at night, taking Margaret and her foster-sister with him, in a boat, by a canal leading from Bruges to the river Lys. Calling at the countess's house, the garden of which borders the canal, O'Connor is just in time to save her from the murderous attack of an unknown assailant. He grapples with the man and throws him into the canal; then, after a narrow escape from the guard-boats of the besiegers, he succeeds in reaching the open country, though on the way he becomes separated from Sergeant Quirk, whom he supposes fallen into the hands of the enemy. Arrived at M. de Vendôme's camp, he has an audience with the duke, who praises O'Connor's gallantry and promotes him to the rank of major, besides assuring him that a force will speedily be despatched to the relief of Bruges.

## XIII

**M**MARGARET was resting in her room after supper. A few hours' sleep had sufficed to restore her young and healthy frame to its wonted strength. Her interview with M. de Vendôme had ended more favorably than she had dared to hope. It was his duty, he said, to return her to Paris under escort, but she had cast herself at his feet and implored, and wept, and implored again, with such piteous earnestness that the duke was touched. Send her back to

Paris he must, but it need not be immediately. It would be time enough at the end of the campaign. At present he had no men to spare; and Margaret recognized with gratitude the kindness of heart that offered this flimsy pretext.

She returned to her apartments somewhat comforted, for in the harrowing anxiety she had undergone since she had entered the French lines, a reprieve, however short, meant much, and the campaign might last for months.

The room to which she had been assigned was full of memories for her. A large, sunny chamber, chosen, no doubt,

\* This story began in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for August

for its brightness, it had been her nursery as an infant, and, later on, her schoolroom. Here she had tasted childish joys, shed childish tears. Here she had faced the first great sorrow of her life when her mother's coffin was borne from the door. And it was yonder, on the broad sofa, that she and Anne had sobbed themselves to sleep, locked in each other's arms, on the day her father died. That was a vivid and always a painful memory. How would she have felt could she have foreseen all that was to follow? How could she have borne it?

In her mind she went over the events of the last few weeks—the king's pitiless decision, M. de Louville's visit, and his uncompromising rejection of her conditions. How thankful she felt that he had rejected them! Then, he had seemed to her but a young man, much as other men, separated from her only by an unworthy love-affair. Now, her very soul revolted at the thought of becoming wife to him or to any other. Before her arose that one figure which, through all her recent troubles, had stood to her as the representative of hope and truth and courage and loyalty. How brave he was, how noble, how gentle! She longed with all her heart to speak to him, if but for a moment. She had not seen him all day, but surely he must be still in the castle.

"Anne," she called, and her foster-sister hastened in from the adjoining room. "Anne, will you go below and see if you can gain any tidings of Captain O'Connor? If you see him, ask him to come hither. I—I would fain have his advice."

Anne departed, and for some time Margaret harkened to every sound from below, hoping that it might herald the approach of her knight—so she loved to think of him. But as the minutes passed, she grew lonely. She regretted that she had despatched Anne on the errand. She might have summoned a page.

There was a knock at the door, and she started to her feet, alert and eager.

"May I be received, *madame*?" said a man's voice.

She returned a joyful assent. He had come at last!

The door opened, and the Vicomte de Louville entered.

Her whole thought had been of Desmond, and she was shaken and startled by the appearance of this stranger, for in the hurry and confusion of her mind she did not recognize him.

He bowed and spoke, and then she knew him.

"I heard you were in the castle, *madame*. I am extra aide-de-camp to M. de Vendôme. I have ventured to intrude that I may learn if I can serve you in any way."

"Thank you, *monsieur*, in none."

"Much has happened since you quitted Paris, *madame*. His majesty was deeply incensed at your evasion."

"I am sorry," she faltered. "You were in part to blame. You told me your love was fixed elsewhere, and—forgive me, *monsieur*, I say it in no unkindness—unworthily fixed."

De Louville cast down his eyes.

"Louis has persuasive ways, *madame*. He is also clement. He is prepared to treat your flight, although in defiance of his commands, as a mere girlish whim, and forget it, if—"

He paused and looked her in the face.

"Well, *monsieur*?"

"If you become my wife."

Margaret caught her breath. "You have forgotten Marie Corbeau. Do you fancy I have forgotten her, too?"

"No, countess. That is why I am here—to say that I am ready to give her up. I told you Louis has persuasive ways. We can be married when you please."

"Never!" cried Margaret passionately.

"The king knows you are in Flanders, and I am the bearer of a message from him. If you return as my bride, he will forgive your defiance of his will."

"And if I refuse?" she answered with spirit. "The Bastille, I suppose!"

"*Madame*, be warned, I implore you," urged the viscount. "There are worse punishments than the Bastille at the king's convenience. I have been forced to bend to his will, and surely it cannot be worse for you."

But her mind had not traveled beyond his opening words.

"Worse than the Bastile!" she gasped.

"Aye, much worse," he answered. "You have heard of the Man with the Iron Mask. The steel visor, forged to hide the features of a troublesome prince, can easily be duplicated to fit the face of a rebellious woman."

"Heaven pity me!" she moaned.

"Do not visit the blame on me, countess," he implored. "The same fate would be mine if I failed to obey the king. He has sworn by St. Denis that we shall marry, and from that oath nothing can free his majesty, save your death or mine; and we are both too young to die."

Margaret did not reply. She stood silent, wringing her hands in unutterable misery. At that moment, without warning, Anne burst into the room.

"It is but now I found him," she cried, and then, seeing the viscount, checked herself. "Your pardon, *mon-sieur*," she faltered.

But O'Connor, following close behind her, was already in the room.

"You sent for me, *madame*," he said. "Can I have the happiness of being of any service to you?"

Glances, keen as rapier-thrusts, passed between M. de Louville and the young Irishman. Neither could understand the presence of the other in this apartment. The countess went pale and red by turns. She might deal with the situation in many different ways, but she chose to be wholly frank.

"*Monsieur*," she said, addressing Desmond, "may I be permitted to present you to the Vicomte de Louville, the gentleman to whom I am affianced by command of his majesty Louis XIV?"

The viscount bowed. Anne, wringing her hands, breathed a hasty prayer. O'Connor, pale as ashes, carried his hand to his head, and reeled as from a physical blow. Nevertheless, he was the first to speak.

"I am answered, *madame*," he said. "May I be allowed to kiss your hand and withdraw?"

"There is my hand, *monsieur*, if you would so far honor it; but I beg you to remain."

Dropping on one knee, with all the

respect he might have shown to a queen, Desmond kissed the white hand his lady extended. De Louville looked from one to the other, in doubt what to make of the scene.

"Who is this gentleman?" he demanded curtly.

"This gentleman," replied the countess, as Desmond drew himself erect, and, hand on hip, prepared to deal with the antagonism he detected in the viscount's manner—"this gentleman is Captain O'Connor, of the Irish Brigade, to whose skill and courage I owe it that I am in a position to receive you here this evening."

"Indeed!" the viscount sneered. "Truly an Irish paladin!"

"And this gentleman, *madame*?" inquired Desmond. "I think you mentioned his name, but my thoughts were otherwise engaged. Will you be so good as to repeat it?"

"The Vicomte de Louville, aide-de-camp to the Duc de Vendôme," replied Margaret steadily.

"And within three days to be the husband of the Countess of Anhalt," added the viscount.

"It was for me to add those words, had it seemed good to me," said Margaret with dignity.

"They are true, however," affirmed De Louville.

"That I shall ever be your wife? I think not, *monsieur*," Margaret replied coldly.

"It is false as hell!"

It was Desmond who spoke, not hotly or impetuously, but with a cold, determined emphasis far more convincing. De Louville turned on the speaker with the quickness of a panther, and his sword was out. O'Connor faced him, hand on hilt, but did not unsheath his weapon.

Margaret stepped between them with an imperious gesture.

"Recollect yourself, viscount!" Her calm tone of command asserted itself above the sound of Anne's convulsive sobs. "Since when has it been the custom to draw sword in a lady's apartment? Put it up, *monsieur*, and you, Captain O'Connor, take your hand from your hilt. I have but to complain to the officer on duty, and you will both

be haled before the duke to answer for this outrage!"

De Louville bit his lip, but he obeyed. In that moment he realized the immensity of the gulf that separated his humble mistress from a daughter of Anhalt. Desmond bowed to his lady's bidding.

"My sword is yours for the asking, *madame*," he said, "without troubling a comrade to arrest me. But while it remains in my keeping, I can but use it to assure your safety and assert your dignity."

"You shall hear more of this, *monsieur*, at a fitting time and place," whispered the viscount.

But Margaret overheard him.

"If you have any respect for me, this affair will go no farther. I have a right to ask that it shall not. Your promise, gentlemen!"

"You have mine with all my heart," answered Desmond with all his accustomed breeziness. "I have no quarrel with *monsieur le vicomte*. Why should I want to fight a gentleman for trying to peep into heaven, especially when I have just seen the door slammed in his face?"

De Louville started. He had been touched in his vanity, O'Connor in the heart. The latter wound was far the deeper, but the former smarted more.

"Now, viscount," the countess urged. "Nay, I insist," she continued, seeing him hesitate.

"This gentleman shifts the ground of the quarrel," he objected, "and so adds to the insult."

"Nay, *monsieur*," retorted the Irishman, "I have no quarrel with you. You have my views. Take them or leave them."

"This will not do," Margaret persisted. "You are both soldiers of France, and France needs your swords. Be more conciliatory, Captain O'Connor, for my sake."

"For your sake, *madame*," O'Connor replied, "I am ready to love my enemies and keep my sword for those of France."

"And for your sake, fair Margaret," said M. de Louville, "I am willing to say no more till after the next battle—when, I hope, France's enemies will

have ceased to exist, and I can turn my sword to other uses."

He bowed slightly to O'Connor, profoundly to the countess, and quitted the room.

"Well, Desmond?" she said.

"At your service, *madame*," he replied.

She had not noticed that she had addressed him by his Christian name, but he observed it.

"I am to go to Paris, it seems," she continued. "I have had an interview with M. de Vendôme, and it appears he was instructed to send me thither under escort—as soon as he caught me," she added with a wan little smile.

"To Paris, *madame*, and against your will?" Desmond cried, aghast.

"You heard the gentleman who has just left us. What he said is true—the king has promised me to him."

"But you will not wed him! You said you would not," he pleaded passionately.

"Margaret of Anhalt will only give her hand where her heart has been given before it," she uttered proudly. Then, as the viscount's threats came back to her, she added, with a shuddering sigh, "Cost what it will!"

Desmond regarded her with consternation. He could only guess at her position, and his surmises fell far short of the formidable reality. He was tempted to open his heart to her as she stood there, her sweet face full of the horrors of her thoughts. Might it not be that she would find comfort in the love even of one so lowly as himself? Perhaps Anne, in her corner, guessed his purpose, for she rose very quietly and stole toward the door. But her mistress saw the movement.

"Do not go, Anne," she said. "I will detain Captain O'Connor but a very few moments, and when he leaves I shall need you. You had an interview with M. de Vendôme, did you not?" she went on, turning to him.

"I had that honor, *madame*—after you had retired."

"Did he say anything of me?" she asked quickly.

"Nay, our talk was all of Bruges and the possibility of assisting it. And he gave me promotion," the young man



added with a pride he could not conceal. "He dubbed me major with his own lips."

"I congratulate you most heartily, Major O'Connor," the countess replied, frankly extending her hand. "Never was promotion more gallantly earned." He bowed his thanks, and she continued: "And now, what of yourself? You go on service again, I presume. By the way, how is your arm? I should have inquired sooner."

"Almost healed; I was but scratched, as I assured you. You might have made wounds as deep with your bodkin, and assuredly I should not complain if you dressed them as tenderly as these." The color mounted into Margaret's cheeks. "I was casting about how I might come by speech of you when Anne found me. I wished to make my adieus. To-morrow morning I return to Bruges."

"To Bruges!" She gazed at him, horrified.

"Nay," he smiled, "I go not to hide under bushes and slink through the darkness. I ride thither with a goodly company."

"To rescue the garrison?" she asked.

"To help them to their own rescue, if we are in time, and, at the worst, to avenge them," he answered. "Is there aught you would have me do if we enter Bruges?"

"Find M. de Brissac, my cousin, if you can," she replied. "Tell him where I am, and that I would fain see him. He helped me once; perchance he may help me again."

"I will do your bidding, *madame*," Desmond answered, but his voice showed he was hurt. "I had hoped that if you needed assistance you would not have forgotten one poor Irishman who would gladly die for you."

"Indeed I have not forgotten him," the countess rejoined, doing her best to speak lightly. "I reserve him for great occasions. The present matter is one in which I can best be served by a kinsman."

"Farewell, then, *madame*," said Desmond. "I know not if I shall see you again. Perhaps you will be on the road to Paris ere I return."

"Heaven forbid!" she uttered fer-

vently. "I think there is no question of my leaving so abruptly. M. de Vendôme cannot spare men to furnish my guard."

"If I were in command of that escort, *madame*," said O'Connor earnestly, "you should never go to Paris save by your own good-will."

She flushed at his words with hope and pleasure. Then she fell grave again as she reflected on the consequences to himself should he act as he had hinted. She could not sacrifice him.

"No, no," she cried hastily. "Remember your oath of allegiance—your duty as a soldier."

"My allegiance is yours, *madame*," he replied, "and my duty is to serve you."

"Come back safe from Bruges," she whispered, "for—for the sake of all your friends." She detached a rose she was wearing at her breast, and offered it to him. "Adieu, Desmond, my faithful knight," she said. "Wear this for Margaret."

He grasped the token eagerly, kissing the hand that gave it.

"Adieu, Margaret, my sovereign lady," he said, and was gone.

"There are none of them like him, Anne," she said, turning her swimming eyes on her foster-sister.

"None, *madame*, nor ever will be," the weeping girl answered.

#### XIV

As O'Connor descended to the hall, his brain was in a ferment. The rose he held in his hand was almost a confession that Margaret loved him. At least it was an invitation to him to confess his love.

But she was affianced to the Vicomte de Louville, not by her own will, but by command of Louis; and in defiance of that command she had openly refused to wed him. God keep her in that spirit! Desmond thought. Then came the recollection that she was to be carried a prisoner to Paris.

"Not while I have a head to plan and an arm to execute," he muttered. "Much may happen between the Lys and the Seine!"

Lost in reflections of alternate hope and despair, he entered the great hall,

and was instantly hailed by a familiar and most welcome voice.

"Here's himself! By St. Patrick, Masther Desmond, it's myself's glad to see you! They tould me ye had got here safe and sound."

"Sound as a pippin," replied Desmond heartily, clasping Sergeant Quirk's rough palm. "But how did you get through, Con? We had given you up for lost."

"I'm worth two dead men yet," responded the sergeant. "I come here by wather mainly, an ilimint I have no likin' for. More betoken, the only time iver I come near dyin', it was wather give me my death."

"You fell in, I suppose, and were half drowned," remarked O'Connor, who was in haste to make an end of Con's reminiscences, and learn how he had escaped.

"Ye're wrong, sir. It was the wather fell into me. I drank some one day for lack of anything better, an' it give me an inward chill I'd like to have died of. Maybe I drank out of a damp can," he added reflectively.

"Well, you didn't die, anyhow," said O'Connor, "and you didn't die this time, either, which is more than any of us ventured to hope. How did you escape?"

"It's soon tould, sir, though it was mighty tadius in the doing. I'd no trouble fixin' the petard to the boat at all. I got round on the far side of her, an' every soul aboard was busy looking afther you. Well, when I touched off the fuse I just set me heels north an' me head south, an' swum for the far bank as if the divil was half a yard behind me."

"You didn't make an attempt to regain our skiff, then?" asked O'Connor.

"Not a bit o' use, sir. They were sarching that side good with their light, an' they'd have seen me afore I'd got quarter ways. I'd only have brought them on you, and, anyhow, I'd never have got climbin' into that rotten little cockboat without upsettin' her. I seen that an' I lavin' her."

"Well?" prompted Desmond impatiently.

"I got to the bank an' jouked in undher it, and held tight, an' it's well I did; for I wasn't hardly there when,

bang! the ould guard-boat went up with a roar fit to raise the dead, an' sent a wave across that pretty nigh washed me away. With that there was such shoutin' and confusion as ye never seen—men runnin' an' torches flarin' an' one axin' another what the blazes had happened, anyhow. I knew there'd be boats out in no time to pick up the remains—though I doubt if there was left enough of that water-guard to be worth howldin' a wake over—so I just made me way down the canal with all convaynient speed, keepin' well in undher the bank, till I thought I was clear of the hullabaloo. Then I climbed out to rest for a few minutes, first makin' sure the coast was clear."

"And was it?" inquired Desmond, deeply interested.

"So far as I could see—on the land side, anyhow. But I wasn't there above ten minutes, an' had just got me breath, when, swish, comes up from beyant me two more guard-boats, one afther the other, an' pullin' as if it was a race they was rowin'. I just slipped into the wather again, as quiet as an otter, an' lay there till they were past me."

"We saw them," observed Desmond.

"I mistrusted ye would," the sergeant resumed, "an' I was only that thankful to obsarve that they hadn't seen you. An' that's the heft of me story. I crept along, sometimes in the wather an' sometimes out of it like a rat, dodgin' an' joukin' accordin' as there was occasion. I struck across country for the Lys as soon as I considhered it safe, an' picked up a bit of a canoe on the bank that saved me legs for a while, till the bottom dropped out of her. But she left me on the right side of the river, anyhow, and from that to this it was just fair heel-an'-toe walkin' till I got here."

"How long ago was that?"

"A matther of four hours, maybe five. I've been sleepin' the most of it," replied Con. "I was had up afore the ginerall himself when I got here, but when he heard I was out of Bruges, and had come with yer honor, he couldn't do enough for me—ordered me a new pair of boots, for mine was droppin' off me feet, an' other compliments."

"He gave me a step, Con. I'm a major from to-day."

"Yer humble sarvint, Major O'Con-

nor, sir," said the sergeant, saluting. "Long may ye live to wear it. He didn't promote me that high, but he put his hand in his pocket an' give me a pistole, an' said I was a brave fellow, an' other nonsense o' the sort. I'd enjoy an hour with that same pistole in the Golden Fleece this minute, for divil a drop can a man get to buy in this place at all at all, if he was made of goold."

"And didn't you have any refreshment at all?" Desmond asked.

"His excellency ordered me a dram when I come in," the sergeant replied. "More betoken, I made bould to ax for it, or I couldn't have answered all the questions he had to put to me. An' I got a few glasses of wine with me supper, but, barrin' that, it's only a thirsty place."

"Con, here is a secret that must not be breathed till the orders are out. There is a detachment to march in the morning to the relief of Bruges. I am going."

The sergeant's face fell.

"Oh, *wirra*, isn't that like my luck?" he complained. "The very day that me feet is that sore an' battered I can hardly put them to the ground!"

"You need not. We ride," replied O'Connor. "Would you like to come?"

"Would I? Would a duck swim?" cried Con. "D'ye think they'd let me?"

"I am to see the duke before we start. I'll speak to him. I have no doubt he'd let you volunteer."

"Hurroo for sport, Masther Desmond, eh? This is betther nor bein' shut up in a stinking town."

"No more now. You need rest, and so do I," said O'Connor. "We have all the same ground to go over again to-morrow."

"Good night, yer honor," replied Quirk, not sorry to hobble off to the quarters assigned him.

But it was long before sleep visited the eyes of the newly made major, tossing and troubled, and seeking vainly for a clue to the labyrinth in which the day's events had plunged him. His last waking thoughts were of Margaret.

Despite his restless night, O'Connor was astir early, ready and eager for the work of the day. He had just finished

dressings, and was buckling on his sword, when an orderly arrived to summon him to the Duc de Vendôme. Desmond followed the man, and was at once received by the marshal, who had newly risen.

"Early and prompt," the latter remarked with approval. "After your fatigues of yesterday I had expected to be before you this morning. I was not mistaken in you, Major O'Connor."

Then the duke proceeded to explain, in some detail, his plans for assisting the garrison of Bruges. He relied on the young officer's local knowledge, and often deferred to the latter's modestly expressed opinion as to the exact route to be chosen or the manner of the final approach.

"I think that is all," the marshal said at last. "The force will be under the command of Colonel de la Colonie, a brave soldier and a hard hitter. You march in an hour."

Desmond saluted and was about to withdraw, but the duke called him back.

"Apropos, O'Connor," he said, addressing the young man in an easy and familiar tone, "concerning the lady whom you brought out of Bruges. Have you seen her again?"

M. de Vendôme's eyes were upon him, and Desmond moved uneasily. He felt the blood climbing into his cheeks, and it annoyed him.

"I had that honor, excellency," he replied. "She received me last evening, and I made my adieux."

"See that they are final, my man," the duke said, somewhat sternly, his penetrating gaze still on the Irishman's face. "You know who this lady is, I presume?"

"Surely, *monseigneur*. I have known her for a month or more. She is the Countess of Anhalt."

"That is to say," resumed the duke, "one of the greatest ladies in Flanders, one of the richest heiresses in France, and a ward of his majesty King Louis XIV, whom may God preserve! You, *monsieur*, are a foreigner—noble, I doubt not, as most of the Irish Brigade seem to be—but unknown in France save as a gallant soldier. Have a care, my friend! Those who strive to climb too high meet with ugly falls."

Yesterday Desmond would have an-

swered to this warning, at once minatory and kindly spoken, that he was but the Countess of Anhalt's humble servant, and had never dared to nourish the lofty pretensions at which the marshal hinted. To-day, with Margaret's parting words in his ears, with her rose hidden in his breast, he felt that, great lady though she might be, she was still but a woman to be wooed—aye, a woman, his heart told him, more than half won. He answered firmly, but with deep respect:

"I will not affect to misunderstand your excellency. I am not noble, but I am gently born. You seem to have penetrated my secret, *monseigneur*; I do love this lady."

"That is your misfortune, then," the duke replied dryly. "Learn to forget her. She is beyond your reach. I know the king's purpose regarding her, and I tell you, O'Connor, she is not for you."

"And yet, *monseigneur*, her nearest kinsman, Captain Gaston de Brissac, does not resent my pretensions. He even favors them."

The duke had meant his last words for a dismissal. Desmond had so regarded them, and saluted as he replied and turned toward the door; but at the mention of Gaston's name, the marshal started as one who suddenly descries a glimmer of light in a dark place.

"De Brissac!" he repeated. "Wait, man. I know something of this M. de Brissac. The duelist, is it not?"

"He is said to be a good blade, *monseigneur*," said Desmond, wondering what was coming.

"Aye," the duke mused. "A deep plotter, a dangerous man. So he has favored your suit to his cousin?"

"I had never had a hope save what he gave me," Desmond replied, and then he added, in lower tones, "till yesterday."

"Aye! your knight-errantry might well have stirred any maiden's heart," remarked the marshal with a smile. "But have a care! You are being made a pawn in a game which can only end in shame and ruin for both you and the countess."

"I do not understand your excellency," stammered Desmond, impressed by his commander's manner.

"Do you know that Margaret of Anhalt is betrothed to the Vicomte de Louville?" asked the duke.

"I have been told so, excellency, but she does not love him."

"Pshaw! Love! That is a toy for boys and girls. This is a matter of state policy. How came you to know of this betrothal? Did M. de Brissac tell you?"

"No. Perhaps he is not aware of it."

"He is well aware of it, and that is why he has favored your pretensions. Can you not see through a plot so transparent as this? If the countess thwarts the will of her sovereign, she will be stripped of her estates, which will devolve upon her next of kin. You know who that is?"

"Captain de Brissac," replied Desmond mechanically.

The duke had given a fresh turn to his thoughts, and he was not slow to put them into words.

"When she is poor," he went on exultingly, "there will be nothing between us. To a portionless girl I can speak my heart freely. Thank you, *monseigneur*!"

The duke regarded him pityingly.

"At least you are no fortune-hunter, Major O'Connor," he said. "But the loss of her estates is the least of the evils that will overtake the lady if she runs counter to her sovereign's will. Louis has sworn by St. Denis that if Margaret of Anhalt thwarts him in this matter he will so order it that she shall envy the lot of the meanest prisoner in the Bastille, and that is an oath his majesty has never yet broken."

"My God!" Desmond murmured.

He was stricken to the heart. All his world seemed crashing in ruin around him. Margaret in the Bastille! The bare idea was profanation; the thought was madness.

The duke was still speaking. Desmond heard his words, and he remembered them, but it was only later that their full meaning came to him.

"You are embarked on an impossible adventure," the old soldier was saying. "It is a selfish quest. It can only end in the ruin of all concerned."

"What would you advise, *monseigneur*?" Desmond said at last.

"Forget her!"

"Impossible! Not while life lasts."

"This touches your honor, and honor is dearer than life."

The duke spoke very kindly. He was moved by the young man's manifest despair.

"I will do what I can, excellency," said Desmond. "This—this plot is M. de Brissac's, you think?"

"Since you tell me that he forwarded your suit. He alone can be the gainer. If he succeeds in separating her from M. de Louville and entangling her with some one else—you or another—he has an almost certain prospect of inheriting her fortune."

"Thank you, *monseigneur*," said Desmond, but there was no life in his tone. "I will try to find a way to balk this villain."

"Do nothing reckless," commanded the marshal, eying him keenly. "Your life belongs not to yourself, but to France, and especially you owe a duty at this moment to your comrades in Bruges."

"Reassure yourself, excellency. I will not shirk my duty."

"Away, then," said the duke. "I have detained you longer than I had intended."

Already the bugles were sounding in the castle yard. Desmond saluted and withdrew.

# XV

IN the event, the elaborate plan devised by M. de Vendôme and Colonel de la Colonie for surprising the allies could not be carried out. While the relieving force was still on the march, the assault was delivered and Bruges fell. Tidings of this catastrophe reached the advancing column, and the cavalry pushed on at speed, leaving the infantry supports, with the artillery, to follow as quickly as they could.

It was evening when De la Colonie's squadrons sighted the burning town. O'Connor led the force in the direction of the North Gate, remembering that M. de la Mothe's plan had been to break out on that side while the assault was being delivered on the other. But the enemy had been on the alert, and the gate had not been left unguarded.

As the dragoons came in sight, a desperate struggle was in progress. The garrison, held in front by a strong force, were being pressed in the rear by the division of the allies which had entered the town, and the result was a confused mêlée under the walls, fitfully illumined by the light of the burning city, which had been fired in several places. The French seemed totally demoralized. Some were still resisting; stragglers were breaking away in all directions, seeking safety in flight, and flinging down their muskets as they ran.

De la Colonie took in the situation at a glance. Rising in his stirrups and waving his sword, he gave the order to charge. Over the besiegers' entrenchments swept the French dragoons, sabering the few defenders, for no diversion from without had been expected, and the enemy's lines were weakly held.

O'Connor rode with the joy of battle in his brain, but his heart was full of anguish and despair. All through the long day he had marched—silent, sullen, pondering. He had exchanged words with none save the officer in command, when the latter sought his advice as to the best route to follow, or the tactics to be adopted when their goal was reached. Now, he thrilled with the wild spirit of the fray, but his greatest hope was that blade or bullet would speedily end his misery.

He exposed himself recklessly to both, but neither touched him. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Yet even in the depths of his anguish he exulted, as they clove their way like a thunderbolt into the thick of the fight, when he saw the Irish Brigade, the only regiment that had kept its organization in the confusion, holding together with ranks unbroken and colors flying, and winning its way, inch by inch, through the masses of its assailants.

The success of the French charge was but momentary. The allies, taken by surprise, were driven back to the walls, but, strongly reenforced, they resumed the offensive, and the dragoons were compelled to retire. They fell back, contesting every foot of ground stubbornly. De la Colonie's heart stood still as he reached the entrenchments they had recently passed, and saw a line of in-



fantry drawn up behind them, barring his retreat.

"The devil!" he hissed through his clenched teeth. "We are trapped, it seems!"

Already the foremost troop had drawn bridle, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Then Desmond's voice rang out like a trumpet-call:

"Forward!" he shouted. "These are friends. The trenches are held by the Irish Brigade!"

Colonel O'Brien, having taken advantage of De la Colonie's charge to extricate what remained of his regiment, had manned the enemy's deserted entrenchments, prepared to cover the cavalry's retirement, which he foresaw was inevitable.

A wild cheer broke from the Frenchmen as they rode forward. The infantry opened to let them through, and then poured a withering volley into the ranks of their assailants, momentarily checking the pursuit. O'Connor, who had reined back till he was almost the last, was about to ride through when a cry reached him from behind.

"*A moi! A moi! France!*"

He pulled up short and turned in the direction whence the appeal had come. There was a clear space to the rear, for the allies had halted when they found the trenches were held against them, and were replying briskly to the fire of the brigade. The bullets sang round him. A little to the right he could make out, through the obscurity, a man on foot battling with three or four assailants. As the flames soared upward from the burning town, Desmond could see the sword-blade flicker in their light. Then they died down, and he could barely make out the struggling figures.

He wheeled his horse and rode straight at them. He was conscious that one of the troopers turned as he did, and was riding after him, but he did not wait for his support.

O'Connor noted, even as he charged, that the solitary man was a magnificent swordsman. His blade played like lightning, turning with marvelous certainty and skill the thrusts aimed at him by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. A third assailant had received the point full in the chest and lay where he had fallen,

coughing blood. A fourth was working round to take the unsuspecting swordsman in the rear. Against this man Desmond rode. Struck by the horse's shoulder, he was dashed to earth as if hurled from a catapult.

"France!" the young Irishman shouted, and passed his sword through another of the assailants.

The third man now turned to fly, but Sergeant Quirk, who had kept close to his officer's bridle-rein from the first, rode him down.

"Mount, *monsieur*," cried O'Connor, reaching his hand to the redoubtable swordsman, who grasped it and sprang into the saddle. "Mount, there is no time to lose!"

Indeed, the air was vocal with the whistle of bullets, and the allies, rallying from their temporary check, were again advancing. Sergeant Quirk rejoined his leader, and the three rode straight for the entrenchments. Just before they reached them, O'Connor's horse, weary and overweighted, stumbled and came heavily to the ground. Desmond fell clear of the saddle and was on his feet in an instant.

"Are you hurt, *monsieur*?" he asked, once more extending his hand to assist the stranger to rise.

"Not in the least," came the reply in accents O'Connor instantly recognized. "*Monsieur*, I owe you my life to-night."

It was Gaston de Brissac.

They were in the trenches, and the bullets were passing harmlessly above their heads. All around him O'Connor saw his old comrades, powder-stained and fierce. They were under perfect control, and were firing steadily.

"Take my horse, Master Desmond," urged Quirk. "I'm back in the ranks of the brigade, and by the blessin' of St. Bridget, I'll stay there!"

"So will I," responded Desmond. "Captain de Brissac, will you take the sergeant's horse? M. de la Colonie and the dragoons are but a little way in front."

"Death of my life, it is O'Connor!" cried Gaston, recognizing the Irishman. "Well met, comrade! You have saved my life. Command me at all times."

"Then, *monsieur*," the other answered very gravely, "so soon as you reach the

castle of Anhalt, where M. de Vendôme has his headquarters, pray seek the Countess Margaret. She desires speech of you."

He turned away as he spoke, not heeding Gaston's eager questions. The latter shrugged his shoulders and mounted the horse so opportunely placed at his disposal. As he rode away, he heard the vociferous cheering with which the Irishmen welcomed the appearance of their favorite officer, who was already known as "the Lion of the Brigade."

The French retirement was cautiously conducted in the face of superior numbers. Colonel O'Brien withdrew his men as soon as the cavalry were safe, leaving a rear-guard of fifty to keep the enemy in check till his regiment had gained a sufficient distance. A similar number of dragoons also remained behind, and, at the proper time, the mounted men took the foot-soldiers behind them on their horses and regained the main body.

Colonel de la Colonie fell back on his infantry supports, which he met a couple of leagues from Bruges, and the whole force hastily entrenched itself to await the issue of the morrow. Couriers were despatched to Anhalt to acquaint the Duc de Vendôme with the event of the expedition, which, though officers and men had spared themselves in nothing, could only be regarded as a failure. Bruges had fallen into the hands of the allies, and almost all the French garrison had been cut to pieces or dispersed.

De Brissac, at his own request, went with the messengers to Anhalt.

The relief column lay encamped and entrenched during the remainder of that night, and all the following day. Neither men nor horses were fit for another long march without rest, and Colonel de la Colonie—with many misgivings, for his force was small—halted for thirty hours.

The enemy observed, but did not molest him. No doubt the besiegers, too, had suffered no small losses in the assault and the succession of skirmishes which had followed. Neither the Duke of Marlborough nor M. de Vendôme attempted any movement.

The following night, as soon as darkness had set in, the camp was broken up

with every precaution, and by noon on the ensuing day the little column had regained headquarters.

## XVI

Soon after his return to Anhalt, Desmond was sought by Anne with a message from her mistress requesting him to wait on her. He pleaded duty, and postponed obedience to an invitation which, a few days earlier, would have brought him hot-foot to Margaret's side. Much as he longed to see her, he dared not risk a meeting till he had settled what course to pursue.

His impulse was to throw himself at her feet, declare his love, and urge her to dare everything and fly with him. He would have sacrificed his career without a pang, were it only his own fate which was in question; but M. de Vendôme's warning had filled him with a horrible dread for Margaret. It were better to avoid her; better to seem to slight her, till she had time to forget him.

The mere idea of her ceasing to think of him stung him like a whip-lash. He paced the little turret chamber, in which he had been lodged, with angry, impatient strides, now almost yielding to the impulse that drove him to speak and so risk all, and anon reproaching himself with the selfishness that set his own happiness above the life and liberty of the woman he loved.

And so Gaston de Brissac found him. The scheming captain felt that he owed it to O'Connor that he had ever seen the sun again, and he was anxious to testify to his gratitude. Desmond, on the other hand, felt that he owed it to M. de Brissac that he was stretched on the rack of incertitude whereon he writhed, and his reception of his visitor was anything but cordial.

"You saved my life the night before last," said Gaston. "Believe me, I would not willingly have let all these hours pass without acknowledging such a service, but you eluded my gratitude."

"You owe me no thanks, *monsieur*," replied Desmond coldly. "I would have rescued a rat had it worn the uniform of France."

Gaston stiffened. "You receive me strangely," he said. "At another time I would demand an explanation of your

words; but you have saved my life, and I am here to thank you, not to quarrel."

O'Connor bowed.

"If you will not accept my gratitude," Gaston went on, "perhaps you will listen to my advice. I have waited on my kinswoman as you desired. Ah, O'Connor, had you been more frank with me in Bruges yonder, perhaps the poor girl would be in better case to-day. At least, I could have warned you to take her anywhere rather than into the French lines. But you never so much as told me you had seen her."

"And how do you know now that I ever did?" inquired Desmond, resolved to admit nothing.

"*Pardie*, I had the whole tale of your escape by canal from my cousin's lips yesterday," Gaston replied; "and even in Bruges I knew she and you met. My lackey told me."

"The faithful Otto, eh?" sneered the other. "Is he with you still, or did he perish with better men in the sack of the town?"

"He did not live to see it," the captain replied. "He was foully murdered. His body was found floating in the canal the very night you left. There were finger-marks on his throat, and his neck was broken. I shall never have such another servant," he finished regretfully, as he recalled the dead man's fertile invention and readiness of resource.

But Desmond was thinking quickly. A body in the canal—finger-marks on the throat—on the very night he had taken the countess out of Bruges! So it was Gaston's servant who had raised a knife against Margaret, and Gaston was Margaret's heir! O'Connor answered immediately, however, and without showing a trace of emotion:

"Yes, I can well imagine that such a follower would be a loss to you in many ways."

"But it was not of Otto I wished to speak," Gaston went on, "but about my cousin. You love her?"

"God help me, I do!" Desmond answered, the cry wrung from the bitterness of his anguish, in spite of himself.

"He will help you," the other answered briskly. "You are thinking of the Vicomte de Louville, I see. But she does not love him—nay, she hates him,

and God will never suffer youth and innocence such as hers to be forced to wed misery. For she loves you, O'Connor. I will swear she does!"

O'Connor looked at the speaker attentively. The impassioned words seemed to ring true, and ended with an assertion that was as balm to the young man's wounded heart; but Anne's warning came back to him, terribly reenforced by all the marshal had said. He answered slowly, for they were discussing that which stirred the very depths of his soul:

"She loves me, you say? It may be so. But to what purpose?"

"To what purpose does love tend?" cried Gaston, astonished at the answer. "Since you love her and she loves you, wed her, and bless the stars for your good luck! What else?"

"There is the Vicomte de Louville."

"Tush, you are not afraid of a viscount!"

"Not of all the viscounts in France!"

"Then, push your fortune, man. It is not like an Irishman to hang back. You have all my good wishes."

"You are greatly interested in my success," said Desmond, watching him narrowly. "Why?"

"Why?" repeated Gaston with unshaken good-humor. "Because you saved my life."

"You were interested before I had that misfortune," insisted the Irishman.

De Brissac started, but it was not his cue to take offense. He affected not to have caught the last word distinctly.

"Well, if you like, because you are a good comrade and a gallant soldier—because I like you, in short, and would see you happy."

"Thank you. So much for me. And are you concerned that the countess should be happy, too?"

"Surely," Gaston replied. "Is she not my cousin? And I verily think she will be happy only with you."

"You are forgetting the king, I think," said Desmond, speaking with deep meaning.

The other refused to see it.

"Pooh!" he answered lightly. "Louis is in Versailles—two hundred leagues away."

"The king is never away from his army," returned O'Connor sternly.

"Where the flag flies, the king rules; and the king's will is all-powerful."

"So you fear Louis?" Gaston said, with a sinister smile.

"I fear for her. What would be her fate?"

"Her estates might be confiscated," replied De Brissac. "Those in France, at least, where Louis's arm can reach. But he is not omnipotent. Suppose the issue of the coming battle disastrous; suppose our armies flung back beyond the frontier—of what weight were King Louis's wishes in Flanders then?"

"God forgive me!" groaned Desmond. "I had all but wished that it might happen!"

"It may," Gaston said.

"It will not; it shall not!" cried O'Connor. "Every soldier in all this host would die before such a disgrace overtook us—you and I among the first. And, with the fleur-de-lys waving above every fortress in Flanders, where would Margaret of Anhalt seek sanctuary from Louis's vengeance?"

"In that case, my cousin would lose her Flemish estates as well as her French. Does this give you pause? I had thought your love more disinterested," sneered Gaston.

"I would you cared for her estates as little as I do," cried Desmond hotly. "God forgive me if I wrong you, but I think you have not forgotten that you are her heir."

"I would take this from no man but yourself," Gaston retorted, with equal heat. "But I will show you how unjust you are. If my cousin's estates were confiscated, they would go to the crown."

"Aye," rejoined Desmond, "if they were confiscated merely. But what if your plot reaches deeper? Oh, I see things with clearer eyes. Defying the king, her fate will be perpetual imprisonment; and she, being civilly dead, her estates will pass to her next of kin—to you. Ha, that went home!" he cried exultantly, as De Brissac changed color.

"Malediction!" shouted Gaston furiously. "That cur Otto must have betrayed me!"

"You have betrayed yourself!" cried Desmond, the man's indignation mounting as he spoke. "Oh, what a vile plot! The Bastile! Picture that fair, pure life

withering away within stone walls. It has been my fate to lie in a dungeon and curse the hour I was born, but that was only for six months. I tasted of bitterness to the dregs. I learned what it was to welcome the rat as a friend, to caress the spider as a pet, out of sheer loneliness; and all the while the sun shining without, and the world pulsing with life and love. Six months, and I a man—a soldier. And you would condemn that fair girl—your own cousin—to such a fate for life!"

Gaston had in vain attempted to stem the indignant torrent of the young Irishman's words. Now he broke in:

"You are talking wildly. Reflect, how would it profit me—"

O'Connor furiously interrupted him.

"Profit you? It would damn you to all eternity; but when did a money-seeker stop to think of that? Begone!" he thundered, flinging wide the door. "You are detected and disgraced!"

De Brissac descended from the turret without a word.

## XVII

WHEN the relief column marched, early as it was, Margaret was at her window and watched the ordered procession—horse, foot, and artillery—defile before the castle. She saw Desmond in conversation with M. de la Colonie, and noted, as he reined back to allow the colonel to precede him, that he was dejected. His usually buoyant spirits seemed clouded, his face was grave, and he rode with a pre-occupied air. The countess saw in this unusual aspect of the young Irishman the outward token of a premonition of approaching death, and betook herself to her prayers, beseeching Heaven to watch over her knight and bring him safely through all perils back to her side.

It was late the following day ere couriers arrived at Anhalt with tidings of the expedition. Only the fact that it had failed, without details of any kind, reached the countess, and she spent some hours in an agony of suspense. Then a page came, announcing that Captain Gaston de Brissac was in the castle and craved permission to pay his respects to his kinswoman.

She received Gaston gratefully, for she craved for certitude. He was newly come from Bruges, and could dispel or confirm the fears that had tortured her so long.

Gaston told her all he knew, and dwelt especially on the courage and skill displayed by O'Connor. Perhaps he even magnified these, for his purpose was to interest his cousin in Desmond. He represented the young Irishman as a veritable hero of romance; and Margaret, listening with parted lips and shining eyes, kept him to the subject with question on question, long after his memory, and almost his imagination, had been exhausted.

"So he saved your life, cousin," she said when he had made an end.

"As I have told you," replied Gaston, a little weary of the tale of the Irishman's perfections. "And the moment he recognized me he charged me to wait on you as soon as I arrived here, saying you wished to see me. I am here accordingly, hoping that there is something in which I may be able to serve you."

"He remembered my message even in that scene of turmoil and carnage!" cried Margaret rapturously, clasping her hands. "He thought of me!"

"And therefore, as I have said, I am here, *madame*," repeated Gaston a trifle impatiently.

He had learned all he wished to know. It was plain that his kinswoman loved the Irishman.

The countess came back with a start to the realities of her position.

"You have been very prompt, cousin, and indeed I am grateful," she said; "for I am in sore straits. M. de Vendôme has received instructions concerning me from the king, and he purposes to send me back to Paris."

De Brissac knit his brows.

"Immediately?" he asked.

"No, not immediately—perhaps not till the end of the campaign," she answered. "But be it soon or late, it will be too soon for me. Gaston, you saved me from this peril once. Save me again!"

"This is a more difficult matter," he mused. "I suppose Louis calls you back that he may see you wed."

"But M. de Louville is here," she said timidly.

"Aye, and he can be sent for as easily as you. I do not see that I can do anything. Why does the duke detain you, instead of returning you at once as the king commands?"

"He says he cannot spare men for an escort."

"Pshaw!" cried Gaston impatiently.

"That is a mere pretext! Half a score of troopers would be escort enough. There is some other reason. What if he is keeping you till Louis has learned that you and M. de Louville are under one roof? It may well seem to his majesty waste of time to fetch you both two hundred leagues for a marriage that can as easily be celebrated here."

This was a new light to Margaret.

"Then you think—" she began tremulously.

"I think a couple of weeks will see you Mme. de Louville, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you have found another husband ere Louis's answer comes back."

With this significant suggestion Gaston bowed and withdrew, leaving Margaret speechless.

She passed that night in reviewing all the circumstances of the dilemma in which she found herself, and in discussing them with her foster-sister. Anne's advice had ever been the same, and it did not vary now.

"Distrust M. de Brissac; trust O'Connor."

By order of her mistress she was early in the hall, seeking the young major; but she could not meet with him. The column had not arrived. Many times that day did Anne descend on the same errand; and when at last she found O'Connor, to her dismay she was obliged to return with the reply that he presented his respects to the countess, but begged to be excused, since his military duties detained him.

Then Margaret almost despaired. Indeed, for days together she did despair. She rallied later, pride coming to her aid, as Desmond, poor soul! had calculated it would.

"What?" she thought, with a toss of her head. "Is the Countess of An-



halt to be flouted by this foreigner after showing him such marks of favor?"

She owed it to her name, she told herself, she owed it to her dignity, she owed it to herself, to meet the cavalier treatment of this foreigner with an indifference equal to his own. But to flout him she must see him, and she was puzzled for a space to think how a meeting was to be brought about, since he chose to disregard her summons. At last an idea occurred to her, and she proceeded to act upon it without stopping to consider the risk involved.

The repositories of Anhalt, such as she could reach, were ransacked for fineries long laid by; robes once worn by her mother, dresses of her own girlhood. The countess and Anne, both skilled with the needle, cut and shaped these to the fashion of the day, till they had in large measure replaced the wardrobe perforce abandoned at Paris and in Bruges.

"I shall mope here no longer, Anne," Margaret would say as they stitched industriously. "There are brave doings here since his royal highness arrived, and why should I not bear my part?" And at another time: "It were but policy for me to conform to the wishes of the Duke of Burgundy and try to please him. God knows how sorely I may soon need a friend in high places!

But sometimes a tenderer, a more wistful mood possessed her, and her true thought declared itself.

"If I descend, Anne, and mingle with the company, who knows but I may meet my knight? Surely he cannot have forgotten me."

So an evening came when Anne decked her mistress in all the braveries she could muster, and hung diamonds on her neck and in her hair—those famous jewels which had accompanied

the countess in her flight, first from Paris, later from Bruges.

"I am glad, *madame*," the faithful girl cried, as her deft fingers wove the gems in Margaret's golden tresses—"I am glad you will go down. These are sorry days and nights you have spent in this room—weeping and praying and dreading. They say it is a real court his royal highness holds."

The Duke of Burgundy had indeed reached headquarters a few days since, in such state as only a prince of France would have dreamed of assuming at such a time. Gay courtiers and fair ladies were in his train, and each evening the old walls of Anhalt echoed the music of the dance or the laughter of the mask.

What M. de Vendôme thought of these gaities no one knew. The old soldier expressed no opinion. If he considered the presence of perfumed ladies and gallants of the court inopportune at the crisis of a momentous campaign, at least he endured them with a smiling face, and mingled nightly with the giddy crowd—with it but not of it. But among those over whom his authority extended, discipline was enforced with a strict hand. Guards were set, scouts were sent abroad. So far as the marshal could insure it, King Louis's army slept in safety.

At first the Countess of Anhalt declined to appear at these revels. In vain the Duke of Burgundy represented that she, as *chatelaine*, was doubly bound to grace her own salon. She pleaded fatigue or indisposition, and smilingly denied her right to be regarded as hostess, since his royal highness was master now and she but a tolerated guest.

But on this evening she consented to show herself in the great hall, commanding Anne to don her finest and accompany her.

(To be continued)

## DREAMS

WHAT though our dreams can ne'er come true?  
What matters it to me or you?  
Live well each passing day, and then  
When night comes, sleep—and dream again!

Blakeney Gray

# NEW YORK A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT  
WHO VISITED AMERICA IN 1809

A NUMBER of travelers recorded their impressions of the United States in the early part of the last century. All of them, however, from Captain Marryat and Messrs. Fawkes and Fearon to Captain Basil Hall and that very clever woman, Mrs. Trollope, were consciously writing for publication. Inevitably they indulged in many literary touches which augment the immediate interest of the reader at the expense of truth.

The passages which are selected for publication here were never intended to see the light in print. They are taken from the manuscript diary of a Mr. Samuel Bridge, an English merchant who visited the United States in 1809, at a time when, under President Madison's administration, all commerce between the United States and Great Britain had been suspended by the Non-Intercourse Act.

Mr. Bridge, who was apparently engaged in the exportation of turpentine, sailed from Portsmouth on May 10, and landed in Quebec on June 29. He remained in Canada until October 15, when he entered the United States at Rouse's Point and pursued his way through Lake Champlain and down the Hudson River to New York. Part of his narrative, which is given here, relates to this particular expedition. It comprises, indeed, almost his entire stay in the United States, as he presently returned to Canada.

In his neatly written pages we have a series of off-hand impressions which are very interesting, even though they are not developed as they would have been had their author written them for publication. The difficulties of travel, the extreme discomfort of the inns, and the general crudity of country life in America a hundred years ago, are made very clear. Mr. Bridge's description of the pioneer steamboats on Lake Champlain and the Hudson River—or "steam boats," as he calls them, the term being then a new one to the language—is amusing, and what he has to say of New York itself is a perfectly spontaneous and uncolored narrative.

It is worth noting that the Mrs. Poe whom he heard sing at the theater in New York was the mother of Edgar Allan Poe. Her distinguished son had been born only a few months before this time.

The extracts from Mr. Bridge's diary begin with his arrival at the northern frontier of New York State.

OCTOBER 15, 1809.—Rose at half past six. The wind having abated, I hired a three-oared boat and set off at nine. It being a fine day, we had a tolerably comfortable voyage, and arrived at the line at half past five, over which no vessel is permitted to pass, the Non-Intercourse [Act] being now in force. We, therefore, landed at Rouse's Point, within a few yards of the division-line, which is pointed out by a stone. Before quitting the territory of King George, we did ourselves the honor to drink his health in a little rum and water, the only liquor to be had.

We had to walk about half a mile to

a small hut or inn, kept by one Rouse—from whence the place takes its name—a captain of militia. Near it is the custom-house, or ballroom, for in the evening four Yankees—a judge, a colonel, a captain, and a squire—had a jig, notwithstanding the day—Sunday. It is necessary to observe that colonels, majors, captains, etc., are to be found, we are informed, among tailors, barbers, publicans, and tinkers. In short, they appear to be the spontaneous production of the American soil. We slept at Rouse's. Three beds were prepared for all my company in one room—a small garret. My companion and self had taken possession without being

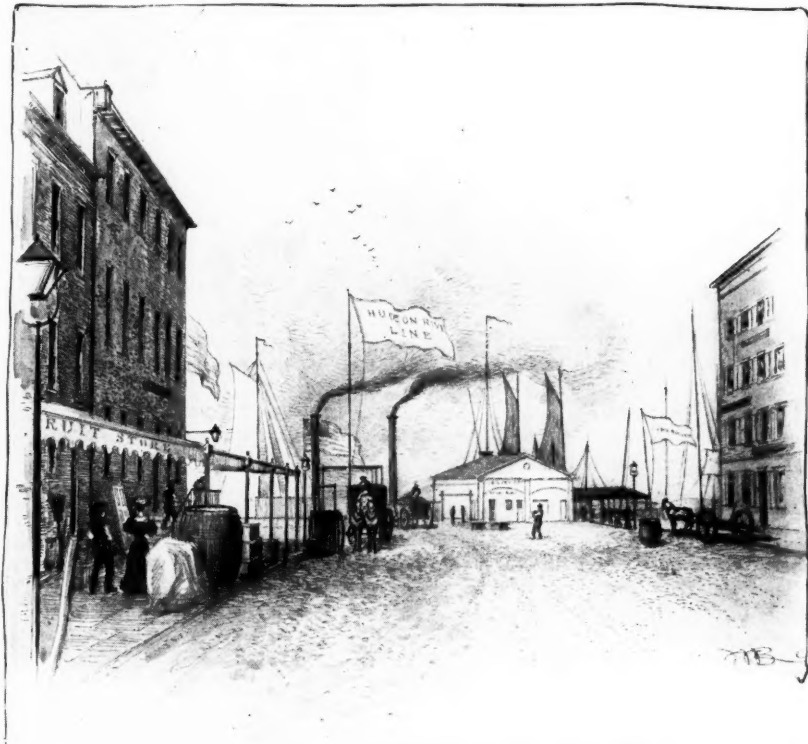
aware of this sociable arrangement, and Mr. and Mrs. Bell were obliged to put up with a truck-bed placed in an adjoining landing, or cockloft.

#### ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

*October 16.*—Rose at seven and hired a boat for the day. After proceeding about seven miles in the lake, we turned into the Great Chauze [Chazy] River, and after going six miles, were obliged

but as he had neglected it at first, we refused, and walked down to the boat, where P. and self dined on a piece of cold beef and a bottle of cider, which we luckily had left from what we brought from St. John's yesterday. As we had not eaten since morning, and it was then six o'clock, I need not add we wanted no sauce.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell soon joined, and we returned down the river and a little



THE FOOT OF CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK, AS IT APPEARED IN 1809, WITH THE DOCK AT WHICH THE STEAMERS PLYING BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ALBANY MADE THEIR LANDINGS

to land on account of some rapids, and walked on a mile to Champlain town. Called on a Mr. Silas Hubble, attorney, and Judge Moore, on Mr. White's business. We were detained by them near three hours. While we were at Mr. Hubble's, the judge asked Mr. and Mrs. Bell to his house, and they went. When we had finished our business, we called there for them, and he then thought proper to ask us in to tea;

way up the lake, till we arrived, at half past ten, at the town (a few scraggling houses) of Little Chauze, and put up at one Chandonet's, innkeeper and captain. After partaking of a light supper, consisting of tea, beefsteak, stewed fowls, potatoes, preserved plums, pickles, buttered toast, etc., and washing it down with a glass of sling, we retired to our nests about twelve.

Upon the whole, we have enjoyed

this day very much, weather being fine. The river Chauze is beautiful beyond description; not more than a quarter of a mile across in the widest part, and covered with trees to the water's edge, chiefly pine. It scarcely runs one hundred yards without winding. There are some few log houses here and there on its banks, inhabited by people employed in clearing the land. Champlain is a small, neat, and apparently flourishing place, settled by Judge Moore. Within these few years, here is a large water grist-mill and a woolen manufactory.

On our return we were favored with a fine moonlight evening, which enabled us to enjoy the scene, and to avoid the numerous logs of trees which had fallen from the bank in all directions.

*October 17.*—Rose at six. After taking some rum and milk to keep out the lake fever, which is frequently taken by

strangers, went to see Mr. Glennie's land, about three and a half miles. About one mile on our way we had to pass an unfinished bridge, hardly worthy the name, about twenty foot high and sixty yards over, composed of large single logs, at a distance from each other, a little flattened on the top with an ax. I found myself incapable of passing this place in an upright position; so, copying for once from the brutes, I e'en crawled on all fours.

An inhabitant took us in his canoe some distance up the Little Chauze, and landed us on Mr. Glennie's land. After viewing it and seeing the people on it, we returned by a different route, to avoid my awkward namesake, to Chandonet's about eleven to breakfast, Mr. P. having consented to accompany me farther. It was his and my intention to have got on to Plattsburg this night, but after every inquiry, we were not able to procure any conveyance. Indeed, we walked out upward of three miles, but

without success. On our way back we stepped into a hut to rest, and the good woman treated us with some beer brewed from pumpkins and hops, not unlike small table beer.

#### FROM PLATTSBURG TO ALBANY

*October 19.*—Rose at eight, and after a good Yankee breakfast went to county clerk's office kept by Judge Platt, and then hired a single-horse chaise to go to General Moore's on Mr. White's business. While it was getting ready, went to the court-house—a very neat building. The court-room is made use of as a place of worship. We were introduced into the jail and black hole—two very snug, little, comfortable, dark apartments. No prisoners at present.

At twelve rode to General Moore's, about three miles, situate on the side of the bay. As my business detained me full three hours, we ac-

cepted his invitation to dinner. Dined on pig and plum sauce, and also partook of some home-made currant wine—very good. General Moore appears to be a very hospitable gentleman. He has a large family—nine children. Returned to town at five, and took a ride another way out for about an hour. At home the remainder of the evening.

In the morning we met the boatmen who brought us here, and whom our lying landlord persuaded us had left a potash-work on purpose to bring us, and that it was absolutely necessary they should return before morning. They, however, confessed they had been hired to come here to play the violin all night, and that they would have been glad to have taken anything we chose to give them to bring us, instead of making us pay them four dollars.

In Plattsburg is an iron forge for making bar iron, worked by water; as well as a fulling-mill adjoining. A river runs through the town and empties



SAMUEL SOUTHBY BRIDGE, AUTHOR  
OF THE DIARY QUOTED IN  
THESE PAGES

*From an old miniature*

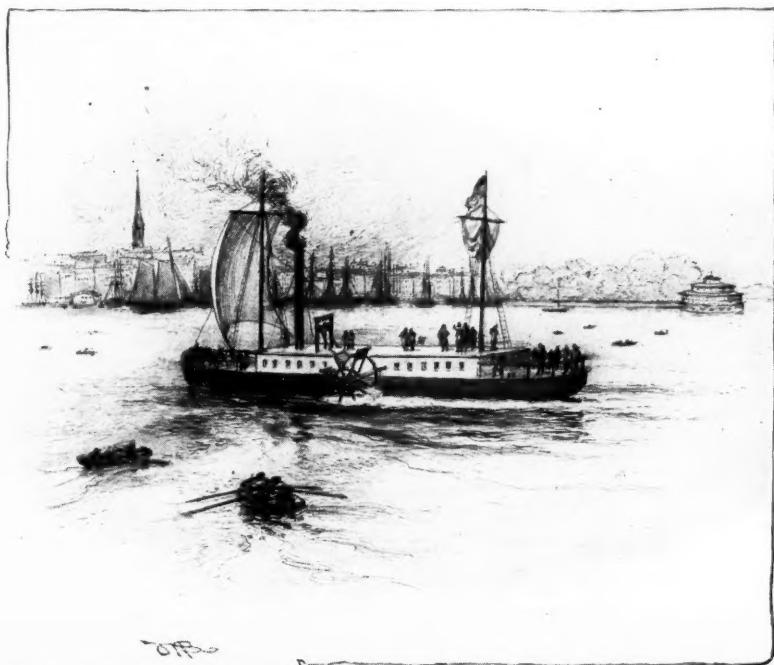
itself into the bay. Over it is a neat wooden bridge, about one hundred yards over. A short distance from it the river is dammed up for the purpose of working saw and grist mills erected on its banks. This, causing a kind of a fall in the water, has a beautiful and pleasing effect, contrasted with a small rapid below the bridge. It is a straggling town. Has several apparently good inns, and many stores, among which is one of both descriptions designated thus: "Cheapest Store and Tavern, by Caleb Nicholls, *Attorney at Law.*"

*October 22.*—We were awakened about half past five with an account that the steam boat was arrived, on board of which we embarked at eight, after breakfasting, and I was rather surprised, and no less pleased, to find two of my quondam companions at Mrs. Baberty's among as pretty a set of Yankey Doodles as perhaps ever met together.

The STEAM BOAT is one hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen broad.

The fire boiler and machinery is placed in the center, rather toward the bow, and turns two wheels, one on each side the vessel, similar to a water-mill, which impels her forward against wind and tide, at from three to five knots an hour; or according to the attention paid to the fire. There is but one mast, and that on the forecastle, on which occasionally a sail is hoisted when the wind is favorable. The stern cabin of twelve berths is appropriated for ladies; one in the waist for gentlemen, consisting of sixteen berths, eight of which are intended to carry double, or a pair of Brother Jonathans. Mr. P. and self were too late to claim even half a one.

Among the tolerable part of our company were a Mr. Ogden, wife, and family, and a Mr. Armstrong—a Jamaica gentleman—who had come from thence for his health, and Judge Moore of Champlain, so that in point of company we passed the day very pleasantly; but in provisions we were so ill provided that had it not been for Mr.



ROBERT FULTON'S PIONEER STEAMER, THE CLERMONT, WHICH MADE ITS FIRST VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY IN AUGUST, 1807



Ogden, who had laid in a small stock of provisions for his family, we could scarce have made a dinner. I mean the select part, as the rabble dined first, having for that purpose placed themselves at the table long before it was ready, so that in fact we had their leavings. The last set at tea, or supper, had to complain of the want of two essential things—bread and butter.

About twelve o'clock a *select* party set down to an elegant supper, cooked by themselves, consisting of roasted potatoes and onions, with Yankee cheese. About one o'clock A.M., Mr. P. and self, with our greatcoats for our beds and trunks for our pillows, invoked the sleepy god.

October 23.—I was awakened with an account of an almost total eclipse of the moon, which I went on deck to observe, and had scarcely laid down again when I was informed our vessel had stopped, and it was discovered she had run aground in the fog. Every method was resorted to, in which all hands occasionally assisted, to get her off; but in vain. She was completely fast in the mud. Neglect was the occasion of this disaster, as our pilot had been made tipsy by one of the passengers, and the captain had been in bed nearly all day, *unwell*.

Our situation was made still more disagreeable by finding we had nothing to eat but cheese. And they thought themselves uncommonly well off who could find a potato. One Yankee, indeed, about twelve o'clock, ate with great relish a large piece of cabbage, which he found on the deck, and a bit of cheese. Our only boat was sent four miles off in hopes to procure some conveyance, and we had every prospect of passing a complete banyan day,\* when fortunately a sloop hove in sight, and about four o'clock P.M. took most of us on board and landed us at Stony Head, a distance of four miles. Here again we were indebted to Mr. Ogden for a small slice of ham, a piece of bread from a house near the spot being all we could get.

Mr. Ogden, who came on shore first in the steam boat's boat, had hired four wagons; two for himself and family, one

for Mr. Todd, and one for myself and friend. Mr. O.'s arriving first, he set off, as we did half an hour after.

October 25.—Rose at four, and a quarter before five continued our journey. Passed through Lansingburgh, a town on the North or Hudson River, and at eight o'clock put up at Titus's Inn, Troy, to breakfast.

This is a tolerably large and flourishing town, situate on the east side of the North River, three miles from Lansingburgh. There are many neat brick houses, and it carries on some considerable trade both for New York and Albany, from which latter place it is not distant more than six miles, and we had been in hopes to have reached it time enow for the steam boat, which we were informed sailed at nine o'clock. We, however, now found that impracticable.

We therefore took our time, and after crossing the North River in a boat called a "scow," proceeded along its banks and entered Albany about twelve o'clock and quartered ourselves at Lewis's Hotel, or City Tavern, in State Street, not a little pleased to quit our neat post-carriages. After dinner, Mr. P. and self walked about the town, and then to the courthouse. As the court was then sitting, remained there about an hour and then returned home.

The courts of justice in America are conducted without that appearance of solemnity and order so observable in England. The judge is frequently seen during a trial smoking his cigar with seeming unconcern. Indeed, was it not for his seat, it would be difficult to distinguish him from an ordinary spectator, as neither he nor council wear any gown. From the filthy habit of smoking cigars by all ranks, at all times, we may fairly imagine their wisdom is in them, instead of the wigs, as jocosely said in England.

October 26.—Rose at half past eight. After breakfasting, went to different State officers on Mr. White's business, after which Mr. Poindexter, Mr. Armstrong, and self went to see a museum, where we remained near three hours, and were much pleased. It is a collection made by a few individuals.

Albany is a city—the capital of the State of New York—a large and tolerable well-built place. It was originally a

\* Banyans, or banians, are a class of Hindu traders, one of whose principles is abstinence from flesh food. Hence, in the British navy, those days on which the sailors had no meat ration were called "banyan days."

Dutch settlement, as is plainly perceivable from some of their original houses which are still standing. The streets are spacious, paved, and lighted. The pumps, here and there placed in the middle, have a curious appearance. The town is pleasantly situated on west side of the Hudson River, about one hundred and sixty-six miles from New York, with

blue and white marble. At the upper end are the rooms appropriated for the Senate and House of Assembly.

#### FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK

*October 27.*—Rose at eight. After breakfast walked to steam boat and engaged our passage for New York. Walked till dinner. Afterward Mr. P.



BROADWAY, FROM THE CORNER OF WALL STREET, AS IT APPEARED IN 1809—ON THE LEFT IS THE OLD BUILDING OF TRINITY CHURCH, WHICH WAS DEMOLISHED IN 1839

which place it carries on an extensive trade by water, it employing near fifteen hundred vessels, chiefly sloops. The houses are chiefly built of brick, and many of them three and four stories high, large and handsome.

The court, or State House, is a good, handsome building, erected in the year 1805, of brick, at the top of and overlooking the principal street, State Street. It is faced with stone and ornamented with a portico supported by four handsome, fluted marble pillars, and you enter the building by a flight of twelve or fourteen steps of the same material into a hall, or saloon, paved with alternate

and self visited the burial-grounds of the different religions, for which purpose several lots of ground are appropriated about a quarter of a mile from the town; which method appears to be adopted in most of the places we have seen. We saw several specimens of beautiful marble, of which, and the reddish-gray stone of the country, the monuments were in general composed. Among many, I cite the following inscription on one of the tombs, as a curiosity:

Here lies the best part of my Heart,  
A Woman that's worthy of Praise;  
For her Affection and Industry was such  
That it certainly shortened her Days.



THE OLD PARK THEATER, WHICH STOOD ON PARK ROW, OPPOSITE THE PRESENT SITE OF THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE—HERE MR. BRIDGE SAW WILLIAM TWAITS ACT, AND HEARD EDGAR ALLAN POE'S MOTHER SING

*October 28.*—Rose at half past six. Breakfasted and went on board the steam boat at eight; and in half an hour afterward we left Albany, with the wind against us. This boat\* is much larger than the one on the lake, being one hundred and seventy-five feet long and thirty broad. In the middle it has two masts, and the wheel which steers is placed in the center, over the boiler, and communicates with the rudder by means of ropes passed through pulleys for this purpose. Along the side of the vessel, by this contrivance, the man at the helm is able to see her way.

She is handsomely fitted up, and great attention is paid to passengers. The provisions are good and plentiful, and the beds clean. There are three cabins: one aft for ladies, containing twelve berths; the center one, twenty-four; and the fore one, eighteen. Half of these are intended for double ones. Cards and smoking are only permitted in the fore one.

\* If Mr. Bridge's figures are correct, the steamer on which he traveled was not the *Clermont*, but a sister vessel. The *Clermont* was only sixteen feet beam; her original length was one hundred and forty feet, but she was lengthened in 1808.

The center or principal cabin is used as the dining-room.

About seventy of us set down to our meals at two tables, which were laid out very neatly, without being incommoded. Chairs and rush-bottomed settees form temporary beds for those who came too late to procure berths. Fortunately, myself and friends were not of the number. Our passengers were for the most part decent people, and we passed our time tolerably agreeable. The fare is seven dollars, including victuals. Wine is, of course, made a separate charge.

We arrived at New York about eleven o'clock in the evening of the 29th, but being so late few of us left the vessel till morning. The river from Albany affords some delightful views, and there are several towns situate on its banks, the most considerable of which are Newburgh and Hudson. At the latter we stopped about a quarter of an hour, but did not go on shore. The river in general is as near as possible the breadth of the Thames at Gravesend, now and then wider and narrower for a few miles. It

is computed that two thousand small craft, mostly sloops, are navigated on it. We passed some high, stony land rising perpendicularly from the side of the river, supposed to be a mile high. I think it exaggerated. A Mr. Livingston\* has the patent from this State (New York) for the exclusive privilege of navigating all rivers by steam boats. It is said he has been twenty-five years bringing them to perfection. This one cost thirty thousand dollars, or £6,750 sterling.

## IN NEW YORK CITY

*October 30.*—Rose at seven, and took our baggage to the City Hotel in Broadway, where we had our breakfast. After which Mr. P. and self went in search of lodgings, and engaged one at a Mrs. Lewis's in Pearl Street, and removed our trunks about twelve. The day turning out wet, I could not deliver what few letters I had. After dining at two, Mr. P. and self endeavored to take a walk, but the rain soon obliged us to return. To bed half past nine.

Our fellow lodgers are chiefly captains of ships, and perhaps we might have found ourselves more comfortably situated elsewhere; but indeed we are as much actuated from a principle of economy as anything, the price of boarding and lodging being in general from ten to twelve dollars per week, and here we pay seven dollars. Our companions not drinking wine, gives us an opportunity of saving that expense, without appearing singular, the common price of Madeira

being two dollars per bottle. Therefore, I conclude it makes a difference of at least seven dollars per week to us.

*October 31.*—Rose at eight, and after breakfast Mr. P. and self employed ourselves in viewing the city and delivering the letters I had promised to do personally. I had two recommendatory from Mr. Harkness; one to a Captain Smith, and the other to a Mr. A. Gracie, a merchant.\* The latter I have called on twice without seeing, and the former's residence I cannot make out.

*November 1.*—Rose at eight. After breakfast was directed to a Mr. Knox in Murray Street, on whom I called several times without seeing, as well as Mr. Gracie.

At six we went to the theater, in the boxes, and saw the play of "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Children in the Wood." The house is nearly the size of the Haymarket, very neatly fitted

up. There are three tiers of boxes, and but one gallery. It is observable that no female is ever seen in the pit here, for what reason I could not learn. The house was tolerable full. There are separate porter, punch, and coffee rooms for the use of visitors. The latter is carpeted and fitted with sofas and every requisite accommodation. The scenery is tolerable good, and pretty well managed; and as far as I can judge the acting is not to be found fault with. A Mr. Twaits and a Mrs. Mason are the



WILLIAM TWAITS, A FAVORITE ACTOR OF THE EARLY YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—THIS ENGRAVING SHOWS HIM AS SIR ADAM CONTEST IN "THE WEDDING-DAY"

\*Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of New York from 1777 to 1801, and Fulton's associate in the promotion of steam navigation on the Hudson.

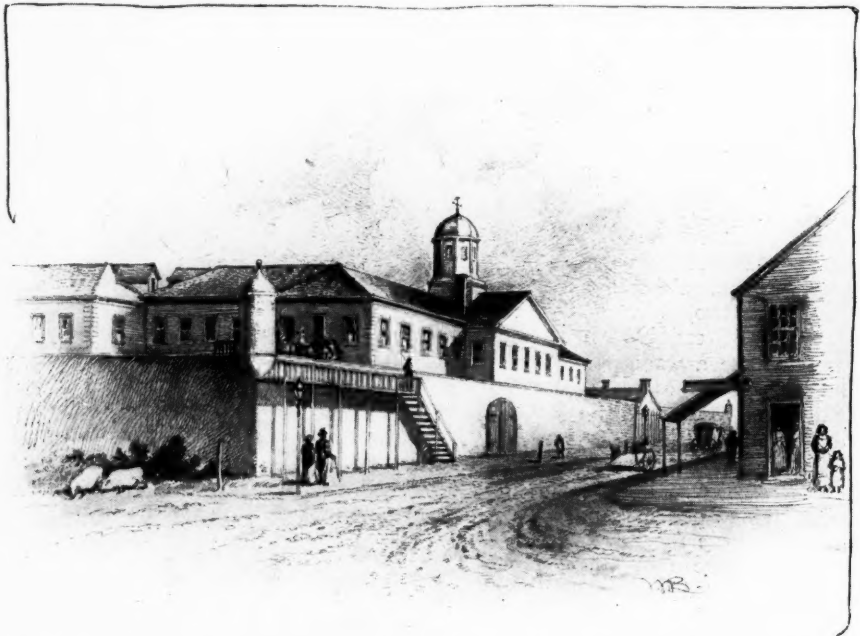
\* Archibald Gracie was a shipping-merchant, and one of the leading citizens of New York during the early part of the nineteenth century. His town house in 1809 was No. 15 State Street, at the corner of Bridge Street; a few years later he moved up-town to No. 629 Broadway. He had a country place at Gracie's Point, on the East River. Born in Scotland in 1756, he died in New York in 1829.

leading characters here at present, and we had two or three songs from a Mrs. Poe, which in my mind was middling. The performance was over about eleven o'clock.

*November 2.*—Rose at eight. Again called on Mr. Gracie, and, not seeing him, left my note and address. I likewise found out Captain Smith's residence, but he was at sea. Mr. P. and myself again took the tour of the town.

from which they are not distant more than twenty-five miles.

The streets of New York are spacious, tolerably paved and lighted. The foot-paths are chiefly paved with brick, though some are flagged. The principal streets—Broadway, Greenwich, etc.—are upward of a mile long. Indeed, the town is planned out near nine miles, and the buildings are increasing very fast. The houses, which are chiefly of brick, are



THE NEW YORK STATE PRISON AS IT APPEARED IN 1800—THIS BUILDING WAS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, AT WHAT IS NOW THE CORNER OF WEST TENTH AND WASHINGTON STREETS

New York is, I believe, the largest city in the Union, except Philadelphia. It is pleasantly situated on the south end of the Island Manhattan, or York, which is fifteen miles long; in some places upward of two and a half wide, though the end where the town is built is not more than a quarter. On its right runs the Hudson, or North River, and on its left another known by the name of the East River, from its shaping its course in that direction, and it empties itself into the sea at about one hundred miles distant, forming an island called Long Island, which prevents the inhabitants of New York from having a view of the open sea,

lofty and very neatly built. Almost every one is painted on the bricks, which gives them a very lively appearance. There are also some very neat, and indeed handsome, houses belonging to the citizens a short distance out of town. There are very few public buildings that attract the attention of a traveler, with the exception of one now erecting\* on apparently a large scale, of brick, but faced and with all the ornaments, pillars, etc., to be composed of white mar-

\* This was the existing City Hall, begun in 1803 and opened in 1812. It superseded the ancient City Hall on Wall Street, which occupied the present site of the United States Sub-Treasury, and in which the first Congress met in 1789.



ble. It is, I believe, intended for State offices.

In this town likewise is the building where the first Congress of the United States was held. It is a poor building, and is now appropriated for a court of justice. The Hall of Congress is now the Court of Chancery.

The churches are numerous, and many of them large and elegantly built of stone—particularly St. Paul's and Trinity, both English. The latter is the metropolitan. In the former is a neat marble monument to General Montgomery, who fell before Quebec. In Beekman Street is a small Episcopalian chapel,\* at present remarkable for bearing as a vane the crown and scepter, said to be the only remains of royalty in the State.

The custom of planting trees—in general, Lombardy poplars—on each side of the streets adds very much to their appearance, and is universally practised. Some few years since, the magistrates, during the continuance of a pestilential fever, ordered them to be cut down, but were but partially obeyed. It is now considered that they add to the health of the place by the waving of their branches creating an air during the extreme heat of the summer months.

In the center of a small area, before the custom-house—formerly the government in the time of royalty—still stands a stone pedestal on which there was once a statue of his present majesty,† cut in lead, which during the Revolutionary War was taken down and converted into bullets:

The town and neighborhood are said to contain near ninety thousand inhabitants. Business, as may be supposed, is very slack at present on account of the non-intercourse.

*November 7.*—Mr. P. and self having procured tickets, went about two miles out of the town to see the State prison, at Greenwich. The punishment of death in this State, as each State is governed by its own laws, is never inflicted but in case of murder.

We were very much gratified with this

\* St. George's (now on Stuyvesant Square), originally organized in 1751 as a chapel of Trinity Church.

† This equestrian statue of George III stood in the Bowling Green. It was demolished by a mob on July 9, 1776, and the metal was afterward used for molding bullets.

place, as the greatest order, cleanliness, and regularity is observed throughout. Every prisoner, if a mechanic, is obliged to work a daily task allotted him, and whatever he can earn further he is permitted to appropriate to himself. Those who have not been bred to any trade are permitted to make choice of one, or otherwise are set to pick oakum. There is at present a German count employed in this way for forgery. There are separate workshops for each craft, among which are blacksmiths and nail-makers, shoemakers, tailors, coopers, weavers, turners, spinning, toy-makers, etc. The building is of brick, and apparently well arranged to promote the health of its inhabitants, of whom there is at present about eight hundred. It is surrounded with a wall, on which, at proper distances, are placed sentinels.

There are very few females, whose employ is to wash and mend the linen. One of the keepers attends strangers through the different workshops, and is not permitted to take any fee. No one is allowed to converse with a prisoner without having first obtained the consent of the head keeper.

*November 9.*—While strolling along the Broadway I met Mr. G. Twaits, of London, whom I had been introduced to in Montreal. He has been here a fortnight, though we had not been fortunate enough to meet before. He is a very genteel, conversant young man, and seems to wish to cultivate my acquaintance.

I dined with him on the 10th at the hotel, when he invited four or five gentlemen to meet me, among whom were a Mr. Fisher and Proctor, two pleasant gentlemen, and pressed me very much to pass another week with them, and politely said they were sorry we had not met sooner, as they would have endeavored to have made me pass my time more pleasantly, and requested if I should visit New York again I would not forget them, and they would endeavor by their attention to make up for the dull time I had passed here. Indeed, I almost regretted I had taken my place in the steam boat to-morrow.

*November 11.*—Mr. P. and self again embarked in a steam boat to retrace our way to Montreal, about five o'clock P.M.

# THE DUTCHMAN

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE STRIKE OF THE DERELICTS," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

"ISS an architect lifs here?"

Mr. Brandon Meade, deep in his continuous plans for booming the live little city of Holden, stopped abruptly, jerked his black cigar from between his teeth, and surveyed the youthful stranger through the gently falling flakes of snow.

"Fellow here calls himself one; he's a contractor, and runs a planing-mill besides," he replied.

The other made an indescribable little gesture with his hands and shoulders and head, not exactly of contempt, but more of pity and sorrow.

"Then iss no chance," he said with weary resignation.

"Are you an architect?" asked Meade in his turn.

"What you call—draftsman," replied the other. "Designer, to originate; cathedral, residence, anything; details, perspective, water-color, everything."

"Good," approved Meade with awakening interest. "We need something like that in Holden. Tramp, ain't you?"

The other flushed.

"Maybe; yes," he replied slowly. "I haf got not any home"—again that outward gesture of the palms—"I got not any friends"—another gesture—"I got not any money!"—and this time the gesture was all - expressive. "Tramp; yes. How you know it?"

Meade laughed.

"That's easy," he chipped out. "Busted shoes, soiled linen, no overcoat, no shave, cinders all over you. Hungry, too, I'll bet. Had breakfast?"

The other shook his head and tried to treat the matter as a polite joke, with the more difficulty that there were two

breakfasts missing, together with the meals in between.

"I thought not," said Meade, unbuttoning his overcoat and ramming his hand into his pocket. When he drew it forth it held a shining half-dollar, and from another pocket he produced a card. "See that white restaurant sign?" he went on. "Go in there and get your breakfast, then come up to my office. The number is on the card."

"I gif you thanks," said the young man, reddening, his eyes wistfully straying to the coin, nevertheless, "but I cannot take any beggings. What I feed me, I must first earn it."

Mr. Meade glared with impatience upon the slight figure before him.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Conrad Höhler."

"Well, Conrad whatever - your - last-name-is—Hayler's as near as I can get to it—you ought to starve. I have to see a man in ten minutes." He snapped open his watch, looked at it, snapped it shut, snapped it open once more, took a second look, and jammed it back into his pocket. "You can't expect me to miss a business engagement because you're too haughty to eat when you're hungry. Come along with me."

The boy—he was scarcely more than that—looked at him in solemn perplexity, but followed as he was told to do. Notwithstanding his announcement that he had no time to waste, Meade turned with his quick, nervous stride down the side-street, at right angles to the direction in which he had been hurrying, and wheeled into the hallway of an old, rickety, frame building. Up one flight of stairs he stalked into an office where,

near the window, a big rough table, littered with paper and drawing materials, was tilted upon rude trestles. A cheerful wood fire was burning in an old-fashioned stove; but there was no one in the room, and Meade plunged into the next office through the communicating door, which was open.

This was a lawyer's office, if one might judge from the yellow-backed books which filled three cases, and here sat two men with their feet on opposite sides of a flat-top desk, chatting lazily.

"Where's Harper?" Meade briskly demanded.

"He's out of town, Brandy," drawled the lean-faced man at the far side of the desk. "Harper's gone to mortgage his immortal soul for another new machine, and I'm keeping up his fire so this room won't be so beastly cold when he opens our door to-morrow morning."

"Harper's an ass; tell him I said so!" Meade retorted, and turned back into the architect's office.

He found Conrad, his hands clasped behind him, inspecting the materials upon the table with greedy eyes.

"Nice pickle you've got me into," fussed Meade. "I suppose I have to stand around now till you earn your breakfast; and my time's worth money. Where are my plans, I wonder?"

With a ruthless hand, he began to open and scatter about the office several small rolls of tough manila-paper drawings, until he found the ones for which he had been searching. They were the first and second story plans of a moderate-sized house, arranged side by side upon one sheet; and this he spread upon the table in front of Conrad.

"There," he said; "see what you can do toward designing an outside for that house; just a rough free-hand sketch."

Again he looked hastily at his watch and popped it in his pocket. Young Höhler, who was studying the plans with absorbed interest, shook his head.

"The architect, it iss his property," he gently remonstrated.

It is a wonder that Meade did not do him bodily harm. Fortunately for young Höhler, he only became sarcastic.

"Your scruples do you credit, young man," he observed icily, "but you'd better take them back to Germany. They

will only get you as far as an early and a narrow grave here. Why, you obstinate cuss, that's my house-plan, which Harper's let drag along here for two months because he can't design a decent exterior! He's building a dozen houses for me on my West Hill addition, besides, and I'll run his whole shop if I like!"

The draftsman still looked unconvinced. Meade fairly spluttered.

"Come here," he said suddenly, and led the way into the other office. "Eastman, you and Hyde take your feet down and lend me that desk and some paper a minute," he ordered. "Conrad, sit down in that chair. Here is Mr. Eastman's block of paper and my pencil. I release all claim on the pencil. Eastman, tell this young man he may have the use of the desk and paper."

"I turn it over freely, sir," drawled Eastman with a courteous bow, "to your heirs, assigns, and executors, forever and ever if need be."

"I gif you thanks," responded Mr. Höhler gravely, and sat down to the desk. Mr. Meade brought the plans in to him, but he waved them aside. "It iss the architect's," he insisted. "I haf enough seen," and he tapped his head significantly. "Haf you here most winter or most summer?"

"Too much of both," replied Meade. "In the summer it's hot as blazes and in winter cold as the devil!"

"So-o-o!" commented Mr. Höhler, and asked other questions about location, topography, environment, and the like; after which he nodded his head gravely and became lost in a profound study, entirely oblivious to the three men who stood grouped expectantly about the desk.

In spite of the draftsman's apparent deliberateness, they had not long to wait; for presently he put pencil to the block of paper, and, with deft, sure strokes, not one mark wasted, sketched, in perfect perspective, a house fitting the plans that he had seen; its roof simple to avoid snow-pockets, its eaves and porches wide to afford shade in summer, its lines simple and squat for the flat grounds. The ornamentation, massed against broad, plain surfaces, was exquisite in its suggested detail and placed with consummate art. Meade, as the last strokes were put down, could scarcely wait.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed in triumph to his friends. "Harper couldn't make a drawing like that in two years!"

As young Conrad added a chimney and lined in the wide porch-steps, Meade was for jerking the sketch from under his fingers, but the artist held up his right hand solemnly.

"You shoul't wait," he calmly commanded; and, with a few deft lines, suggested a sidewalk, a lawn, some trees and clouds; then, having drawn a waving line about it to circumscribe the plane of his picture, he detached the sheet from the block and handed it over, with the pencil upon it.

The three bent over it in profound respect.

"That is certainly some house," pronounced Hyde.

"I don't know how to say lovely," drawled Eastman, "but I'm willing to pronounce that a mighty decent design."

"Decent?" repeated Meade. "It's great!" And with a quite natural retention of his original idea, he once more produced the shining half-dollar and clapped it upon the desk. "Now go ahead, Hayler, and carry out that little program over there where the white sign hangs out, and afterward come up to my office. If I'm not there, wait till I come."

Mr. Höhler looked at the money, but he did not touch it.

"Iss the sketch accept?" he queried.

"Certainly," replied Meade. "It's just the ticket. I'm going to have Harper carry out this identical design, and he's going to get you to do the work. Consider yourself hired."

"Then iss not enough money," objected Mr. Höhler quite calmly.

Meade looked at him for a second with open mouth. Then he grinned; in fact, they all grinned.

"You're right," he admitted. "How much, then?"

"Such a sketch like it, if it iss accept, should be five dollars worth."

It had hit Meade's funny-bone, and he was laughing heartily as he produced a five-dollar bill and offered it. Mr. Höhler, his hands still clasped behind him, made no move to take it.

"The money comes not by me," he observed in his monotonous, even voice.

"It is the architect's. I work it for him; then to me he pays—"

"Oh, thunder!" interrupted Meade, and wheeled for the door. With his hand upon the knob, he turned. "Say, Eastman," he requested, "take that five on the desk and settle with him, will you?"

"Wait a moment," insisted Eastman, holding up his right hand. "Mr. Brandon Meade, do you, in the presence of the witnesses here assembled, formally constitute me your attorney-in-fact for this transaction?"

Meade, however, had slammed the door behind him, and was by now pounding down-stairs, two steps at a time. Mr. Eastman, entering with absurd solemnity into the business, settled with Mr. Höhler for two dollars—all that Conrad would accept—deducting with the utmost gravity his commission of five per cent, and insisting upon a receipt in full.

In the morning, Conrad presented himself, rested and fed and shaved, his shoes shined, and wearing a clean collar, at the earliest hour compatible with the opening of a professional office.

## II

OF course they called him "the Dutchman" after he had become an intimate part of the life of Holden, for there was almost no foreign element in the town. Eight dollars a week and his board Harper paid Conrad, and the boy was satisfied.

"I am more worth," he said, adding philosophically, "but it iss not here the money. If you have not profit of my work that I do, then I am—what you call it?—no goot."

Harper, with whom economy was a stern necessity, brought a cot into the office, and for a week Conrad slept upon this cot, taking his meals at a near-by restaurant. During that week Harper studied his draftsman closely, and Mrs. Harper made two unobtrusive trips to the office for the same purpose. On Sunday, Conrad was taken to the Harper home and formally installed.

"He's simply a revelation, Sam," Mrs. Harper pronounced in surprise after the first week. "After you get used to the dialect, you begin to discover that he's well educated; he's artistic to his finger-

tips, a poet in feeling, a lover of severely good music; he sings divinely, and little Elsie fairly loves him. She makes him rock her to sleep every noon before he goes back to work."

"I am afraid I'll have to get him out of my house," said Harper, smiling indulgently.

"You'd better," she cautioned, pinching his ear. "I might fall in love with him myself!"

"I wish that were all I had to worry about," laughed Harper, passing his arm about her waist and walking with her to the door. "Seriously," he added, "my business isn't going right. I'm doing an immense volume of it, and handling a lot of money, but none of it seems to stick in my palms."

It was the good-fellowship of this couple, together with their unwavering affection, which made Conrad turn his admiration of them to the same degree of worship that he had already bestowed upon four-year-old Elsie. His lines were cast in pleasant places, indeed, and he thrust his roots deeply into the soil.

At first he had to overcome the same contemptuous prejudice that had bestowed upon him the title of "the Dutchman." Mrs. Harper introduced him to some nice girls, but secretly they laughed at his broken English; and Blanche Reynolds, by whom he was at once speechlessly smitten, openly flouted him; whereat Mrs. Harper wanted to shake her. With the young men he was in somewhat less constraint, though even here he was still an alien until one evening when, in passing the library, one of a group of young men made some laughing remark, loud enough to be overheard about "the Dutchman." Conrad wheeled immediately and came back.

"Not Dutchman—German!" he declared, marching directly up to the one who had spoken. It was Price Reynolds, *her* brother. "It iss not disgrace to be Dutchman, either, but it iss disgrace the way you say it. I am Dutchman no more; and you hear it!"

The other laughed.

"Keep your collar on, Dutchy," he admonished with amused tolerance.

"I am not Dutchman, I haf said!" insisted Conrad. "I challench you!"

Mr. Eastman was sauntering past the group in time to hear the challenge.

"Now you have it, Price," he observed. "It is strictly against the law, of w<sup>h</sup>ich august power I am, I trust, a respected member; but if my friend Conrad's challenge is accepted, I offer myself as his second in any combat from swords to cannon."

Price and his companions were of a younger set than Eastman, and stood somewhat in awe of his keen tongue.

"We don't fight with anything but fists in this country," one of the boys mumbled.

"I challench mit fists!" interjected Conrad.

"Speaking for my principal, the honorable gentleman from abroad," formally supplemented Mr. Eastman, "I would say that any natural weapons, with the single exclusion of finger-nails, are acceptable to us. Shall we repair to my friend Hyde's new barn?"

They repaired. Heretofore fights in Holden had been swift, unexpected, spontaneous affairs, and they had been fought out with great vigor in an entirely impromptu manner; but this was a decided novelty, at which even the sworn officers of the peace winked complacently. When the battle was waged, an hour later, Hyde's barn was full to overflowing with enthusiastic spectators. Candor compels the admission that Conrad was worsted in the encounter, but that was not the point. He had fought gamely from beginning to end.

That was his initiation. From that day he was admitted to be a man among men, without any regard whatever to nationality or habit of speech; and where the boys led, followed the girls. Through them he patiently plodded to Blanche Reynolds, and having secured her frank favor there was nothing more in this world that he wanted. He was the acknowledged suitor of the handsomest, the most brilliant, the most wonderfully endowed girl in all the world; he lived in a home atmosphere that to him was divine; his work was not only congenial, it was his life, and his employer—a precious thing to this vivid emotionalist—trusted him implicitly.

The boy had been spending his pay as he got it—first, in fine instruments of



his profession; then, when that need and craving was sated, in books upon the same art; but no sooner had Blanche Reynolds shown him favor than he looked upon money with a different eye. It was to be saved to buy him a home in which she might reign as queen, after the "American style," as he termed it, displayed by the Harpers in their home. Until he had this accumulation he could not, according to the standard of ethics he had set up for himself, speak to her about it.

The actual saving of money, however, was not so easy to accomplish now, for his employer had begun to skip payments and was several weeks in his debt. Things had been growing from bad to worse with Harper. He had taken contracts on very narrow margins, and had bought the machinery for his planing-mill on close time, the payments on it keeping him drained so that to make them he permitted his local bills to accumulate and his local credit to suffer. Constantly pinched for ready cash, he was harassed day after day until his round face took upon itself deep lines that contrasted strangely with its habit of lazy good humor.

Both to save expense and to concentrate energy, the office had been moved down to the mill, where Conrad became not only designer and draftsman, but timekeeper. This was well on in the spring, and they were building Meade's house now. Harper was also erecting several cottages for him under a contract price, but Meade wanted a more flexible arrangement upon his own residence, so that he might be free to alter its details as he chose while the work progressed. To that end he had Harper supply workmen at an agreed price per hour, and it fell to the duty of Conrad to keep account of the separate time upon this job.

One evening Harper asked for this time-book. For the past two weeks he had pushed the work on Meade's house, pressed to finish it by his desperate need of money. For two or three hours he pored alone over the book, that night, and when he had finished he had turned worn and haggard. He had drawn money from Meade whenever driven by necessity, and now, when he came to

count up, he found that he had not only received every cent that was due him for this job, but was a trifle in Meade's debt.

For the first time in his life, the temptation that could not be conquered assailed Sam Harper. How many miles he walked back and forth in the confines of that little twelve-foot office he could not have told, but when he had turned out the light and emerged upon the street his teeth were gripping into the stem of his pipe so that he bit it clean through.

He was nearing the house when he met Conrad sauntering home from Her in quiet bliss, looking at the moon, and dreaming such dreams as lovers have indulged since the world began.

"I was just looking for you," said Harper. "Do you mind coming down to the factory for an hour or so?"

"Surely no," replied Conrad contentedly, and together they paced back to the little office.

"You have another blank-book like this, haven't you, Conrad?" asked Harper.

Conrad produced it with alacrity.

"Well, we must make a copy of the time on Meade's house, day by day and workman by workman. I'll read you the items, so the job can be finished quicker; and, by the way, don't say anything to Meade about our having done the work to-night. He asked me, in the first place, to keep this in duplicate, one book for him and one for me, and I forgot to speak to you about it. I don't want him to think that we have neglected him."

"Surely no," agreed Conrad, and sat down, pen in hand.

Perched on a high stool, Harper read him the items one by one; that on such a date one workman had put in nine hours, another six, another two, and so on through the spring and the early summer.

"That cannot be," objected Conrad at one point, raising his head; "Wright has not worked nine hours by the 29th. That day he has been hurt."

"That's so," admitted Harper, confused. "I'm looking at the wrong line. It was on the 28th he worked nine hours."

"Ja, but on the 28th you haf read it seven hours."

"That was a mistake, too," said Harper impatiently. "Make it nine."

Conrad looked troubled. The whole time-list had an unfamiliar look to him, and it bothered him that his usually photographic memory should be confused. It did not occur to him for an instant to suspect that Harper was reading the items wilfully wrong; that he was deliberately adding several dollars a day to Meade's account.

### III

WHEN they were through, after three solid hours of toil, Harper sent Conrad home ahead of him while he counted up the new record. As revised, the book showed over a thousand dollars still due him from Meade—enough to tide him over this desperate pinch in which he found himself. Musing in pallid-faced self-loathing over this, his first departure from rectitude, he did a thing inexplicable even in one of his careless habits. He destroyed the old book, abstractedly tearing it up page by page and dropping it in the wastebasket.

In the morning came Conrad, and recognized those scraps at once. On the table lay the new book where Harper had left it the night before. Mechanically obeying the inexorable logic of the situation, Conrad picked some of the scraps from the basket and compared entries. Every legible word was damning. Here, on the 16th, was Turner, on the old book three hours, in the new book nine. Wright was in the new book for nine hours on that date, and in the old one his name was not written down at all, for he had been at work on another job.

When Conrad had read enough, he stood staring out of the window more white, more drawn, more haggard than Harper had been when he had decided upon this thing. The starting whir of the shafting in the mill aroused him. First of all he packed up his bright new instruments in their cases, and put his drawing-table in immaculate order; then he hurried out of the office and to his home. Harper had left the house, and Conrad was glad of it. Without

being seen, he was able to slip up to his own room, where he packed his few clothes and his precious books in some tough paper that he had brought along, tying them with stout cord into a big, tight package, to be sent for.

Leaving the bundle upon his table, he slipped down-stairs again. Elsie was not awake yet, but Mrs. Harper, back in the kitchen, heard him, and called out to know who was there.

"It iss nobody," he answered, whereat she smiled, and then he hurried out. He could not have met her just then, could not have looked into her clear eyes, or listened to her kind voice, without an utter breakdown.

At the office he found that Harper had been in during his absence, for the book was gone and the waste-basket had been emptied, no doubt into the fire under the boilers. A miserable hour he put in, walking restlessly up and down in that twelve feet of space, in the same track that Harper had so nervously paced the night before. Then Harper came in, strangely shaken, though trying to preserve an air of easy nonchalance.

"I have just had a settlement with Meade," he began in a voice intended to be quiet and cheery; "and what do you think the fellow did? Offered me a five-hundred-dollar bonus for the good work we have done!"

His chin quivered a trifle in spite of him. Conrad was white and silent, gazing constrainedly out of the window and thrumming nervously with his finger-tips upon the table. Harper interrupted him after a bit by handing him a check which had been written with a hand that persisted in trembling.

"Here's your back pay, Conrad," he said. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

Conrad backed away from the check as if it were an unclean thing.

"No, no!" he cried. "That money, I want it not! It is not goot money. I saw in the basket this morning the book where you tore it up. You haf been a t'ief; I am part t'ief;" and slipping his instruments into his pockets, he started toward the door. "Goot-by," he said brokenly.

Harper was ash-white under the accusation that he could not resent.

"Where are you going?" he stammered.

"I do not know. Away like I came," answered Conrad. "I could not to stay here. Could I see Mr. Meade that haf been my friend and not tell him? Could I tell him, and upon you and your wife and your baby bring disgrace? *Ach Gott! Es ist schwer!* It is sorrowful how I haf lofed this little city. I have lofed Mr. Meade and you and your wife and your little one and—and Her; and from all that I haf lofed I must go away forefer because you haf been a t'ief and haf made me part t'ief. I forgif you," and he was gone.

Harper was still sitting rigidly upon the stool when Meade came bustling in, five minutes later.

"Got a new job for you, Sam," he said. "I've made Parsons consent to tear down the rickety old buildings on his corner and put up a good business block. Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

Harper had not moved. He had been gazing at Meade with fixed eyes, like one in a horror-stricken trance; but now he drew from his pocket the check that Meade had given him but an hour before, and proffered it.

"I stole it," he numbly confessed. "I falsified the time."

Suddenly the nerve that had sustained him went to pieces, leaving him limp. He buried his face in his hands, and his shoulders heaved in silent, dry sobs that burst within his breast and tore savagely at his throat. Commiseratingly, Meade put his hand upon the other's shoulder, but Harper drew back as if he had been struck, and with an effort held up his head and squared his shoulders.

"Oh, climb down from your perch!" Meade whipped out with no abatement whatever of his crisp manner. "Now, what's all this about? Tell me like a sane man."

Bit by bit he dragged from Harper the whole story—the difficulties that had beset him, the straits into which he had been thrown, the temptation, how he had succumbed to it.

"I thought so," said Meade. "I knew you had too many irons in the fire. Trouble is, you've let the machinery people soak you for rapid payments, and

you haven't saved back enough money to run on. Now, you buck up! You're all right, and I'm not going to let one of Holden's valuable men break. I'll see you through, and I'll keep an eye on your business, too, to save you from making such a plumb fool of yourself. Say, if you don't stop your sniffing, I'll have you arrested. Haul out your books and let's see 'em."

Half laughing, in spite of the tornado of emotion that had just passed over him, Harper turned to lay his accounts before the man whom, succumbing to a momentary weakness, he had tried to rob. But Meade was struck by another idea.

"You say you falsified those time entries," he remembered. "I glanced them over while you were at my office. They were all in Conrad's writing."

"Gad!" exclaimed Harper. "For the moment I had forgotten him. I read off those items to him from the old book last night, changing them as I went along. He found out this morning what I'd had him do, and he called me a thief and left. God knows what it cost him. There's a girl here that—well, after he went away I had to renege."

"Away?" yelled Meade. "What do you mean by 'away'? Not that he's going to leave Holden?"

"Just that," affirmed Harper. "He said he couldn't look my wife and me in the face and tell on me, and couldn't look you in the face and not tell."

"Put away your books! We've got to stop Conrad. He's going to come back here, and I'm going to buy him an interest in your business. Why, he's a prospective customer of mine! I'm going to sell him and the girl a house. Oh, he's got to come! He's a good citizen. Lucky there isn't a train leaves here in either direction for over an hour."

"A train!" repeated Harper blankly. "He won't wait for a train. He hasn't a cent, and he'll go away just as he came—afoot. He intimated as much."

Only for a minute did this nonplus Meade.

"That's all right," he said. "We'll go down to the depot and telegraph to the next station both ways to have him stopped—to arrest him, if need be—

then you start north, and I'll start south. We've got to overtake that Dutchman, I tell you!"

## IV

THEY were just about to leave the office, when suddenly the door opened, and Blanche Reynolds, a trifle pale and much too anxious for frivolous embarrassment, stood before them.

"Is Mr. Höhler here?" she asked, glancing swiftly about the office. It was notable that, though knowing no German, she pronounced his name with a perfect mastery of the difficult sound of the modulated vowel.

Harper shook his head and glanced at Meade with a miserable sense of guilt.

"He is gone," he faltered. "He left about half an hour ago."

"I got such a curious note from him," she explained. "He met my brother on the street and gave it to him. Why did he go?"

"It was a—a point of honor," Harper lamely told her.

It was splendid to see the way the girl squared her shoulders, and how her eyes flashed, though she grew paler still.

"He has done nothing wrong," she declared. "I know!"

"Bless your heart, no!" exploded Meade. "He couldn't if he tried. Now, don't you worry about Conrad, because his friends are not going to let him get away," and he bustled outside with his usual spluttering energy.

Bewildered, not able to understand any of it, the girl went out upon the street, scarcely reflecting that she was going with them. Walking at the side of Harper, with Meade forging nervously on ahead, during the next four blocks she lost herself in the knowledge of how much, how *very* much, she cared!

As they turned the corner toward the station, Meade, who was in advance, gave an exclamation of surprise, for there, but half a block ahead of them, and going in the same direction, was Conrad. He was walking slowly along the shady street, his head down, his shoulders drooped, his pockets bulging with his portable possessions. Blanche, all thought for conventions swept away in this overwrought moment, flew swiftly after him.

"Oh, Conrad!" she called, as she overtook him and put her hand on his arm.

He whirled, and a passing teamster, with a jovial cast of countenance, stopped his horses and looked backward with a grin, for it was quite unusual in the streets of Holden to see a young man sob and clasp a young lady in his arms.

"*Ach, ich sterbe für dich!*—I die for you!" cried the young man, stopping even then, in his consideration of her, to translate; but when Meade and Harper came up, he drew her arm within his own and turned his back upon them to walk away. She was going with him, quite contentedly. She did not know what these men had done, but if Conrad held them in contempt she scorned them!

"Wait a minute!" commanded Meade, and caught Conrad by the shoulder, instantly understanding his quandary. "Everything's all right, my boy. Harper told me all about it. Look here," and he thrust before Conrad's eyes the check that Harper had returned to him. "Harper's an honest man. So are you; so am I; so's Miss Reynolds. Let's all shake hands. Now, we're all four going back to the office and talk it over. By the way, Conrad, what are you doing here? We expected to find you four miles down the track by this time."

Conrad smiled through his tears.

"I could not to go, and I could not to stay!" he exclaimed. "Four, five, six times I have walked from that corner to the station and back."

Tears were in Blanche's eyes, too; but now she, too, laughed.

"And now none of us, not even yourself, will ever know whether you would really have gone away or come back," she said, with the faintest trace of jealousy, which, however, was lost at once in sympathy for the distress to which he had been put. "Poor boy, you must have been in an agony of perplexity. Look at this!" and, proud of him for his very error and the perturbation that had caused it, she displayed his note.

"*Mein schönes Liebchen,*" it began, "from all happiness I am going away;" but that was as far as Meade or Harper—or Blanche herself, for that matter—could read it, for the rest of it was all in most tumultuous German.

# THE BYSTANDER

A STORY OF ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

HE had seen Broadway, that afternoon, for the first time; and now, at night, he did not recognize it. He had seen it thronged with men and women who had passed him—as they had passed one another—without so much as looking at him, without showing any of the natural curiosity about him which he had felt about them, with an indifference that did not even seem to acknowledge their common humanity. He had been reminded of the ants he used to watch as a boy, in the fields at home, hurrying past one another, scrambling over one another, without stopping for a moment to assist or direct, or in any way recognize one another as members of a community engaged in a common task.

And now, suddenly, they had dropped all that indifference as if it had been a pretense. When a young man passed a young woman, he tickled her chin with a bunch of feathers fastened to a small stick; and she replied by doing the same to him, by throwing in his face a handful of chopped paper, or by catching the feathers of his "tickler" and struggling to take it from him. It was as if they were intimate friends in some Christmas game that allowed them everything but the freedom of the mistletoe. They blew tin horns in one another's faces, or beat one another on the heads and shoulders with little bladders tied to the lashes of toy whips. Boys with cow-bells, with watchman's rattles, with calliope whistles, with military bugles, and automobile horns, fought their way through the crowds in rough squads. Men wore placards on their hats—"I told you so,"

"Now will you be good?"—and were as solemn-faced under these absurdities as a labor parade. Brass bands tooted and blared on hotel balconies; fireworks detonated in the public squares; red-lights on the street-corners cast the stage glare of a witches' orgy on the riot. From a distance it sounded like an uprising of the people and a battle in the streets.

It was the public larking of election night in New York; and Fasken walked through it as if he had intruded on a neighborhood "party" to which he had not been invited. When a girl thrust her feather tickler in his face, he nodded and blushed at her as she went by. He passed the men with an apologetic smile that was intended to be ingratiating without being too forward. He wanted to join in their pranks, but he did not quite dare; and he struggled against his own stiffness, self-consciously, afraid of looking like a fool, of smiling at some one who would stare him down, of taking a liberty that would be resented.

He was not old enough to have acquired any heavy-waisted dignity, but the arid monotony of his clerical work in a railroad freight-office had somewhat dried up his youthfulness, forming upon him that exterior crust which grows in solitude like a shell on the spirit and a mask on the face.

A woman pelted him with confetti, and surprised him into a laugh. A trio of girls, who followed, had the faces of young bacchantes, their innocent eyes at once daring and timorous, giving the invitation to license only to flee from it.



He eased the pinch of his stiff felt hat on his forehead, pushing it back from his brow.

Then a young woman, with a white automobile-veil thrown over her hat and loosely knotted under her chin, put her feather tickler in his eyes, and he caught at it and grasped her hand. She was crushed against him by the clogging of the opposing currents of movement on the sidewalk, and she laughed up at him, her cheeks flushed pink against the white chiffon.

"Please!" she said. "Please don't break it!"

She had an effect of wholesomeness and animation, of a certain slender sort of young beauty that associated itself in his mind with the tennis-court. A sudden onslaught of roughs in the throng behind her threw her into his arms, and he protected her as best he could while they were jostled together and forced aside. He was rigidly conscious of their bodily contact. She yielded to him softly, smiling with as little embarrassment as if she were enjoying her first waltz.

When the young hoodlums had shoved by and the pressure of the crowd had eased again, she was claimed by a man in an automobile-cap and a woman, who was apparently either French or Jewish. Fasken released her, still holding her hand. The current took her. She drifted away from him, smiling back over her shoulder until another feather tickler was thrust into his face and he lost sight of her.

And now he found himself as intoxicated as were all around him with the spirit of carnival. He wanted to follow the girl, to make love to her; to kiss her. He even made as if to turn back, but the impatience of those whose progress he opposed swept him away, and he went on, bewildered by his own agitation, his hands full of feathers that he had torn

from a stick, catching at the girls who attacked him, and determined that if another were forced into his arms he would not let her go so easily.

It was in this condition that he came to the entrance steps of his hotel, where he could stand to have a view of the



"PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T BREAK IT!"

sheet of a cinematograph—with its moving pictures, cartoons, and announcements of "returns"—and still have the carnival streaming by on the sidewalk before him. He climbed upon the pedestal of a bronze electric lamp, that raised its great arms above his head like a seven-branched candlestick. He looked about him, his heart thumping, his hands trembling, in a shaken repression of the excitement that was hot in his eyes.

On the lowest step there were half a dozen young men with upturned faces,

who pretended to be interested in the pictures on the sheet. As soon as any girl, in passing, dared to take advantage of their absorption and poke at their chins, they attacked her in a body, with a wild yell, dragged her from her escort, rushed her up the steps to the hotel doorway, and left her there, imprisoned by the others who were in the game—until her escort, having forced his way in after her, released her again. Fasken, as soon as he saw what was going on, joined in the fun, half-strangled with suppressed laughter, his face showing his state of mind only in the wrinkles of a hysteric grin.

And then the girl in the white veil, with whom he had had his first encounter, reappeared on the sidewalk, returning toward Madison Square; and with the same audacious demureness as before she whisked her stick of feathers into the faces of the five conspirators on the lowest step. Immediately they pounced upon her like a band of Indians. Fasken shouldered down into the scrimmage to help her. She was shot into his arms, her mouth open, her hands limp, helpless with laughter; and he was carried up the steps with her and pinned against the hotel door.

"Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" he whispered.

She had her hands up to her face, shaking.

"N-no," she answered, in a low voice invitingly.

She did not draw away from him. He looked down over the heads of the others, and saw the man in the automobile-cap fighting his way up the steps after her, in a temper. There were curses and laughter and angry cries. Fasken threw open the hotel door.

"Come in—inside!"

He almost carried her. As soon as they were under the brilliant lights of the main hall, she released herself and began hurriedly to retie her veil, which had been pulled down from her hat. Behind the muffling chiffon, she asked, under her breath, in a sort of daring aside:

"Is there a door—another door?"

"Yes, yes. This way. Over here!"

He spoke in the tense voice of an excitement at once hushed and hurried. She started forward, pinning her hat as she went. They crossed the tile-floored

lobby hastily. When they had turned down a plush-carpeted hall, he steadied his tone to add:

"This will take us out on the other street."

She did not reply. In the deserted silence that had succeeded the uproar outdoors, he heard the swish of her skirts beside him, and a slow beating as if of a drum that kept time with their steps; and he did not recognize this last as the pulse of the blood in his ears. He did not look at her, although he noticed that she had dropped behind a pace to look at him.

He drew open the swinging glass door for her. As she passed in front of him she startled him with her smile—the smile of a girl who has surrendered to a bold impulse which she does not quite understand, and of which she is half afraid.

The street was dark. The noises from Broadway rang in it hollowly. She said:

"You see, I lost it—the feathers—after all," and showed him her empty hands.

There was something appealingly unarmed and unprotected in her gesture. It told him that she had recognized him and trusted herself to him again.

"You can get another," he said hoarsely.

"They were taking me home. I didn't want to go."

"Oh, was *that* it?"

His laugh was nervous and uncertain. It convinced her, evidently, that she need not fear him. She looked back through the glass doors.

"He'll follow us!" she cried, and catching Fasken's arm, she turned toward Fifth Avenue and began to hurry him along, almost at a run, with little inarticulate murmurs and bubbles of mirth, as if they were partners at some boarding-school dance innocently escaping from a chaperon.

## II

FIFTH AVENUE was as dim and empty as behind the scenes of an opera stage—echoing distantly with music and voices, and catching glimpses, down the cross-streets, as of a massed chorus and calcium lights. The quick pace and the girl's high spirits had broken the last restraint of Fasken's awkwardness. He began to

talk in a gay voice, with all the freedom that comes of anonymity.

He told her, first, of a memory that had been recalled to him by his meeting with her. As a boy, he and his school companions used to go to the railroad-station in the summer evenings, to see the New York express "go through" his native town, to watch the travelers at the car-windows, and smile flirtatiously at the girls. One night, one of the latter—although she had not more than glanced at him before—just as the train pulled out, threw him a kiss.

"She looked like you, I think," he said breathlessly. "You reminded me of her, anyway."

She replied, with a sedateness that seemed to him all the more bold:

"Perhaps it *was* I, and they wouldn't let me speak to you. Where was it?"

He named the city. He still lived there; he had never been able to get away, although he had taken a position in the railroad offices in a vague desire to be at least in touch with travel.

"I'll have to go back in a few days," he said. "And watch the express trains again," he added.

"If I ever go past," she promised, "I'll watch at the window for you!"

He laughed as if it were a famous joke. He was almost handsome now that his natural boyishness had found expression in his face. He wore a new paddock overcoat, which he had bought ready made that morning, and he was simply conscious that he looked well. He found himself uplifted to the level of a romantic adventure, and he beamed on the girl.

"Will you, really?"

"If they let me."

"Who are 'they'?"

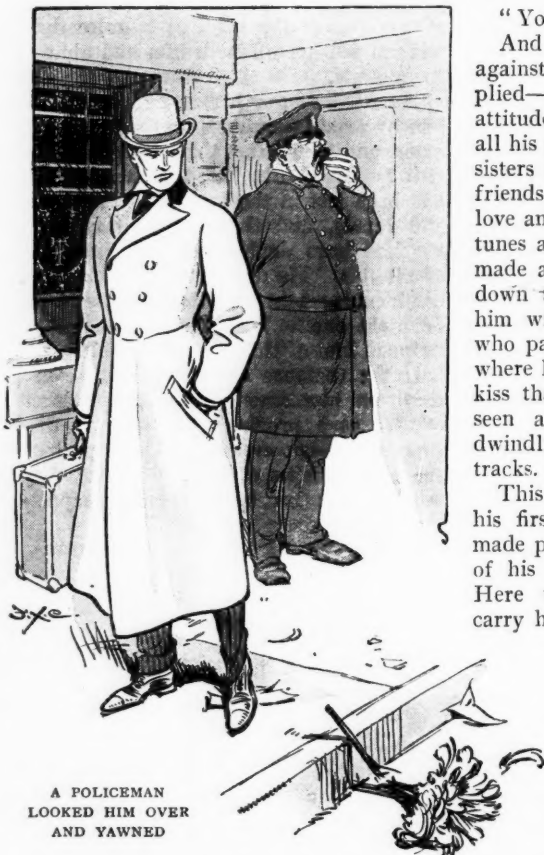
"Who are you?" she replied pertly; but her voice had already a tone of being bolder than her spirit, and he was aware that in the quiet

of the avenue the carnival impulse that had carried her off with him had almost spent itself.

He tried to put her at her ease with him by making an open confession of his name, and of the fact that it was his first visit to New York. He told her that he had been lost in the crowds, and ignored, and lonely, and that the meeting with her had been doubly delightful because of all this. He did not foresee that his confidences might have the opposite effect from the one he had intended; that they stripped him of the anonymity which was half the romance of the situation; that they put him among the commonplaces of life as a provincial in no way distinguished—not even by being a part of the large gaieties of the night; that they might alarm her by so patently expecting a return from her in kind.



"GOOD-BY. DON'T COME IN WITH ME!"



A POLICEMAN  
LOOKED HIM OVER  
AND YAWNED

"I think I had better go back now," she said suddenly.

"Why?" he cried. "You don't have to. Can't you—"

She had turned.

"They'll be frightened."

"Can't you telephone? Tell them you're safe—that you'll join them later. The fun—on Broadway—has only just started."

"I can't. I don't know where they are."

"Telephone to your home—to your hotel."

She shook her head.

"Father doesn't know I'm out. I'll go back down Broadway with you, but I must go back."

She turned into a cross street, walking quickly in her long tan coat.

"And I'll never see you again," he said helplessly.

"You forget the car-window!"

And that reply put him into revolt against the attitude of life which it implied—the attitude of the bystander—an attitude that had been forced upon him all his days. He had had his mother and sisters to support; and while his school friends had enjoyed the adventures of love and marriage or of seeking new fortunes and seeing the world, he had been made a drudge to family duty, and held down to his desk. Life had gone past him with glimpses of smiling travelers, who paused for a moment to watch him where he stood. Love had thrown him a kiss that he could not follow. He had seen a hundred inviting opportunities dwindling like express trains down the tracks.

This present trip to New York was his first real holiday, and it had been made possible by the wedding of the last of his unmarried sisters. He was free. Here was an opportunity that might carry him anywhere.

"Don't go," he said. "Please don't go! This is the first fun I've had in years. Or, let me see you again here. I'll be in town. I'll stay. I'll be all alone. I'm—why did you come with me at all if you were going to turn back in five minutes?"

She shook her head, as if in denial of his plea; but he saw that she was smiling.

"Every one seemed to be having such a good time," she said. "I wanted to join it. I can't stay away any longer, or perhaps I would."

"But to-morrow?"

"They wouldn't let me. I had to coax Frances to let me come with her to-night."

"Is she your sister?"

"She's the maid."

"You live in New York?" he ventured, undiscouraged.

"Sometimes. I was here at school."

"A boarding-school?"

"I'm not there now. I'm a graduate."

She laughed; and he felt that he was playing blindman's buff and she eluding him.

"All right," he said bitterly, and ignored her in a silence that was sulky.

They were approaching the roar of Broadway.

"I'm sorry," she said, but he did not reply; her manner belied her words.

They forced their way into the downward stream of celebrants, and she took his arm to save herself from being separated from him. He received a blow on the top of his hat with a bladder; they were showered with confetti, like a bride and groom. A man reached across him to brush her face with a tickler. Fasken snatched at the stick, got it away from its owner with a sudden turn of the wrist, and gave it to her. She could not make herself heard above the noise, but she thanked him with a pressure on his arm and with an intimate, bright smile when he looked down at her.

It goaded him to a new determination. He did not see that she was too girlishly young and irresponsible to be bound to any serious issue of her escapade; but he saw that if he lost her now he would not be able to conceal it from himself any longer that he had always been less the victim of fate than of his own futility.

They turned from Broadway into the cross street on which the side door of the hotel opened. They did not speak. She stopped him on the steps and held out her feather tickler to him as if it were a flower.

"Good-by," she said. "Don't come in with me! I'll find them."

"You know my name," he broke out. "I'm in the freight-office there. Won't you write—just to let me know?"

"I haven't told you," she said gently. "We can't. I can't."

He had her hand in both of his.

"It's the first time I ever asked any one," he pleaded. "It isn't much to ask. Oh, *please!*"

Her face softened to a temptation.

"Do you like me?"

He nodded, choked, looking up at her as if clinging to her with dumb eyes. Her whole expression was transfused with a girlish emotion, at once yielding and triumphant.

"Will you always remember me?" she said.

"Yes, yes—always!"

She stooped down to him. He caught and held her.

"Good - by, then," she whispered.

"You're nice, too. I like you. If you'll promise not to follow me—"

She was blushing hotly. He understood that she was going to kiss him.

"I promise!"

She wavered, her lips trembling. He waited as if he had been pinioned, as weak as a condemned man whose emotions have left him numb; and while he was still waiting—she slipped out of his grasp and turned. The door was thrown open and the man in the automobile-cap appeared.

"Where—" he began.

She pushed him back violently into the hall; the door thudded shut against its weather-stripping; and she was gone.

Fasken remained a long time, silent, standing in the shadow, with her tickler in his hand. Suddenly, he stepped into the light, raised the stick of feathers above his head—in a convulsive despair of himself and his lot in life—flung it on the sidewalk before him, and ground it into the stones with a murderous heel.

### III

THE morning came to Broadway like daylight to the room of an all-night debauch; and Fasken descended the front steps of his hotel, with a cheap, yellow suit-case in his hand, dusty to the knees, his hat jammed down on his eyebrows, as dull-faced as the day. He walked to the corner slowly, and saw the confetti blown with the dust into the gutters; the pavements strewn with papers and feathers, with broken horns, torn banners, and the wreck of a stuffed effigy scattered in rags. The early workers, hurrying to the Elevated Railroad, passed him without a glance. Three girls, coming around the corner, brushed against him and forced him aside. A policeman looked him over, incuriously, and yawned. Life had resumed its mask of civilization, its conventional indifference, its public disavowal even of his common humanity.

He turned into the cross street, came to the side door of the hotel, hesitated at the sight of her feather tickler hanging broken over the curbstone—its feathers waving feebly in the wind—and then passed on, with the blank face of a bankrupt who sees his last penny still lying where he had flung it in the mud.

He was going home.



# THE WEDDING-GIFT

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

WITH A DRAWING BY E. M. ASHE

ONE of Barbara's reasons for accepting me was the fact that I was not prosperous.

"If you were," she said, "we should have to live on the West Side, with a velvet carpet in the parlor, two maids, and a mission dining-room. The parlor and the mission dining-room would bore me to tears, and I'd about as soon keep a rubber-plant as two maids."

I assured her there was no immediate prospect of my having any of these commonly prized adjuncts. Art, as she knew, was long; its votaries must find their happiness not in gross material wealth, but in the finer coinage of ideas, of the creative fancy—

"Exactly," interrupted Barbara, warmly. "We are *not* like other people. The conventional things of life, such as houses and furniture and—and regular meals, you know—would hamper us. We must live for our art. Nothing else matters."

And on this basis we set up our gods in Greenwich Village, at the top of a rambling old house. The good north light attracted me, and the irregularity of the rooms pleased Barbara. We covered the walls with burlap in a sad, artistic tint; made a kitchen out of a screen and two biscuit-boxes; thinly disguised our steamer-trunks under a bit of Flemish tapestry, and hung our Hokusai to the best advantage.

Our housekeeping was of the lightest. It was positively airy on those days when Barbara wooed her muse; but, as she said, who would be the slave to a breakfast or luncheon hour? As long as one was at peace with one's artistic conscience, what mattered meals? At night we rubbed from our brows the wrinkles of work and dined out, with

other demi-celebrities and demi-semi-celebrities, in a soothing atmosphere of pink-shaded candles and artistic shop-talk.

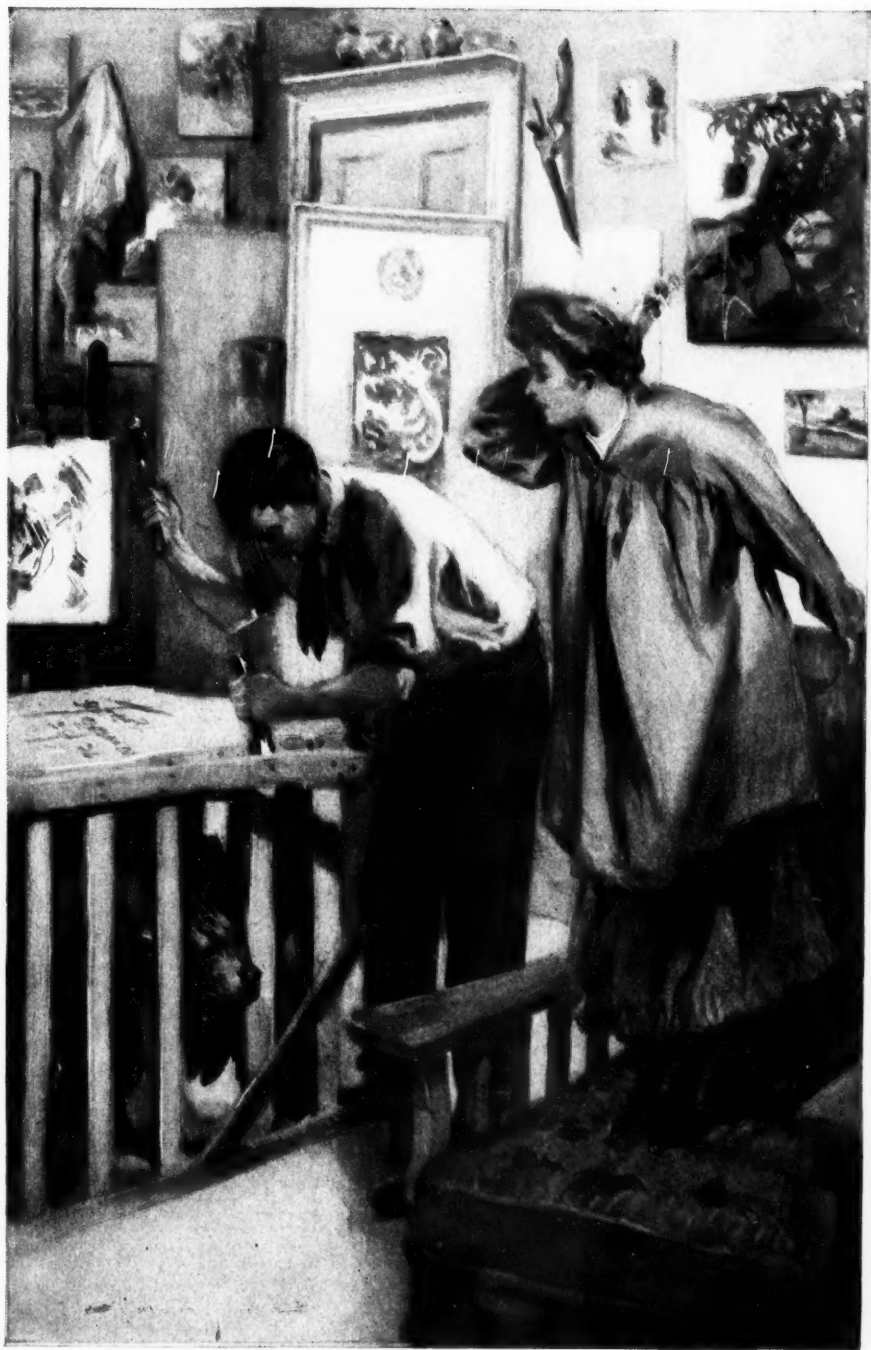
Our impromptu suppers, when Benson, the artist, or the clever Fenways, or Jimmy Dick dropped in, were hilariously successful. Of course, the next morning was apt to be rather disagreeably untidy, with sticky dishes all about the place and empty olive-bottles in the bathtub. And there was usually the janitor to pacify—on account of Jimmy Dick's noise.

But Barbara liked it. She said it appealed to her imagination—"like living one of Mürger's stories, you know." I think she knew how pretty she was in my painting-smock.

She made a joke of the inconvenience of keeping one's best clothes in boxes under the bed, and declared, even as she groveled in search of her hat with the pink plumes, that the life exactly suited her.

We worked hard, and happily. If we were sometimes a little crowded, we were at least not dull. And then there came Uncle Peter's wedding-present.

I had never quite believed in Barbara's Uncle Peter. He lived in a vague limbo, known as the Northwest, and there was a tradition in Barbara's family that he was vastly wealthy; but inasmuch as none of them had seen or heard from him in years, it seemed to me highly probable that he was one of those pleasant myths no household should be without. Barbara was specially fond of the Uncle Peter tradition. She had sent him an announcement of our marriage, addressed in simple faith to "Nome"; and when a lean week was upon the Greenwich flat, she cheered herself by



"I'LL NOT LET HIM HARM YOU, BARBARA"



considering what she would do if Uncle Peter should send us a gold nugget or some mining-stock for a wedding-gift.

I had lifted the voice of scorn so often against this relative of Barbara's that when she telephoned me one day that there was a letter from Uncle Peter I told her I had no time for fairy tales.

"But it's true!" she cried over the telephone. "He's written, and he's sending a wedding-gift. And he says, 'Take good care of the present I'm sending, and it will reward you.' Now doesn't that mean nuggets or mining-stock?"

"Sounds like a Bible to me," I said, and Barbara rang off sharply.

But in spite of myself, I was curious about this revival of Uncle Peter, so I put away my drawing-board—I was at work in the Zoo making sketches for Headley's "Wild Animals in Their Native Haunts"—and went home early.

I found Barbara sitting on the floor, and about her there billowed a sea of steamship literature. I should state here that Barbara cherished a dream of a year in Europe; and whenever she sold a tale, or I drew a successful beast, our flat was flooded with booklets setting forth the allurements of every place on earth but home. When I saw her thus surrounded, I concluded that she must have landed a serial; but, on inquiry, I found it was Uncle Peter's letter that had so uplifted her.

"I feel it in my bones," she cried, "that he's sending nuggets, or a cunning bag of gold-dust!"

Such is the infection of Barbara's optimism that I scoffed but weakly, and that night we celebrated on our expectations. After a dinner that we could not afford, we came home and spread out all the steamship epics on the table. We decided on Florence and Fiesole for the winter, with a few weeks in Paris; we got out "Italian Backgrounds" and somebody on "Medieval Towns," and we had altogether a joyous evening.

## II

NEXT morning the present came. It took two strong men to drag it in. It was in a box about the size of our bathroom, with slats across the front. Through these there peered the blood-shot eyes of a huge animal.

"You've made a mistake," I said sternly to the men; but Barbara, who had been reading the card on the box, cried out that it was the wedding-present from Uncle Peter, and fell into a chair.

I cannot classify the sort of seizure Barbara had when the men were gone. It seemed like hysterics mixed with a fit of temper.

"Barbara, calm yourself!" I besought her.

"I c-can't—it's so funny, and I'm so m-mad!"

"Well, then, I'm going to let the beast out," I said.

The threat had instant effect. Barbara stopped gurgling and jumped up.

"He may eat us alive!" she cried.

But I had been peering through the slats at the wedding-gift, and I felt much braver.

"I'll not let him harm you, Barbara," I said, and began to pry the slats from the box.

Barbara armed herself with a Tanagra figurine and climbed into the Morris chair. When the last slat was off, I stepped aside hastily; for the beast, with a roar, precipitated itself into the room.

I may as well get over this painful portion of my narrative as rapidly as possible. It is sufficient to state that to us—to us in a New York flat—our dear Uncle Peter had sent a Siberian bloodhound. The beast gamboled about with the airy grace of a rhinoceros, knocking over chairs and Barbara's tea-table with the wagging of his tail.

"I shall offer him for sale," I said disgustedly, "but what shall we do with him in the meantime? He's too big to be imprisoned in the bath-room, and the police won't allow him on the fire-escape."

"Oh, oh, look at him now!" cried Barbara.

Over his pendulous chops and his fierce red eyes a smile seemed to pass. He began a mincing shuffle toward Barbara, the droop of his tail seeming to say, "Don't be afraid, little girl," and laid his great head softly on her foot.

"Why, he's *taken* to me!" cried my wife, and I knew from her tone we were going to keep the beast.

There is no use urging expediency where Barbara's affections are concerned.

She had fallen in love with her wedding-present; the dog had the tact to adore her, and keep him we must.

We sadly put away the steamship literature and the guides to Italy, and did some extra pot-boilers to keep Little Sunshine in food. What it cost me to silence the janitor, I am ashamed to record; and as for the nice old lady in the next flat, she has never been the same since. It was a darkish day when she met Sunshine in the hall. I heard her shrieks and rushed out. In the corner she was dancing a wild fling of terror, while Sunshine, looking as pleasant as a hungry hippopotamus, frolicked about her, trying to be friends.

This will illustrate his general reception. The poor dog had a perpetual craving for friends; but his appearance was against him. When Bab walked down the street with him, people whose hands he tried to lick fell away from him with shrieks, and mothers snatched their babies out of his path. As Barbara kept explaining, he had the gentlest nature; but no one believed her, and we were in a fair way to be sacrificed on the altar of our loyalty to Uncle Peter's gift.

Coming home from the Zoo one day, I was met in the hall by Barbara.

"Thank Heaven," she said as she seized me, "that we kept Sunshine!"

"Why?" I asked. "Has he bitten a book-agent?"

"No; but Uncle Peter has come all the way from the West to see if we are good to the dog!"

"I hope he realizes now," I said, somewhat bitterly, "the inappropriateness of his gift."

"I can't make him out," said Barbara.

But I could. He was evidently a man with a subterranean sense of humor. He saw the joke of what he had done; also, I suspected he saw a joke in us and our ménage. He was an apple-cheeked old fellow, with keen blue eyes and a dry smile always hovering about the corners of his mouth.

He was as much interested in us and our manner of living as if we were Aztec cliff-dwellers. We gathered that he had supposed Greenwich to be a rural community, and that he had sent us the dog to protect Barbara from tramps while I was in the city.

"I s'pose," he said with a quaint twist to his smile, after we had shown him all our clever, space-saving schemes, "there's lots of people livin' like this—with their best hats under the bed and the cheese on the window-sill?"

"Plenty of them—and geniuses, too," we assured him.

"But," he persisted mildly, "if they'd move out into the country they'd have room to stretch in, and a dooryard and posy-beds and shade-trees and—"

"We don't *care* for the conventional way of living," interrupted Barbara. "Art absorbs us. The true artist would not be hampered by houses or furniture. Of course, it would be nice to have a little more room, on Sunshine's account; but, as for ourselves, we are *quite* happy, and the flat is *quite* big enough!"

"Mebbe, mebbe," Uncle Peter chuckled as he rose to go; "but"—and he turned to look slyly at her—"you'd be hard put to it to find room for a youngster or two, now wouldn't you?"

"Vulgar old man!" said Barbara when he had gone, and then she dimpled. "But he's lovely, too—so naive and primitive!"

I was not so rash in my classification of Uncle Peter; for it occurred to me, as he dined or lunched with us during his stay in town, that he listened to our theories with a humor which was not entirely unsophisticated. We were sincerely sorry when the old gentleman came finally to announce his departure for Nome.

He had had a mighty good time, he said, and had learned a number of things. With this he chuckled, and laid upon the table an oblong slip of paper.

"That's my wedding-present," he explained. "It's a kind of bet with myself, too. You see, I've always said that if you go deep enough we're all pretty much alike, and right down at the bottom we're all after the same thing. But mebbe geniuses are different—I dunno." and he grinned slyly. "Anyway, you c'n hit the trail for Italy now—if you want to. Good-by, and let me know how you get along."

After he had gone, it was several minutes before Barbara or I had courage to look at the oblong piece of paper. Then Barbara made a little rush and held it up.



"Italy!" she cried. "I should say so—and Japan and Norway, if we like!"

Uncle Peter had certainly done handsomely by us. For the rest of the day we were in a state of dizzy excitement. We knocked off work, and went for a walk with Sunshine between us. We blessed the day that Uncle Peter had sent us a dog and Barbara had fallen in love with him; but we were in far too exalted a state to puzzle over what our generous relative had meant by his parting speech to us.

The next morning, after I had deposited the check, I should have gone to the Zoo to work, but instead I strolled around town, thinking incoherent and affluent thoughts. I meant to go to the steamship offices; but I met an acquaintance who was in real estate, and he persuaded me to go out and look at an old country place he was offering for sale. He said the trip would do me good, and I might find some bits worth sketching.

I knew I was wasting my time, but the country appealed to me—one gets a little stuffy tucked up in a Greenwich flat—and I went.

As I turned in at the gate and moved up the gravel walk, between rows of fine old maples, I was aware of something like a pang of desire. How roomy and cool and peaceful the old place looked! I went around to the back and sat down on the door-step.

After a long time I remembered poor Barbara. I gave a farewell look at the lovely, tangled old garden. I should be late for luncheon, but I'd appease Barbara by bringing her a fresh crop of steamship literature. I turned the corner of the house briskly; and there, on the front door-step, sat Barbara and Sunshine! Sunshine drooped his great head close to Barbara's; for Barbara was crying.

Deep down in my heart something unaccountably hurt me. I stole up softly and put my arm about her. She looked scared at first, and then ashamed; and then all her most defiant brightness came back to her. She began to tell how she had taken Sunshine out for a fresh-air excursion, and they had just dropped in there for a rest.

At this point I shook her gently.

"Be honest, Barbara," I said sternly.

"What are you doing here? Are you interested in real estate?"

"Well," she said, "I heard the old Standish place was for sale, and I got to thinking what a nice home it would make for Sunshine. He's seemed rather droopy lately, and—"

"What about Fiesole?" I hinted.

The words seemed to arouse in her a sudden tempest. She jumped to her feet and stretched out her arms to the quiet old trees and the lovely, tangled garden.

"I want a house!" she cried. "I want a really, truly home! I'm tired of keeping my clothes behind the piano and eating chafing-dish food. I'm tired of a janitor and people above and below me. I'm tired of the Fenways and all poseurs. I know I'm common and bourgeois, but I want a place where there's room for something besides art—flowers and a kitchen-range and dogs and plenty of clothes-presses and—and—children—"

Ah, dear little Barbara! The old trees looking down on us must have thought we were lovers long estranged and reconciled at last. The leaves seemed to rub their hands softly as if something pleased them.

"I know my nose is red," said Barbara after a while. "And where is Sunshine?"

Sunshine was discovered cooling his nose in the garden-mold, having been stung by a bee. We were making a soothing poultice of mud for him when Bab looked up at me soberly.

"I don't believe we're so different from other people, after all," she said, and then suddenly sat down in the onion-bed. "Why," she cried, "*that's what Uncle Peter bet the ten thousand dollars on!*"

"And he's won!" I shouted.

We sat side by side in the onion-bed and felt the burden of being different from other people roll from our shoulders. We were just commonplacely happy, till finally the whiz of a distant trolley roused us.

"If you're bent on buying this place, Barbara," I said, "we'd better hurry back to town before some one gets in ahead of us."

And clapping the mud poultice on Sunshine's nose, we joined hands and ran for the car.

# SHOULD FLESH-EATING BE ABANDONED?

BY IRVING FISHER

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, YALE UNIVERSITY

WERE I to answer the above question in a single word, that word would be "no"; but the qualifications needed to make the answer correct would almost turn the "no" into a "yes." Studies in diet made during the last few years point strongly to the conclusion that the consumption of flesh foods, especially in the United States and England, is excessive. There is also evidence that many persons—probably the majority of persons—are better off without flesh foods at all. To this last statement, however, a qualification must in turn be attached; for if flesh foods are given up suddenly, or in such a manner as to leave the diet "unbalanced," the result is likely to be disastrous.

The vegetarians assert that their contentions are proved by the researches of modern science. To a certain degree this is true; but the older vegetarianism was utterly unscientific. It was based on sentimental or religious grounds, and repelled rather than attracted those who were seeking a diet for health's sake. The present movement toward the abandonment of flesh foods is so different from the older vegetarianism that those who are taking part in it decline to be enrolled under the vegetarian banner. With them the question is purely one of hygiene.

## THE EVILS OF FLESH-EATING

The physiological objections to flesh-eating as commonly practised are two. First, flesh-eating tends unduly to in-

crease the "protein" element of food, and thereby creates an unbalanced ration; and secondly, flesh foods contain and produce poisons.

We may consider the protein question first. Food serves two purposes—one to build and repair the body tissues, and the other to furnish fuel for heat and energy. Protein is that element of food which repairs tissue. In this respect it differs from the other two main food elements—carbohydrates (starch or sugar) and fats—which do not form muscle, bone, or sinew, but only supply energy and heat by being burned up in the body, or else are stored as fat, which is merely a reserve of fuel. Most foods contain all three elements—protein, fat, and carbohydrate. But various kinds of food differ greatly in the proportions in which the three elements are combined. Lean meats consist mostly of protein, though partly of fat; cream, nuts, and bacon are mostly fat, though partly protein; bread and cereals are mostly carbohydrate, though partly protein.

Protein food is indispensable. If an insufficient amount is supplied, tissue will not be repaired as rapidly as it wears out, and the person who should persist in a diet too low in protein would waste away and ultimately die. But while an insufficient supply of protein is suicidal, too much protein is also harmful. If more is supplied than is necessary to nourish the tissues properly, the excess will be treated like the fat and carbohydrate. In other words,

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In order to reduce the quantity of protein to that amount which is now recognized as normal by Professor Russell Chittenden and other high authorities, it is necessary to eat far less meat than is commonly eaten by Americans and Englishmen. It is safe to say that in the ordinary American diet, the protein would not be unduly diminished if the meat element were reduced to about the equivalent of one small chop per day.

#### "HIGH PROTEIN" AND "LOW PROTEIN"

Meat, however, is not the only food element which is high in protein. Eggs are quite as high, and white of egg far higher. The yolk of egg contains a great deal of fat, and is relatively low in protein. Milk, cheese, peas, beans, and peanuts are, like yolks of eggs, only moderately high in protein. Any or all of these "high-protein" foods may be used with advantage so long as they do not predominate. They should be balanced with a corresponding amount of "low-protein" foods, such as fruits, sweets, butter, cream, and fats. Cereals, bread, potatoes, most vegetables, and nuts are intermediate, containing protein in about the normal proportion.

We can now partly understand why those who adopted vegetarianism a generation or more ago met sometimes with failure and sometimes with success. In a general way, it is extremely probable that those who succeeded, and who became enthusiastic on the subject, like Benjamin Franklin, were those who hap-

pened to reduce their protein to the normal level, and that some of those who failed owed their failure to the fact that, dropping out meat and using only low protein foods, they had insufficient protein to nourish their tissues. In consequence, they became anemic, and many of them died. Others failed because their protein, after the exclusion of meat, remained just as high as before, or was even increased, especially by the too free substitution of eggs.

#### THE POISONS IN FLESH FOOD

The second objection to meat-eating found by modern physiology is that meat contains poisons, and increases the production of poisons in the body. It is well known that animal tissue is a "factory of poisons." Even the purest foods produce some poison when consumed. The liver and the kidneys, in fact, are organs the chief work of which is to destroy and eliminate poisons. The flesh of an animal must necessarily contain a certain amount of these poisons on their way toward elimination. When, therefore, flesh is used for food, our bodies have to deal not only with the poisons which are manufactured by us in consuming the flesh, but also with the poisons already manufactured by the animal whose flesh we eat.

Furthermore, it has recently been discovered that meat encourages the growth of bacteria in the large intestine, and that the poisons produced by these bacteria are very likely to be absorbed into the system, producing depression and other disagreeable symptoms—at times, it is believed, causing acute diseases such as rheumatic gout and pernicious anemia. In a recent experiment it was found that without meat the feces of the person experimented upon contained from twenty to fifty million bacteria per gram. The same person, after two days of meat-eating, excreted feces containing no fewer than twenty-five billion bacteria per gram—or five hundred times as many as when abstaining from flesh food.

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care for cleanliness, reducing the bacteria from several million per cubic centimeter to a hundred thousand, or in the best milk to ten thousand, and in some cases even to one thousand. The result is that where the cleaner milk is used, there has been a great decrease in children's diseases.

In exactly the same way, it is probable that the effort of dietitians in the future will be directed largely to reducing the number of bacteria in the feces. This can be accomplished in various ways. One, suggested by Metchnikoff, is by using sour milk, buttermilk, or lactic-acid kumiss—not yeast-made kumiss—as a disinfectant for the intestines; another is by reducing the quantity of meat consumed, or, still better, by wholly excluding flesh food.

It must not be forgotten, however, that with all the objections which are now being offered to meat, it possesses one virtue which will make it very difficult for some persons to dispense with it entirely. It is "peptogenic"—by which is meant that it stimulates the secretion of gastric juice. Eggs are not peptogenic, and people who need, either from habit or possibly from some constitutional idiosyncrasy, the daily stimulus of meat in order to set their stomachs going, will no doubt find it wiser to eat meat in moderation—at least, until they no longer miss it when it is withdrawn from their diet.

#### DIET AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH

What has been said summarizes in a very rough way the recent conclusions of physiology in respect to the problem of meat-eating, so far as I have been able to follow them. My own interest in dietetics has been from the standpoint of economic science, not that of physiology. I scarcely need point out that the nutrition of the worker is one of the important economic problems of the day. In solving that problem, the theories of modern dietetics will find their best practical application.

An Italian economist, Nitti, over ten years ago, after a wide statistical survey of dietetic habits among working men, reached the conclusion that those who used meat in greatest abundance, and whose supply of protein was the

highest, had the greatest endurance. Doubt has been cast on the correctness of his conclusions, however, by the researches of modern physiology. During the last two years I have been engaged in going over the statistics compiled by Nitti and adding to them, in order to find wherein, if at all, he was at fault. This study has not yet been completed, and until it is completed no final statement of conclusions can be made. It is fair to say, however, that tentatively the results obtained harmonize with the theories of Professor Chittenden and of modern physiology, rather than with those of Nitti and of the physiology of ten years ago.

Two studies in endurance have already been published. One experiment, described not long ago in the *Yale Medical Journal*, was based on the relative physical working-power of flesh-eaters compared with flesh-abstainers. The flesh-eaters were largely men in training for athletic contests at Yale; the flesh-abstainers were such Yale students as I could find who did not use meat, or used it very sparingly, and nurses and physicians of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Forty-nine subjects were tested. The results of the comparison were certainly surprising, and showed almost conclusively that those who used low protein and little or no flesh not only had greater physical endurance, but *far* greater than those who were on a so-called "training diet."

Very few of the flesh-eaters, for instance, could endure holding their arms horizontal for more than a quarter of an hour, whereas it was common among the flesh-abstainers to hold them for more than an hour, and without as much pain or discomfort as the meat-eaters experienced in half the time. In one case a flesh-abstainer held his arms out for three hours and twenty minutes, and then stopped merely because he had reached a round number of minutes—two hundred.

One of the most severe tests was in deep knee-bending, or "squatting." Few of the meat-eaters could "squat" more than from three hundred to four hundred times, and it was almost impossible for them to walk down the gymnasium stairs, after the test, without

falling, so weakened were their thigh muscles. On the other hand, one of the Yale students who had been a flesh-abstainer for two years did the deep knee-bending eighteen hundred times without exhaustion, after which he ran without difficulty on the gymnasium track and walked several miles. Another subject, a nurse at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, did the deep knee-bending twenty-four hundred times; after which he proceeded with his regular work without serious inconvenience. Another nurse has recently accomplished the surprising record of five thousand times. One remarkable difference between the two sets of men was the comparative absence of soreness in the muscles of the meat-abstainers after their tests.

#### A TEST OF THE FLETCHER THEORY

The other experiment—the results of which have already been published in the *Transactions of the Connecticut Academy*—was an experiment in thorough mastication, in order to test the claims of Mr. Horace Fletcher. Nine Yale students volunteered for this purpose. It was found that the practise of thorough mastication tended toward a gradual reduction in the use of flesh foods. At the end of the experiment many of the men had given up flesh foods entirely, without missing them in the least; and the average consumption for the nine men had fallen to one-sixth of their original amount. At the same time it was found that the physical endurance of eight of the nine men had actually doubled in the course of the five months! The ninth man had not gained, but lost, in endurance. This was especially interesting, as he had not been so faithful to thorough mastication as the others, nor did he reduce his flesh foods as much as they.

In its present state the science of dietetics is far from complete. "We are only just beginning to know a little on the subject," as Professor Chittenden recently said to me. It will be years before a complete science of nutrition can be established. In the meantime, it cannot be considered advisable for the ordinary man, with almost no knowledge on the subject, to prescribe for

himself any special diet. Fortunately, there is a simpler and more natural way of attaining the benefits of diet reform than by "dieting" in the ordinary sense. This simpler method is that indicated in the latter of the two experiments above described. The only rules, therefore, which one would be justified in recommending for general adoption are the following:

#### TWO RULES FOR HEALTH

The first rule is—*thoroughly masticate* each morsel of food up to the point of involuntary swallowing. This does not imply the forcible holding of food in the mouth. One should neither force it to stay in the mouth nor forcibly swallow it. It should simply be *chewed* and *enjoyed*. If chewed long enough, it will disappear of itself. The swallowing will take place, but will be like breathing—involuntary. Another caution should be emphasized. Mastication should be practised, not as an unpleasant duty, but with the attention always on the taste and enjoyment of the food. If eating is made a mere mechanical act, it becomes a bore, instead of the pleasure it should be. Without enjoyment, there is no "appetite juice" formed in the stomach, and the result of mere mechanical mastication, however faithful, is worse than useless.

The second rule is—in choosing food, *follow the food instinct* implicitly, eating as much as the appetite calls for, and stopping as soon as it is fully satisfied. If one's food instinct is allowed to have a chance, it will usually develop and guide one to an almost unerring choice, not only in respect to the amounts of food required, but also in respect to the kinds.

Depending thus on instinct combined with thorough mastication, the ordinary man can safely trust himself without fear of having an "unbalanced" diet. He will need to devote more time to his meals—at first, at least; but he will be repaid over and over again for this loss of time. After a few months his health and efficiency will probably reach a point that he never dreamed possible. The quick-lunch counter and the hurry habit are not economy of time. On the contrary, they are sources of inestimable waste.

# THE LION AND THE LAMB

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "A PRIVATE CHIVALRY," "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

## XXI

WHEN Tregarvon recovered consciousness, he knew at once what had happened to him. In his blind gropings for the body of the man whom he had doubtless shot, he had fallen from the cliff-edge; how far was still problematical, but far enough, as a curious roaring in his ears, a tightening agony in his head, and wrenching pains in his right ankle sufficiently testified.

His first thought was, generously enough, for his enemy. The black-coated man might not have been killed outright—in which case he might be dying for the lack of a little timely help. The thought was insupportable, and Tregarvon tried to rise. But the ankle, broken or twisted—he could not determine which—gripped him like a fanged wild beast, and he had to give it up.

Helpless himself, it still remained for him to devise some way of bringing help from the glade of disaster. With the hammer of pain beating in his brain, he could form no idea of the distance he had run, or of the location of the particular cliff-edge from which he had hurled himself. Guessing at the distance, however, he thought he must be about half-way from the glade to the old mine-opening at the tramhead. Between these two points, which were a half mile apart, the line of cliff described a segment of a circle, and the direction of the flight and pursuit had been roughly along the chord of this curve.

Tregarvon felt in his pocket for matches. With a small bonfire to light up the surroundings, he could probably place himself. A heap of dry oak-leaves furnished the kindling, and a

clear flame leaped up at the match-striking, hollowing out a little cavity of light in the misty gloom. Then the fire-lighter saw where he was—at the bottom of a deep cleft running back from the cliff face proper, and almost at right angles to it; a cleft that was little more than a crevice, save that it had trees and shrubs growing in it.

Tregarvon knew the cleft, although he had never explored it. It was almost exactly at the half-way point between the tramhead and the glade. He was by this time too good a mountaineer to waste his breath in vain shoutings under a cliff, knowing that the sound would carry outward and downward, but never upward and backward. The alternative was a fire signal. If the cloud would but lift a little, and he could gather enough of the dry leaves to make a glow, the light would guide those who must certainly by this time be searching for him.

This was his thought when he nursed the handful of fire and added more leaves to it. The blaze rose higher, and the cavity in the gloom grew larger until it became a hemisphere with the black face of the cliff for its flattened side.

A matted vine ran up the smooth wall of the barrier, and at its roots the leaves were bedded a foot deep. He was reaching for the mass of fresh fuel when the fire licked out and caught it first. There was a puff of dense smoke, a fierce blaze shot up at the foot of the cliff, and the climbing vine outlined itself in a network of short-lived flame.

All this was normal enough, but what followed was curiously abnormal. As the leaf-bed glowed hotter, small fragments of the cliff began to split off, and, falling into the fire, to burn with hissings

and sputterings and much pungent smoke. Tregarvon, the blood pounding in his veins, dragged himself an agonizing foot or two nearer and secured one of the fragments. *It was coal!*

Almost beside himself with excitement, he heaped more leaves upon the fire, and by the light of the fresh upblaze he could see the upper line of the great coal-seam. It was at the height of a tall man's head above the glowing leaf-bed—level, well defined, unmistakable—the roof-shale of a vein fully six feet thick. Here, discovered in the moment of disaster, defeat, and woundings, was the Ocoee's lavish answer to all the costly questions of a decade.

"My Heavens!" gasped Tregarvon; and a voice, apparently at his elbow, said:

"Yes, they are yours, Mr. Tregarvon—first by right of inheritance, and now by the right of discovery."

Tregarvon twisted himself into a sitting posture, gritting his teeth upon the ankle's protest and holding his head in his hands. A little distance below him sat the professor of mathematics, one leg jack-knifed to support him and the other stretched awkwardly on a makeshift cushion of fallen leaves.

"You!" ejaculated Tregarvon. "Did you fall over the cliff, too?"

"I think it was I who showed you the way," was Hartridge's amendment. "You are a very apt pupil, Mr. Tregarvon. I was scarcely well down here before you played the part of *Jill*."

"Are you—are you hurt?"

"Not by your pistol-ball; but my leg is broken. And you?"

Tregarvon winced. "I have a cracked skull, I think, and an ankle the worse. But about that pistol-shot—I didn't fire at you; I shot in the air to make you stop. Just the same, you gave me a fit of the horrors. When you yelled I thought I'd killed you. What made you run?"

The professor's smile was rueful and a little shamefaced.

"What made you chase me?" he inquired.

"Because I was hot—angry enough to want to drag you to an accounting on the spot. You were caught red-handed, you know."

"I seem to have a weakness for getting caught that way," commented the culprit, still smiling ruefully. "Of course, nothing I could say would make you believe that I didn't fire the dynamite and blow myself up?"

"Nothing," said Tregarvon crisply.

"Very well," assented the mathematician patiently; "we'll call that the problem undemonstrated. The other one you have demonstrated for yourself, as we demonstrate so many problems—by a happy accident. You have found the value of '*pi*,' Mr. Tregarvon."

"Then those marks on the trees are yours?"

Hartridge nodded gravely.

"I chanced upon this, the outcrop of the true Ocoee vein, one day ten years ago, just a few short months after the man Parker had put Judge Birrell and the remainder of us local owners to the wall. I wished to mark it in some way that would be intelligible only to myself, or to those to whom I might give the key; so I used the old mathematical problem of the squaring of the circle. If you will measure the distance between the two trees, multiply it by '*pi*,' or 3.1416, and use the product as a measure around the curve of the cliff from the lower tree as a starting-point, you will drive your final stake just about where you are sitting now."

Tregarvon heaped more leaves upon the fire, which was threatening to die out.

"You are miles beyond my poor understanding, Mr. Hartridge," he said. "On one hand, you stop at nothing to keep me from finding out what you've just told me; and on the other, you make what appears to be a very worthy and earnest effort to keep me from flinging myself headlong into the maw of Consolidated Coal. How are we to reconcile these two things?"

"We can't reconcile them, from your present point of view," was the quiet answer. "As long as you hold me responsible for the bushwhacking—"

"But even without the bushwhacking," persisted Tregarvon. "You knew of this outcrop; you've known of it all along. And yet you let me go on spending my good money. You can't deny that part of it, anyway."

"When you are older, Mr. Tregarvon, and come to know human nature a little better, you will apprehend the truth of that worldly wise beatitude, 'Blessed are they that expect little, for verily they shall not be disappointed.' Consider a moment. You came here the legal owner of the Ocoee, to be sure, and the innocent, inasmuch as your father was the unknowing purchaser of stolen goods; but you were no less the legitimate successor of the financial bandit who looted us. You wouldn't expect much in the way of sheer friendliness from those who had been defrauded, would you?"

"Since I was not even constructively to blame, yes," said Tregarvon stubbornly. "Your motive went deeper than that, Mr. Hartridge."

"It did," said the other very gravely. "We are speaking as man to man now, Mr. Tregarvon, as possibly we never may again. There was a deeper motive for my silence. Day by day I have seen the slight chance of a happiness, the attainment of which has been the one thing desirable in a rather drab-colored life, slipping away from me; taken away from me in wantonness, as it appeared, by you. It was not in human nature to be entirely unresentful."

"Still, you leave many things unexplained," was the reply. "If you wanted to do me up, why didn't you let me sell out to Consolidated Coal?"

"More human nature," smiled the professor. "That would be like taking your enemy's breakfast away from him only to throw it to the dogs. Besides, if there were the barest chance that, through you, a certain young woman might come to her own again—"

Tregarvon dismissed that phase of the subject as irrelevant. He made sure he knew the professor's standing with Richardia, if the professor himself did not.

"There are a good many more puzzles," he broke in; "more, and more mysterious ones."

"Yes. There are things which, until to-day, have been as mysterious to me as I dare say they have been to you. For example, I could understand how one of the defrauded original owners—let us say Judge Birrell—might, in the

heat of resentment, say something which would inspire one of his loyal but possibly lawless followers with a holy zeal for your discomfiture. That might account for the lesser hindrances, but hardly for the attempt to wreck your automobile, or for the dynamite found a day or two since in your engine-boiler. Notwithstanding, I may confess that I leaned so heavily toward this explanation that, for Miss Richardia's sake, I—"

He paused, and the hardness went suddenly out of Tregarvon's eyes when he took up the unfinished sentence.

"That you took no pains to turn suspicion from yourself, though you might easily have done so. Mr. Hartridge, I should ask you to shake hands with me if I could get to you. I won't deny that we charged the automobile attempt to you. Carfax says you signaled to somebody as he drove you to Highmount."

"I was to blame, in some measure," admitted the professor. "I saw a man hiding beside the road, or thought I did, and turned to make sure. But by that time the man had disappeared, and I fancied I was mistaken. My fault lay in not telling Mr. Carfax to be watchful on his return—and that was hardly necessary, since I did not recognize the man or suspect his object."

"I used the past tense, Mr. Hartridge, as you may have noted. It was only circumstantial evidence, at best. But you said a moment ago that to-day had straightened out some of the puzzles for you. How is that?"

Hartridge shook his head.

"If I should attempt to explain, it might raise a painful question of veracity. I don't mind figuring as a dynamiter in your scheme of things, Mr. Tregarvon, but it would distress me greatly if—"

"If I believed you would lie to cover it up? Let me assure you that I don't believe it, Professor Hartridge."

"Thank you. Then I don't mind telling you of a thing that happened this afternoon. I had been over in the Pocket to see the broken-headed McNabb's little daughter, who is ill of a fever—doctoring people being one of my many half-learned trades. On the way out I stumbled upon two men talking very earnestly about your mine; or,



rather, I should say I overheard them without seeing them, or being seen by them. As nearly as I could make out, they were sitting upon a rock ledge just below my path."

"Go on," said Tregarvon, skilfully spreading the leaf fire until it began to creep toward the head of the cleft.

"In a moment." The answer was more than half a groan. "This leg—of mine—grows—a bit insistent—now and then."

Tregarvon waited and listened. The searchers, if any there were, were not yet within hearing. There was no sound other than the soft sighing of the vapor-laden wind through the summit forest. When the paroxysm of pain had passed, Hartridge went on:

"As I was saying, I listened. One of the men was insisting that you must be discouraged in some more decided way. He did not indicate the way, but he demanded thoroughness and haste. The other replied that there would 'be something doing'—I think I quote him correctly—to-night. This second voice I recognized at once. It was that of Luke Sawyer, a member of your drilling-gang. Am I credible thus far?"

"Quite so."

"Then I may venture to tax your good-nature a little farther. On hearing this, I retraced my steps to the McNabb cabin in the Pocket, and asked Morgan to do me the favor to report my news to your man Rucker, or whoever might be doing watchman's duty at the plant. Still believable, am I?"

"Entirely. I am beginning to have an idea or two of my own. If they develop much farther, I shall have to confess myself the greatest blockhead that ever lived, Mr. Hartridge."

The childlike smile sat in the professor's mild blue eyes until it was extinguished by a fresh spasm of pain.

"McNabb promised," he said, continuing his narration, "and I went on my way to Highmount. You may ask why I didn't take the message to Rucker myself. To be frank, I didn't care to be seen at your place after what had already occurred. But later, fearing that the warning might possibly have miscarried, I put all scruples aside and walked over to the old burying-ground.

I was just in time to see my messenger captured and rather roughly handled by your two watchmen, and I confess that the incident made me unreasonably angry—so angry that it asked for an hour's tramping through the wood to convince me that, in spite of all, you must be warned. I went back to the glade and saw a ghost. The ghost was doing something to your machinery; but before I could intervene the time for intervention was past. I think you know the various sequences."

"All but one of them," said Tregarvon; and then he went back to his earliest question: "Why did you run?"

This time the professor's smile ripened into a subdued laugh.

"Still more human nature. I am not very brave, Mr. Tregarvon; or, at least, my legs are not. They ran away with me without waiting for definite instructions, I think. And you will pardon me if I say that you looked extremely fierce and violent as you charged upon me with the brandished pistol."

Tregarvon nodded gravely.

"I made a bally ass of myself at the wrong moment, as usual. But another point or two; and then, if our rescuers don't come, I'll set this pine-tree afire for a signal. How about the little steel cubes to duli our drills?"

"Circumstantial evidence against me, I'll admit—of the kind that now and then hangs an innocent man. From a word or two which had drifted to me that day, I was led to believe that Judge Birrell's henchman—you see, I myself was then in the thralls of misapprehension as to the source of your troubles—I was led to believe that this man, whoever he might be, would pay you a visit that night. I went to stand in the breach for Miss Richardia's father; not at all for your sake that time. After a long vigil, which, it seems, you and Mr. Carfax were sharing with me, I saw a man creep up to your derrick. I tried to stalk him, but he was too wary. He ran, scattering his bits of steel as he went. I had just picked one up to examine it when you surprised me."

Tregarvon was holding his head again. The throbbing misery returned only at intervals, but it threatened to blot him out when it did return.

"Let us go all the way through with it, if we can," he said, when a supreme effort of will enabled him to draw back a little way from the threatening pit of oblivion. "Who were those two men whose plotting you overheard this afternoon?"

"One of them was Luke Sawyer, as I have said. The other I did not recognize by his voice, and I had no other means."

"Sawyer — Sawyer — what could he have against me? Do you know anything about him, Mr. Hartridge?"

"Only by repute. He has an unsavory reputation. He was a strike-breaker in the employ of the C. and C. last summer, and he has served a term in the penitentiary."

"Somebody's tool," mused Tregarvon. "But whose, Mr. Hartridge — whose?"

"Haven't you guessed yet, Mr. Tregarvon?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then let me lead you a step farther. On Wednesday night last week your man Rucker saw certain phenomena which he was quite unable to explain. He was also unable to hold his tongue about them, and the story of his experiences came to my ears in due course. It was Judge Birrell who shook his fist at your drilling-plant, wrathful because you had desecrated the burial-ground of his old house-servants; it was Miss Richardia who was with him."

"But the others," said Tregarvon; "the two who came later with the surveying instruments?"

"You must draw your own conclusions. I can only say that I have long suspected that the C. and C. people know about the existence of the true Ocoee vein — that they possibly know better than I do how far it extends. In that case the hasty survey might have been for the purpose of determining whether your latest test-hole would find it. I merely suggest this."

"You've hit it," said Tregarvon, smiting his fist into the leaf-mold. "I know my man now, and I'll put him in jail for all this, if it takes every dollar I can dig out of the Ocoee."

The man with the broken leg smiled again.

"No," he said gently, "you'll do nothing of the sort, Mr. Tregarvon. If I may venture to prophesy, you will not be at all inclined to make a personal matter of it with this man when you have finally traced these little unpleasantnesses to his door."

"Why won't I?" Tregarvon demanded.

"Merely because you will be much too busy fighting the impersonal matters," was the quiet rejoinder; and after that they sat in silence during the few minutes which elapsed before the welcome shout from the cliff above told them that help was at hand.

It was something of an undertaking, getting the two injured men out of the deep cleft — this though the freed McNabb was added to the four others of the rescue-party. Once on the plateau, however, a litter was quickly improvised for Hartridge, and Tregarvon made shift to help himself a little, with Wilmerding and Carfax to shoulder him on either side.

On the slow progress back to the burial-ground glade, Tregarvon realized vaguely that his companions were silent and abstracted; and he was rather glad than sorry, since his brain was again reeling confusedly.

When they reached the glade he saw the cause for silence. The auto-car had been repaired and backed down to the little opening among the trees. One of its head-lamps had been removed and placed so that its white glare funneled upon the door-space in front of the tool shanty. Judge Birrell was sitting on the doorstep with his gun between his knees, and on a rough plank trestle within arm's reach lay the figure of a man covered with one of Rucker's blankets.

"Who is it?" muttered Tregarvon, leaning more heavily upon his helpers.

"It's Sawyer," replied Carfax, and his voice seemed to come from the illimitable distances. "We found him when we were searching for you, and brought him in to do what we could for him. That's what kept us so long."

"Is he — dead?" asked Tregarvon; and now his own voice seemed to come from afar.

"Yes; he miscalculated on the fuse,

and was blown up before he could get away. He lived less than half an hour, but the judge got him to make a dying statement. We know now who has been behind all this devilry."

The curious roaring in Tregarvon's brain had grown to the thunder of a thousand cataracts, but he flogged the failing senses into line for the supreme effort.

"I know," he whispered; "I know. But go on—tell me—"

"It was Thaxter—otherwise the Coal and Coke Company. You've got a mine, a big one, Vance, and they know it. The order came down from the big bosses to worry you till you'd sell. Sawyer took the blame for the tree in the road and for the dynamite; confessed that he might have been overrunning his orders a bit, but—"

"Let up," said Wilmerding, almost savagely. "Don't you see he's gone off his head?"

## XXII

It was a month before the Birrell family physician, who had been summoned hastily from Hesterville and driven at cup-racing speed up the mountain in Wilmerding's runabout on the night of woundings, pronounced Tregarvon out of danger and in a fair way to recover.

Whatever the lapse of time meant to others, it had little significance for the young man who rolled and tossed in the big four-poster bed in the guest-room at Westwood House. Dim pictures there were of people coming and going; of grotesque attendants lifting him about, these sometimes parading as liveried Merkleys with Uncle William heads, and sometimes with the conditions reversed; of a face, loving but sorrowful, bending over him, now hopefully and again with sharp anxiety in the wistful eyes.

But for the greater part, what with the thundering cataracts to attend to, and a thousand dancing lights which had to be wheeled in vanishing spirals, checked, stopped, and wheeled the other way precisely three hundred times a minute, he was so pressed for time as not to be aware of the lapse of it. Hence, when he finally opened eyes of

full consciousness upon the walls and ceiling of the guest-room, he was sadly out of touch, not only with his surroundings, but with the date of them, his latest clear remembrance being of a cloud-banked night, of a glade in the forest, and of a huge white eye of artificial light staring down upon a rude bier with its blanketed corpse.

At first, he thought he was alone in the great high-ceilinged room; but at his earliest conscious stirring, Richardia came and stood beside him.

"Do you know me, Mr. Vance?" she asked in low tones, laying a cool hand on his swathed forehead.

"Know you? Why, sometimes I think I do; and at other times I'm not so sure. Last night, for example, when you called me a dog in the manger—oh, Richardia, dear, that hurt! My head aches from it yet."

Either the eyes looking down into his filled suddenly with tears, or his own did, he could not tell which; and out of the indistinctnesses the low-toned voice said:

"Don't—please don't! It wasn't last night, you know."

"Wasn't it? Isn't this Monday morning? Surely it is—and I'm keeping you; you've stayed away from Highmount on my account. What will the young ladies do without Miss Dick?"

He could see better now, and the blue eyes were smiling.

"This is Wednesday, quite late in the afternoon. And the young ladies have got along without Miss Dick for three weeks and a half."

"Three weeks and a half!" he murmured faintly. "Is it possible that I have been—heavens and earth!—three weeks monkeying with those blessed lights and listening to the waterfalls, when all Poitiers asked for was a clear fifteen minutes? Tell me, Richardia, as you hope to be forgiven—has he proposed to you?"

Her clear, sweet laugh was a panacea for all heartaches; a balm; wine and oil poured into a wound.

"Of course he hasn't," she said, to give the laugh its proper credentials. "What an absurd idea! It belongs to the period of the lights and the waterfalls, doesn't it?"

"No; it goes back beyond the Flood. But why is it absurd? Didn't he swipe my car last night—no, three weeks and a half ago—to—"

"You are talking too much and exciting yourself," she said, and now the voice was that of the professional nurse. "The doctor won't allow it, and I mustn't."

Tregarvon attempted a smile, but it was only a grin.

"Wants me soothed, does he? All right; say that again about Poitiers."

"He hasn't—proposed—to me."

"But he is going to—as soon as he can do it without taking advantage of a man with wheels in his head?"

"No; I think I can assure you that Mr. Carfax will never propose to me—or to any other woman again. But you are still talking too much."

"The remedy is in your hands; if you'll just go on talking, I'll stop. But you're drawing it too strong about Poitiers. He's no woman-hater."

"Decidedly not," she said; and in the little silence that ensued he pointed weakly toward a chair.

"Please sit down," he begged. "I seem to have let my manners get drowned in some of the numerous water-falls." And when she had drawn up a chair: "How is Professor Hartridge?"

"He is doing very well indeed; much better than we dared hope."

The cataracts began to murmur again, ever so faintly, and his hand sought and found hers.

"Tell me something, Richardia, before I go whirling off into space again—are you in love with Mr. William Wilberforce Hartridge?"

She tried to withdraw the hand he was holding, but he clung to it with a sick man's tenacity.

"There are some things I can't permit you to say to me—not even if you are sick," she protested, flushing faintly.

"I know; but I've got to be brutal, just this once. You were very anxious that nobody should be hurt in our tussle over the Ocoee; were you worrying about the professor?"

She was looking away from him when she said:

"No; I—it was nearer home, Mr. Vance. My father was very angry

about your going into the old burying-ground. You see, he didn't know you then at all—"

"I see," he interrupted. "I feel better now. That is why you said last night—no, that Sunday night so long ago—that you were glad and happy and thankful. That was because he was going with us, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'm climbing out to daylight, a little at a time," he said thoughtfully. "Now, if you'll please tell me why you likened me to the ill-tempered stable-dog—"

"I'll make you tell yourself," she countered, with something like a return of her light-hearted vivacity. "Elizabeth had told you she couldn't marry you, hadn't she?"

"Yes."

"And she told you why?"

"Yes."

"You didn't love her the way you should have."

"I know it."

"And it wasn't breaking your heart in the least to have to give her up?"

"Not the most fragile part of it."

"Very well, then; why did you make Mr. Wilmerding bring you up here that night?"

Tregarvon took a long breath, shut his eyes, opened them again, and found her still there—her hand still in his.

"I think you know all about it, but I don't mind putting it into words. I was a widower—a brand-new widower; and in common decency I couldn't say a word—not then. Poitiers knew it, and so he came up to say his word first—only now you say he didn't say it."

"I didn't; I merely said he didn't say it to me."

He rose on one elbow.

"Where is Poitiers now?" he asked.

"He is in Coalville."

"And where is Elizabeth?"

"She is there, too."

He sank back with a satisfied groan.

"Some people are born blind, some acquire blindness, and some have blindness thrust upon them," he misquoted.

"I think I'm all three kinds rolled into one. Go on, please, and tell me all about it. Nothing can excite me now."

"They were married, very quietly, of course, as soon as the doctor said you

would get well. They both wanted to wait; but Mr. Carfax couldn't leave the mine, and Elizabeth wouldn't leave him. We lent them Aunt Phyllis temporarily—"

"Just as you lent me Uncle William," put in Tregarvon.

"Yes; and they've gone to housekeeping in your old office-building—also temporarily."

"Elizabeth and Poictiers keeping house in that old tumble-down shack of mine, when they could rent the Villa Borghese if they felt like it," he laughed weakly. "Isn't that rich? But go on and tell me some more. The C. and C. lion hasn't swallowed my poor little lamb of an Ocoee, has it?"

She rose and stood beside him again, with her free hand on his forehead.

"Mr. Vance, I wonder if you know how to value a good friend when you have one. Do you remember one evening on the veranda at Highmount, when we were talking about Mr. Carfax? I retract every word I said. You can imagine the situation when Mr. Thaxter was exposed, and it became known that the great Ocoee vein was found at last. I don't know all the things that the trust did, but I do know that Mr. Carfax hardly ate or slept until he had the mine open and running—until he had beaten everybody into line and set the poor little lamb firmly upon its feet."

"Oh, that's Poictiers all right," murmured the sick man. "It's been in him all the time, only there has never been anything to bring it out before this. But you haven't told me everything."

"Yes, I have; and now you must try and sleep. Mr. Carfax will be up later; he comes every day, and sometimes twice a day, in spite of all the things he has to do; and so does Mr. Wilmerding."

"Wilmerding! Is he still the 'good enemy'?"

"Mr. Wilmerding is superintendent of the Ocoee. Fancy your not knowing it!" she laughed. And then, anticipating his question: "No; I don't believe he came over to you wholly because of his falling out with Mr. Thaxter. You see, the Ocoee is much nearer to Highmount, and Miss Farron—"

"Never mind Miss Farron, please, or Wilmerding, or the Ocoee—which is going to be reorganized, by the way, taking in all the original stockholders that Mr. Parker slew. Never mind any of these things; they're secondary, tertiary, or even farther removed. What I'm perishing to know is if you've forgiven me, Richardia, dear!"

"For what?" she asked softly.

"For—well, for bungling things so that I have to come to you with crape on my arm—as Elizabeth's widower, you know. Do you think—you could get your own consent to marry a—an uncumbered widower, Richardia?"

She smiled down upon him. "Are the waterfalls coming again?" she asked.

"They will come, if you don't say yes. I'm beginning to hear them already."

"But didn't you say it was just a frank, open friendship? A—"

"Oh, please don't!" he groaned. "You knew better at the time—you knew that I loved you, and that I was feeling like two curs because I couldn't honorably tell you so. Please don't break what little heart I've got left, Richardia, dear; especially when you were so wicked as not to tell me that you knew Elizabeth! I—"

The interruption took the form of the bald and venerable head of old Uncle William framed in the crack of the opened door.

"Marsteh Poictiers comed over in de ought-to-be-a-mule, en he's askin' kin he see Marsteh Tregarbin," he said.

Tregarvon looked up into the slate-blue eyes with something of his old masterful determination.

"Not till you say yes, Richardia," he whispered, tightening his hold upon the hand that was ineffectually trying to free itself.

She bent quickly till her lips touched his forehead between the crossed bandages. When she looked around, Uncle William's back was turned, and he was apparently engrossed in a deep study of the wall-paper pattern.

"You may bring Mr. Carfax up, Uncle William," she said. "Mr. Tregarvon is very much better now."





## THE REMARKABLE ADVANCE OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

**M**ARCHING thousands of men and women, marshaled under crimson banners, with arms bared, heads erect, eyes flashing, and throats roaring:

We'll raise the scarlet standard high!  
Beneath its shade we'll live and die!  
Though cowards flinch and traitors  
sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here!

This is the vision that haunts the conservative people of England to-day.

Wherever men are gathered, for whatever purpose, in counting-room and factory, in royalty's drawing-room and worker's slum, in country mansion and village inn, in patrician hunting-field and popular music-hall—everywhere, even in the churches and schools, always obtrudes that vision.

Marching thousands of men and women under the red flag! Marching—whither?

"To freedom and plenty," cries Hope.

"To wide-spread ruin and disaster," retorts Fear.

Thus the vision—to one a dream, to

the other a nightmare. But what of the reality?

It is night at Westminster. The House of Commons is in session. More than half the members are lounging in the lobbies and smoking-room. Those that remain are either dozing on the benches or listening but indifferently to the member who is droning out a speech on the floor. Over all, drowsiness and gloom settle like a pall.

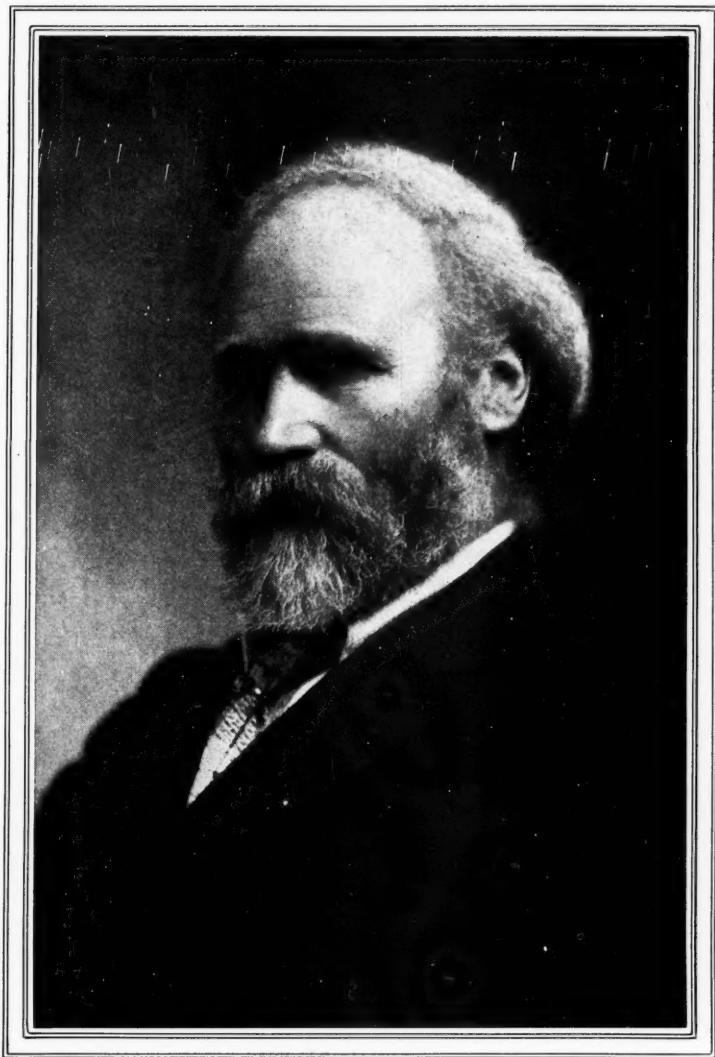
Suddenly the speaker stops and sits down. There is a stir in the midst of a little group in a corner of the chamber. A member of the group arises and is recognized. The man is of medium height, stockily built, plainly clothed, with serious face, earnest eyes, square jaw, and a sprinkling of gray in his hair and beard.

Instantly the somnolent members wake up. A murmur runs like an electric flash out from the chamber into the lobbies and rooms where men are lounging and chatting. There arise a noise of feet and a sudden clamor of voices as the chamber fills. Gone is the atmosphere of gloom and stagnancy, and in its place are curiosity and expectancy. All faces

are turned toward the resolute man who addresses them.

The man who speaks is Keir Hardie, and the cause for which he speaks is

When the eighth annual conference of the Labor party was held in January last, at Hull, it represented, in round numbers, one million out of the two



JAMES KEIR HARDIE, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR MERTHYR TYDVIL SINCE 1900, AND FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOR PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

that of the Labor party. His voice is the voice of a million men, and his audience includes every man and woman who reads a newspaper in the king's dominions.

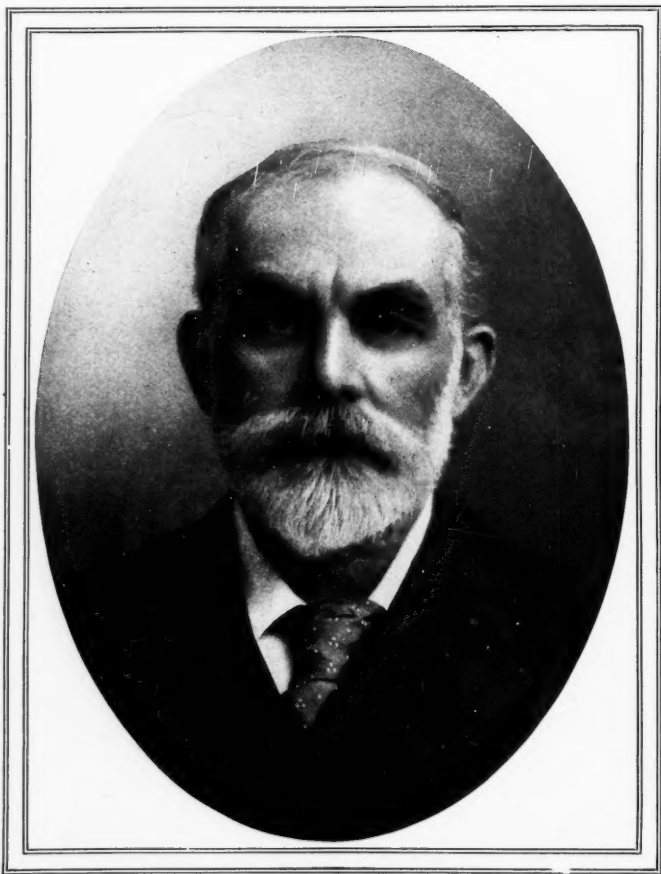
million trade-unionists in Great Britain—the birthplace of trade-unionism. That conference startled the world as well as its own country by adopting a resolution declaring for socialism—a de-

velopment unlooked for even by some of the leaders of the party.

It was this action which caused the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, former prime minister and leader of the Tory party, to declare that "the Labor party

considering the merits of the issue thus promulgated, it is worth while to analyze the elements that have precipitated an unparalleled political situation in England.

The Labor party was born nine years



JOHN BURNS, ONE OF THE FOREMOST FIGURES IN THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT, NOW A MEMBER OF THE ASQUITH CABINET AS PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

*From a photograph by Russell, London*

had definitely hoisted the red flag and announced itself the advocate of a scheme of social reconstruction which would not only carry with it ruin in the great commercial centers and destroy the country's commercial and manufacturing position among the nations of the world, but would be the greatest calamity that had ever happened, to rich and poor alike."

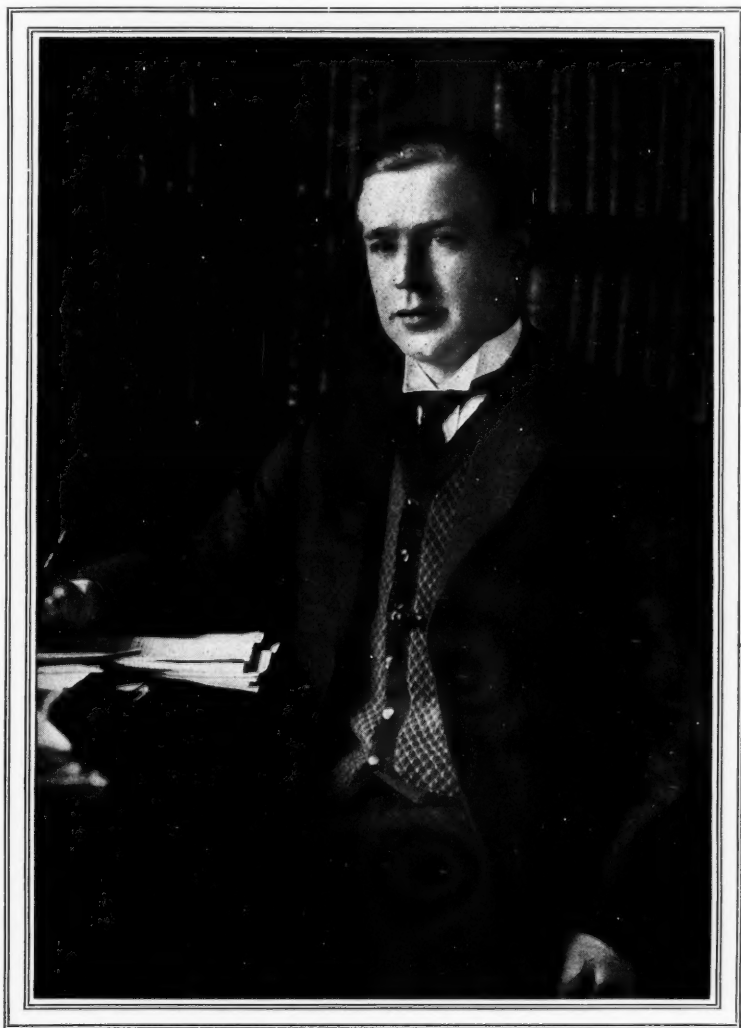
Truly a dire prediction! Without

ago. Its rapid growth into a formidable power is unprecedented in British politics. Organized under the name of the Labor Representation Committee, with delegates from trade-unions, cooperative societies, and socialist organizations comprising nearly three hundred and fifty thousand members, it attracted but little general attention at first. Within a year, however, the Labor Representation Committee had elected two members of Par-

liament and increased its total membership by more than one hundred thousand. Far-seeing politicians began to give warning of what was inevitably coming, but most of their colleagues paid little or no heed.

Circumstances worked toward progress for the Labor party. For twenty years the trend of the British labor movement had been making for just such a culmination as this new organization offered. Let me briefly recapitulate.

After the bloody collapse of the ill-fated Chartist outbreak, in 1848, the British trade-unionists lay dormant as a political force for forty years. Even the more liberal suffrage granted them by the law of 1884 did not arouse them. Their energies were devoted almost entirely to the economic field. The unemployed agitation of 1886 and 1887, however, was the real beginning of the present extraordinary situation. Then came the successful strike of the dock-



VICTOR GRAYSON, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE COLNE VALLEY DISTRICT OF YORKSHIRE, AND AN ACTIVE SOCIALIST ORATOR

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

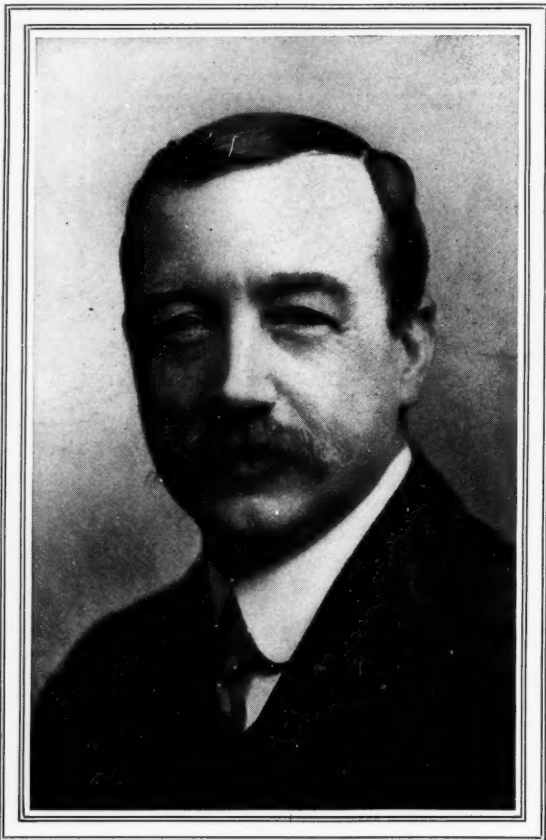
laborers in 1889, and what was called the New Unionism received a tremendous impetus.

This was short-lived. In the nineties, trade-unionism met with a series of sharp reverses. Strike after strike was lost, notwithstanding that the unions had considered themselves impregnable with their large treasuries. A crushing blow

three years, ended in another signal defeat.

In the year following the birth of the Labor party, the famous Taff Vale decision was handed down by the courts and sustained by the House of Lords. This declared that picketing during strikes was illegal, and that unions were liable for damages incurred by employers through the acts of striking employees. Such a far-reaching decision startled the trade-unionists as never before. Under it their most effective weapon for conducting strikes was taken from them, and their union funds could be levied upon by employers whenever damages could be shown. Efforts to have a bill passed through Parliament—the Trades Disputes Bill—to legalize picketing, and to limit the specific acts for which trade-union funds could be mulcted, were blocked. So was other legislation demanded by the unions.

Meanwhile the unemployed situation—perhaps more acute in England than any other country—was growing in intensity, and the agitation over it becoming more bitter. Charles Booth, an eminent and impartial social statistician, holds there are ordinarily in England thirteen million people on the verge of actual want. There are in England and Wales about nine hundred thousand paupers. The official figures for July 1, 1907—the latest at hand—show 868,276; and since that date the de-



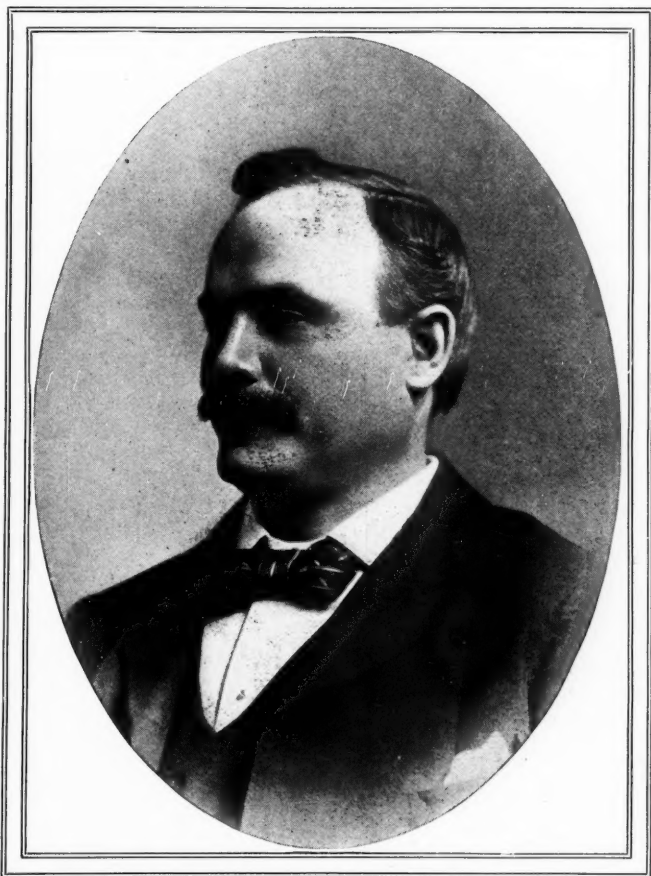
ARTHUR HENDERSON, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE BARNARD CASTLE DIVISION OF DURHAM, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOR PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

*From a photograph by Haines, London*

was the defeat, in the lockout of 1897, of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, one of the most powerful of the international bodies of working men. Support from unions all over the world could not prevent the employers from gaining a victory. The Penrhyn quarrymen's strike in Wales, lasting more than

three years, ended in another signal defeat. In the year following the birth of the Labor party, the famous Taff Vale decision was handed down by the courts and sustained by the House of Lords. This declared that picketing during strikes was illegal, and that unions were liable for damages incurred by employers through the acts of striking employees. Such a far-reaching decision startled the trade-unionists as never before. Under it their most effective weapon for conducting strikes was taken from them, and their union funds could be levied upon by employers whenever damages could be shown. Efforts to have a bill passed through Parliament—the Trades Disputes Bill—to legalize picketing, and to limit the specific acts for which trade-union funds could be mulcted, were blocked. So was other legislation demanded by the unions.





PETER FRANCIS CURRAN, OF THE GAS-WORKERS' UNION, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE JARROW DIVISION OF DURHAM

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

few figures give but a faint idea of the appalling condition of the English labor market.

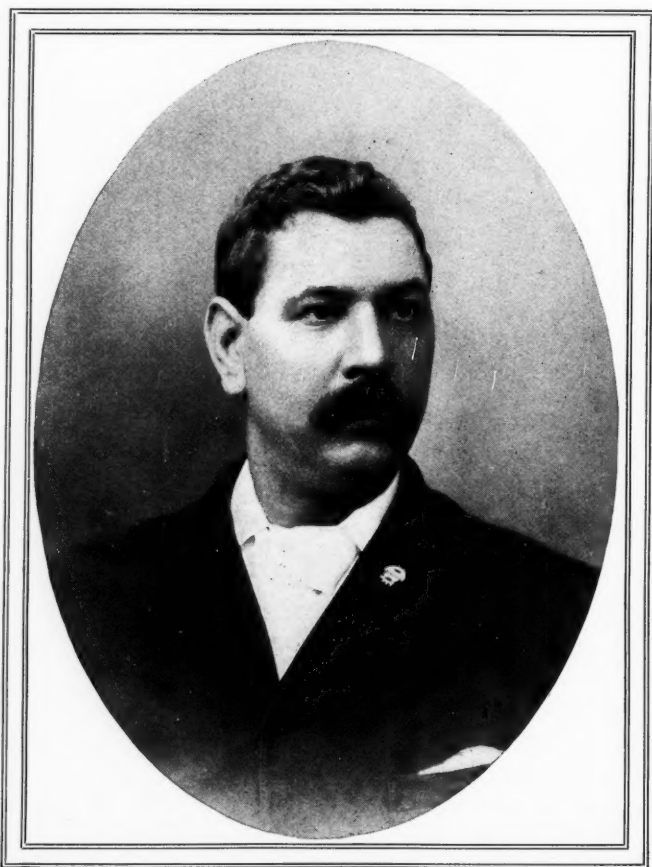
#### LABOR MEN IN PARLIAMENT

At the last general election—that of 1906—the Liberals swept into power with a great majority; but another significant result of the voting was the appearance of twenty-nine representatives of the Labor party. A revolution in British politics was inaugurated. The political world was aghast. The success of two additional Labor candidates at by-elections held last year has caused still more concern.

Most of the thirty-one Labor M.P.'s are leading officials of trade-unions—

representing almost as many different trades. There are other working men in Parliament, but these were elected as "Liberal Labor" men, or simply as trade-union candidates, without the co-operation or indorsement of the Labor party, and they act either with the Liberals or as individuals.

In the Commons, the Labor group has its own chairman and its own whips, like the older parties. The spectacle is thus presented for the first time of a body of working men—miners, laborers, longshoremen, machinists, and so on—acting as an organized, independent, and distinct body in the Mother of Parliaments. When it is considered that heretofore membership in the British legis-



WILL THORNE, SECRETARY OF THE GAS-WORKERS' UNION, MEMBER OF  
PARLIAMENT FOR WEST HAM

*From a photograph by Calvert, London*

lature has been practically restricted to the wealthier and aristocratic classes, is it any wonder that the ancient traditions that cluster around Westminster have been rudely shaken?

The Labor members consider their proposals eminently practical, but their opponents freely use the adjectives "paternalistic," "demoralizing," "confiscatory," and "unpatriotic" to express their opinion of the newcomers' demands. Relief for the unemployed; old-age pensions; free feeding of school-children; better factory inspection; a shorter workday for miners—these are the chief economic measures advanced. Woman suffrage and railway nationalization also get some attention.

The Labor party has forced through Parliament its Trades Disputes Bill, and thus neutralized the Taff Vale decision; secured an amendment to the Education Act, providing meals for school-children; inspired a workman's compensation law which makes employers liable for injuries sustained by employees; and compelled additional grants for the unemployed. A modified system of old-age pensions has also been adopted by Mr. Asquith's government, and will come into operation with next year, admittedly in deference to the demands of the Labor group.

Notwithstanding this, all is not serene within the ranks of the new party. There is dissatisfaction with the work of the

members in Parliament, and they are constantly being called upon to be more radical and outspoken. To this they reply that they are hampered by the antiquated rules governing parliamentary procedure, and they have frequently expressed their disgust at the cumbersome methods which, as they claim, retard political progress.

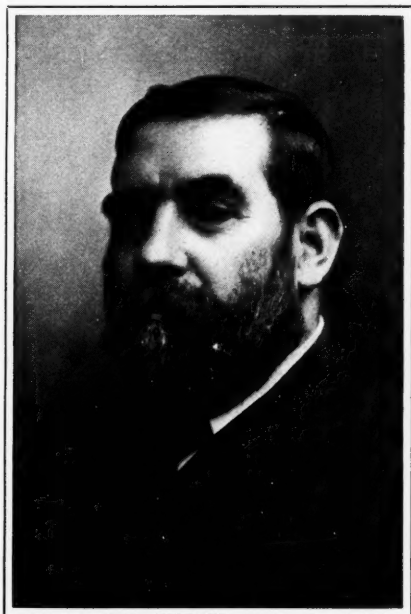
There are also factions in the Labor movement itself. The trade-unions have at least two national federations, and the relations of the several socialist parties and groups to one another are bewildering and confusing. Of these socialist bodies, the Independent Labor party and the Fabian Society are affiliated with the Labor party. The Social Democratic Federation, the oldest socialist organization, withdrew when the Labor party, a few years ago, refused to make socialism a test of membership.

One great bar to labor representation in Parliament, heretofore, has been the non-payment of members. The British government, unlike those of almost all other countries, pays no salaries to its legislators. As a result, working men—

even if they could bear the necessary costs of a campaign for election—could not afford to serve at Westminster. To meet this difficulty, the affiliated unions of the Labor party levy special funds to support candidates while seeking election and while sitting in Parliament. All the Labor members are financed in this way. The system has met with some opposition within the unions, and individual members have tested in the courts the legality of funds raised and used for political purposes.

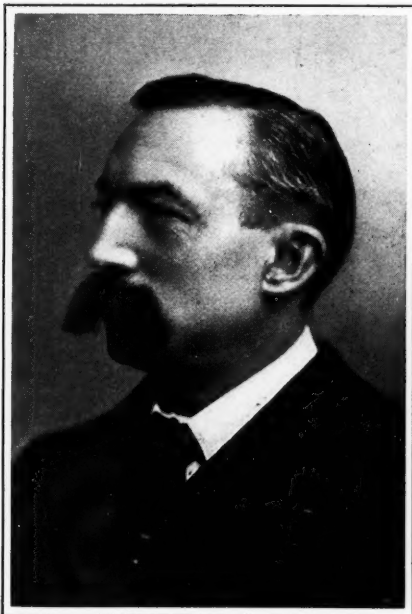
The claim is also made that trade-union funds are used to advance the propaganda of socialism. However this may be, the agitation of the Labor party never stops. Pamphlets expounding its principles pour from the press literally in millions. It is estimated that the Labor and socialist groups hold fifteen hundred public meetings in Great Britain every Sunday. The Labor members are engaged unceasingly in public speaking, and debates between advocates and opponents are frequent.

An element of picturesqueness is added to the movement by the so-called



WILL CROOKS, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR WOOLWICH, AND A PROMINENT LABOR LEADER

*From a photograph by Russell, London*

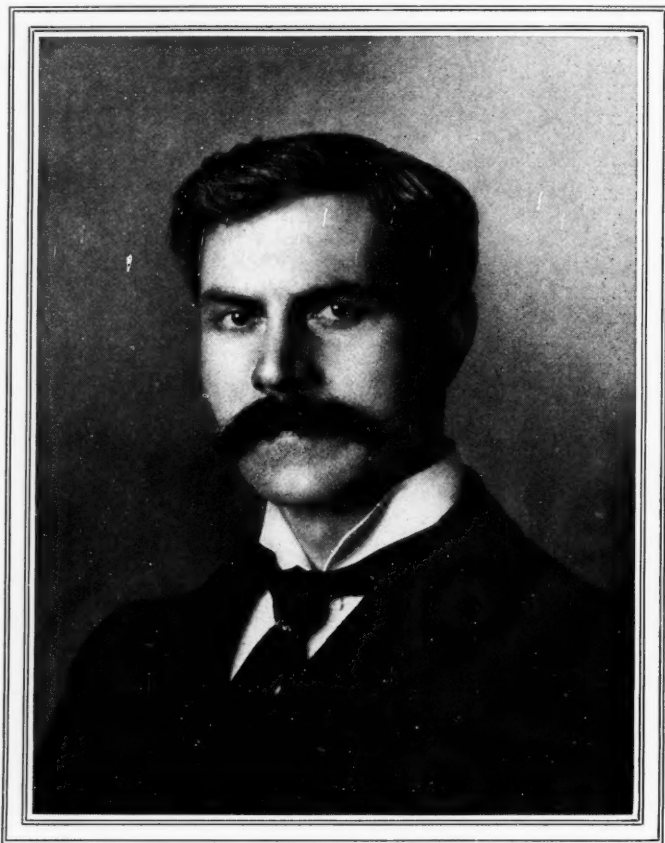


ROBERT BLATCHFORD, FOUNDER OF THE CLARION, AND AUTHOR OF WIDELY CIRCULATED SOCIALIST BOOKS

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

Clarion Vanners, who keep vans traveling with speakers and literature while seasonable weather permits. They derive their name from the *Clarion*, a weekly labor newspaper. The Clarion Vanners have had some exciting expe-

party cannot but be full of dramatic features. Arising out of existing social and industrial conditions, its character is reflected in the careers and personalities of its leaders. Their lot cast in unpleasant places, battling with poverty



J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR LEICESTER, AND  
SECRETARY OF THE LABOR PARTY

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

riences. Their vans have been ordered out of certain towns, and have had to pass on in a hurry. In other places they have been attacked during their meetings, their speakers have been routed, and their vans dumped into the ditch. More recently, other vans have been sent out, equipped with antisocialist speakers and literature, and these, too, have met with unfriendly receptions in various places.

Such a movement as this of the Labor

and hardship from their birth, these men have the characteristics naturally acquired in the struggle to survive under unequal conditions of caste and privilege. Nearly all of them are self-educated, children of the slum, the workman's cottage, and the poorhouse. And yet, two years ago, when they were asked by a London newspaper to tell what books had specially influenced them, the names most frequently mentioned were those of the Bible, the works of

John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Dickens, Shakespeare, Karl Marx, and Darwin.

#### THE CAREER OF KEIR HARDIE

Picture to yourself a little boy down in a coal-mine, away from the sunlight and fresh air, holding a piece of slate over the smoke of a lamp, and then tracing the alphabet upon the smoke-stained surface with a pin. That was how Keir Hardie, foremost leader of the Labor party, learned to write. He never had a day's schooling in his life.

At eight years of age Hardie went into the mines, working there twelve hours a day. Before he was thirty he had organized the miners of Lanarkshire and was subeditor of a weekly newspaper. At thirty-six he was elected to Parliament by one of the East End districts of London. At Westminster he attracted attention by wearing the same cloth cap that he always wore in his Scottish mining-town, thereby shattering the tradition which made the silk hat the proper legislative headgear. The controversy that arose over this act of Hardie's was almost as serious and profound as if an enemy had fired upon the British fleet.

Defeated for reelection in 1895, he was returned again in 1900 from Merthyr Tydvil, the coal-mining center of South Wales, which he still represents. Meanwhile he had founded the Independent Labor party and started its organ, the *Labor Leader*. He visited the United States, in 1895, as fraternal delegate to the American Federation of Labor, and was enthusiastically welcomed by trade-unionists in the principal cities. During his recent tour of the world—undertaken on account of ill health—his letters from India aroused the British press to fierce discussion and government supporters to fresh invective. This year he has visited the United States again, principally to study the national campaign and the political methods employed here. He has urged American working men to unite for action as an independent party.

Hardie is a unique combination of practicality and sentiment. A strong poetic vein and a streak of dry Scottish humor relieve the deep seriousness of

his nature. Thoroughly acquainted with labor conditions in Great Britain, he has nevertheless found time to acquire an extensive knowledge of literature and the classics.

#### JOHN BURNS, CABINET MINISTER

John Burns has been an important figure in the British labor movement of the last quarter of a century. Beginning as a socialist, he has gradually drawn farther and farther away from his old associates until his acceptance of a position in the present Liberal cabinet finally sundered their relations. The socialists now delight in taunting him with his speeches of twenty years ago, in which he eulogized the red flag. To-day he has changed many of his views. Much of the prevailing poverty in England he charges to intemperance, and he constantly calls upon the working people to stop drinking.

Burns began work in a candle-factory, then served as a rivet boy, was apprenticed to an engineer, studied at night-school, went to South Africa, there read Adam Smith, and on his return to England threw himself into the labor movement. During the unemployed agitation of 1886-1887 he was imprisoned for resisting an officer. He has represented the Battersea district of London in Parliament since 1892.

When Burns became a cabinet officer, and had to hold audience with royalty for the first time, there was much curiosity as to whether, in view of his old-time ridicule of the "flunkies" of the court, he would wear the traditional knee-breeches and the rest of the state dress used on such occasions. It was rumored that an effort was made to have the king excuse Burns from appearing in costume; but Burns donned the regalia nevertheless, and his enemies are still scoffing at him about it.

#### OTHER LABOR LEADERS

Will Crooks has had a romantic and stormy career. Reared in the poorhouse, amid the most degrading poverty, he emerged from the surrounding wretchedness to learn his trade as a cooper, and to teach himself to read and write. Blacklisted for his trade-union activity, beaten from pillar to post, snatching a



precarious livelihood, he entered local politics in his native district of Poplar, in the East End of London, and was elected to the London County Council. Four years ago, Woolwich sent him to Parliament by a majority of nearly two to one. He is a blunt, rugged character of great popularity among the working people.

Two able members are Will Thorne and Pete Curran, both of the Gas-Workers' Union. Thorne started as a boy worker in a brick-field, educated himself, founded his union in 1889, and has remained its chief officer ever since. Curran was elected from Jarrow last year. He is Irish, was born in Glasgow, and began agitating in the Irish Land League. He served six weeks in jail, in 1890, for "intimidation" during a strike. Both he and Thorne have visited the United States as fraternal delegates to the American Federation of Labor.

Arthur Henderson, who recently succeeded Hardie as chairman of the Labor party, is a molder, a prominent union official, with experience as a member of various municipal councils.

The secretary of the Labor party is J. Ramsay MacDonald, who differs from his colleagues in that he was successively a school-teacher, a clerk, and a journalist. He is the chief Labor whip, and an eloquent speaker, who is considered the leading "opportunist" of the party.

Of the distinctly socialist group, Henry M. Hyndman and Robert Blatchford perhaps stand out the most prominently. Hyndman was one of the founders of the Social Democratic Federation in 1881. He belongs to a rich family, and is a graduate of Cambridge. A journalist and traveler in his early life, he was always a radical. He says himself—though it sounds a little strange to American ears—that in becoming a socialist he was largely influenced by his visits to the United States between 1871 and 1880. Although efforts have been made to elect Hyndman to Parliament, these have so far failed.

Robert Blatchford, formerly a sergeant in the British army, novelist, short-story writer, and all-around literary man, founded the *Clarion* and is the author of the most widely circulated socialist book

in the English language—"Merrie England." He is perhaps the best drawing card that the Laborites command, although he is not a good public speaker.

Victor Grayson won a memorable victory at the by-election held in July of last year in the Colne Valley district of Yorkshire. Practically unknown up to that time, he made a great impression as a speaker, and, running as an avowed and uncompromising socialist, he defeated both a Liberal and a Conservative candidate. Grayson is less than thirty years old, a college graduate and a trained journalist; and since his election to Parliament he has not been able to fill half the demands made upon him for public addresses.

William Morris, poet, artist, and craftsman, was a noted socialist in his day. He attributed his socialism to his hatred of the ugliness and dirt and misery which he charged our present civilization with producing. Walter Crane, the artist, in his recently published reminiscences, credits his conversion to socialism to his association with Morris. In yet another group belong Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Sydney Webb, economist and labor historian, and other noted people who are organized into the Fabian Society, which promulgates socialism among the middle class, with Shaw as its shining light.

These are only some of the leaders of the new movement, but they typify the various elements that center around the Labor party. In the face of this combination, party lines are being readjusted, ancient political landmarks swept away, antiquated issues forgotten, traditional animosities obliterated.

Some profess to see in the movement a revival of the ideas of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler. Others point out that, instead of ignorant medieval peasants, the agitators of to-day are mainly dwellers in cities, intelligent artisans, graduates of the public schools.

And ever arises that vision of marching thousands of men and women, and ever projects itself the question—whither march they? To freedom and plenty, or to wide-spread ruin and disaster?

Only the future, under the guidance of mutual sympathy, patriotism, and public spirit, can make answer.

# STORIETTES

## The Universal Angle

BY VINGIE E. ROE

**S**PREAD out on a desolate flat of barren land was a mighty, far-circling structure whose grim gray walls it was impossible to mistake. On the wrong side of those walls three men sat talking quietly in the comparative freedom bought by "special first-class good conduct." They all wore the conventional garb of the commonwealth—dull gray with white stripes—and none of them bore a noticeable hirsute burden.

These three had as inevitably drawn together as they had emerged from the mass to the more distinctive plane of "trusty." They were all men of intellect and a certain brand of refinement. Just now, in a corner of the open yard, where they had been detailed on some small matter of a water-pipe, they were discoursing on the relative merits of love, maternal and conjugal.

"Mother love," said the oldest of the trio—a slender man whose calm brown eyes and unbending carriage still retained a distinction of individuality after nine years of the lock-step—"mother love is the one basic, unchangeable principle of humanity, the one dependable passion. It transcends all others as day dominates night. It animates all nature, from the most minute creations up."

They had been digging, and they sat on the dump to rest a moment under the lenient eye of the guard. The youngest prisoner—a boy of twenty, in for the best ten years of his life—picked up a clod of clay, breaking it in his fingers. His eyes clouded so quickly and heavily that he finished the operation carefully before looking up.

"I guess I know that," he said tensely.

The third—a man in the very prime of life, a handsome fellow with a haughty, well-bred face and an indescribable air of decency—had kept a

comparative silence. Now he spoke, and there was a hardness in his low voice that was not habitual.

"Neither of you, I think, is married," he said. "I am."

The older man interrupted him. "I was," he said simply.

The other, whose name in the prison parlance was "No. 1822," went on:

"There are things that one must experience to discuss with any certainty. The idea that a thing must always be so because it is commonly so is a blind prejudice. Men talk, as you are talking, from a universal acceptance of a rule; and until they experience the exception to that rule at brutal first hand, they swear, in their ignorance, that it is incontrovertible. You have seen the universal angle; I have experienced the possible exception."

The other two were silent—the older man because he understood, the boy because he didn't. Presently No. 1822 went on:

"Although we three have become such friends as men may be in such a situation, none of us has told his story. Mine is a direct refutation of your theory. I am here because my mother put me here. Not but what it was my just due—I am still man enough to take what I deserve under my own colors—but there is the exception to your rule."

"It is a very commonplace story, like the history of hundreds of others here. It had to do with a banking-house in which I held a responsible position, a rather fast set of companions, a careless disregard of my income, debts, more debts, an awakening, the usual chance of retrieve of funds secretly borrowed for a few days, a sudden slump, a sickening loss, disgrace, ruin, and no avenue but flight. My wife, a delicate, wild-

flower thing, was prostrated, utterly overwhelmed, when I was forced to tell her the brutal truth. I left her"—the speaker turned deliberately and sat looking at the blank gray wall for several minutes, then he turned gamely back, though his face was white with the cruelty of the memory—"I left her broken-hearted, because she loved me. In her anguish she cried only that she loved me, and that I had broken her heart.

"I went to my mother for help in my proposed flight from the city. She was in a room hung with family portraits, and I remember how her face, set in its frame of iron gray hair, seemed suddenly to age, to congeal, to mold like wet clay into the lines of those that lined the walls on either side. Our ancestry is an upright one; I am the only divergent streak. But its chastity is set with inflexible spikes. It is a stern goodness. My mother heard my hurried words, stumbling out incoherently—for I had always held her in a certain reverent awe—and I know that she suffered more in that one moment than she had ever suffered in all her life. She gazed at me, transfixed. When she could move, she looked along that line of pictures, seeming to implore help from their silent strength. Then she walked down the long room, without a word, and rang a bell. She was my only source of help, so it followed inevitably that within an hour I had been turned over to the authorities.

"My trial was of no moment. There was no extenuation for me. I saw my wife once; then I came here. It has been part of my punishment that I should have no communication with the outside world. That was three years ago. In one week, with ten months off for good conduct, I shall leave here to take up what there is left of life. Do you wonder that with my wife's sobs ringing in my ears, and with the memory of her trembling lips clinging to mine, of her arms holding to me to be fairly torn loose at the last moment, I should place her love—weak woman that she was—above all other? The city, roaring away not so many miles from here, holds them both; but which do you think will receive me—a man with the

prison-taint upon him, disgraced, dishonored—back into the old life? You may draw your own conclusions."

No. 1822 rose abruptly, picked up his tools, and returned to work. The boy's blue eyes were wide with wonder. The older man sat a moment, sighed, shook his head, and fell to his task in silence.

A week later No. 1822 stood in a certain room of the grim settlement. The gray-and-white stripes were gone, and in their place he wore a dark suit of ready-made clothes, every line of whose palpable mediocrity was a worse offense to his sensibilities than the prison garb had ever been. Several of the authorities were present, and the words that passed were strangely more like those between man and man than were usually accorded the departing guests of the place. A few formalities, and the convict who had served his time was taken down the long passage toward the heavy doors that opened to the outer world.

A wild panic of emotions surged through his heart. A very storm of uncertainty seized him. His hands felt cold and his knees trembled. Then the big doors were before him, and he turned to shake hands with his two friends, the older man and the boy, who, through a special indulgence—perhaps a breach of prison rules—had been allowed to see him off. An official swung a great key into an oiled lock, touched a knob, and with a smooth motion the doors swung open, the blessed sunlight poured in, and No. 1822 stepped forward, once more a free man.

He was about to strike out with the uncontrollable rush of a boy when something gave him pause, and he stood rigid on the top step.

Just at the bottom was a dark-colored automobile, and behind the liveried chauffeur there sat a woman—an old woman whose haughty head was crowned with iron-gray hair, and on whose upright, uncompromising face an unspeakable anguish had set its seal. Her drooping lips did not quiver as she swung open the door of the car and held out a gloved hand.

"Come, my son," she said gravely.

Helplessly, as if drawn by an un-

known force, the man on the step descended. He leaned against the door, catching at the outstretched hand.

"Mother!" he cried.

There was a terrible silence. The woman's face twitched.

"Agnes?" he said, breathlessly.

"Divorced and remarried—in Eu-

rope." She gently drew him inward, and he stepped into the car. The mother closed the door. "Home, Steffins," she said steadily.

The group in the big door was shut in, but there was a tender light in the gentle eyes of the older man as he fell into step.

## Seventy-Seven's Coward

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

PATRICK lay miserably on his cot in Engine Seventy-Seven's quarters, trying to be a man; but it was no use. He had flinched—not at a fire, not from danger of the terrible sort that fascinated him, but before a mere runaway horse, and the man he might have saved lay in the Morgue. Try as he might, the boy could not forget the silence with which the men had greeted him on his return to quarters, the story having somehow preceded him.

"I was off duty! I was off duty!" he kept whispering to himself, vainly attempting to crush the sense of cowardice that filled him with shame. He could never hold up his head again—the disgraceful tale would go the rounds of every fire-house in the city. Grim and severe, Seventy-Seven's captain had said nothing to the new man—merely stared at him savagely; but the wordless contempt of a veteran who twice had been medaled for heroism ate into the sturdy young Irishman's soul.

Banging out its imperious call, the great gong at the desk below cut short his agony. Instantly the sleepy house was alive. Men sprang to the pole and shot through the floor to the engine. The horses were in their places, pawing and eager. Quick hands snapped the harness fast, the engineer fired his oil-soaked kindlings, the driver caught up the reins, and engine and tender rolled out together, red-headed Patrick clinging with one hand to the rail of the tender as he pulled on his boots and rubber coat with the other. Above him, on the accurately piled hose, straddled the captain, cursing the hot weather, the slippery asphalt, and fires generally, his

white mustache all a bristle, his blue eyes hard.

Shrill and terrifying, the whistle demanded right of way as Seventy-Seven thundered down the avenue, her three splendid grays at a panting gallop. Through a side street the crew could hear Fifty-Four's whistle, and knew that she, too, was clamoring and straining for first place at the dangerous turn a block ahead.

"Hit it up, Tom!" yelled the captain. "We can make it!"

Leaning forward with cutting lash and pleading voice, the intrepid driver answered by urging his plunging team on, and Seventy-Seven took the corner on two wheels, Fifty-Four's horses nosing the men on the flying tender.

Just ahead the fire roared through the roof of a large paint-store, menacing a restaurant on one side and a wholesale chemist's on the other. Already the battalion chief had rung in a second and a third alarm, and for blocks the city thrilled to the wild shriek of the racing engines.

Seventy-Seven halted beside the nearest hydrant, and before the chief could give an order the coupling was made smartly, hose led out, and the nozzle-men staggered toward the inferno with their heavy line, Patrick and the other pipemen dragging the weight of the writhing hose behind. The boy's eyes widened as he gazed at the belching fury before him, thought of the watching thousands behind, for the noon-hour crowd had gathered like magic. Recruit that he was, he knew he was experiencing his first great conflagration, and shivered as he wondered disgustedly

if he would flinch here as he had flinched at smaller peril.

A hatless man rushed excitedly to the battalion chief, who instantly rang in two more alarms, and, running forward, began shouting, waving to the men, who could not hear anything but the gruff voice. Glancing quickly back as he helped with the hose, Patrick saw his captain beside him, white as paper, and felt the veteran's hand on his arm.

"Back, men! It's full o' chlorate! Back out! She'll go up in a minute!" the captain yelled, jerking each man as he shouted in his ear.

"The chemist shop, you mean?" roared Patrick.

No attention was paid to him, and he stood dumbly staring at the smoking drug-warehouse, from whose interior, though as yet scarcely fired, small explosions were already popping.

"Tons of it! Git back!" he heard the captain bellow at the nozzlemen, who dropped their brass tube and ran back. Fifty-Four's men sprang back, too. Up on the Elevated structure the crew of a hook and ladder were rapidly picking their way to safety over the deadly third rail. Only Patrick stood immovable as comrades and commander dashed toward security. It was one of those rare moments when terror incarnate melts the hearts of the bravest; and notwithstanding their records for undaunted courage, both crews fled from the intangible spirit of fear.

"Come back, you fool!" roared the officer. "Can't do nothin' till she blows up. She'll go in a second!"

The boy looked around. Inside the fire-lines there was no one but the grizzled veteran and himself. The sudden panic had seized upon crews and crowd alike. His face brightened.

"I'm goin' in! You think I'm a coward. I'm goin' in! Help me git that nozzle!"

Furiously the captain struck at him, but Patrick dodged the blow and darted forward, his big frame suddenly endowed with berserker strength and determination. Turning as he wrestled with the spouting serpent, he called to his comrades across the street:

"Seventy-Seven! Seventy-Seven! Come on in!"

Only the flames and a volley of terrifying little explosions answered him. Gritting his teeth, he fought with the hose, falling headlong as it suddenly flattened out with the cutting off of the water.

"Good old cap!" muttered the young recruit, jumping up and plunging desperately into the smoking cellar.

Across the way, the firemen watched enthralled as the pipe-line writhed its way into the darkness inch by inch, until the staccato alarm of a gong proclaimed the arrival of the chief himself.

"What's this?" he demanded angrily, struggling into his white rubber coat.

Seventy-Seven's captain caught the battalion chief's sign, and told him.

"She's full o' chlorate—blow up any second—called back crews to—"

"Who's in there?"

"Only a recruit—first coward Seventy-Seven's ever had. Guess he didn't understand. Too risky to go after him now. Might lose my whole crew!"

"*Coward!*" exploded the chief. "Gimme an ax. Darn the chlorate! Turn on your water full there, Seventy-Seven. Come on, boys, follow me!"

The panic was gone. With a yell the men sprang after the disappearing white coat and helmet and the bobbing lantern. A minute later, Patrick, deathly sick on the floor of the cellar as he lay face downward over the nozzle spouting a torrent against the barrels of chlorate of potash, upon which he had stumbled by mere luck, felt his heart leap as the lantern approached and he heard a muffled voice say:

"Good boy!"

While the ambulance surgeon worked over him on the sidewalk, the irate chief heard the whole story. The big man's face grew blacker and blacker as the uncomfortable captain told it, shifted his helmet uneasily, and waited.

"Do you know what would have happened if that chlorate had exploded?" the chief asked.

"No, sir."

"Why don't you? It's your business to know! You, the oldest captain in the department! Report to me at headquarters after you wash down!"

Without a word the chief strode over



to Patrick, his face still dark as the recruit struggled feebly to his feet and saluted.

"What is your name?"

"William Patrick, sir—Engine Seventy-Seven," hiccupped the half-suffocated recruit.

"Don't you know you were a fool to disobey orders and go in there?"

"No, sir."

"Eh?"

"No, sir. I knew what would happen if she ever blew up," he said haltingly, as the crews of Seventy-Seven and Fifty-Four gathered about in respectful curiosity, "an' I thought I could stop her. Was I wrong, sir?"

The entreaty in the lad's voice stirred the chief's tough old heart, and he made his voice very gruff to conceal its tremble.

"Wrong—no! It was the only thing

to do. Report sick and go home for a day. You've done enough."

"Please, chief, I'd rather stay in the house. I don't want to go home!"

Gazing hard at the grimy, shame-faced heroes surrounding him, the chief laughed harshly.

"Anybody think bad o' the boy?"

"No, *sir!*" shouted the crews in chorus.

"I got a vacancy, chief, an' if you'll let me have him, the boys'll be only too glad to have such a partner," broke in Fifty-Four's captain, extending his hand heartily to Patrick. "We need all the brave men we can get."

"D'ye hear, lad?" the chief asked kindly. "You're transferred. Fifty-Four, you're in luck!"

And both crews answered with a cheer, completing the mystification of the uncomfortable Patrick.

## The Princess and the Leopard

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

MISS MARIETTA BAILEY—"Princess Perdita, the Queen of the Leopards," she was called in the posters—sat in the waiting-room of the Magnet Museum, sewing at a new shirt-waist until the time came for her "turn."

Marietta could hardly have told you how she came to be an animal-trainer. As a farmer's child under the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains she had been fond of animals, trapping them in the woods, and making herself a juvenile menagerie. Then, when she had had to go out in the world and make her own living, there had come an opportunity to train bigger and more ferocious creatures. A visit to a friend who knew a showman, a meeting with the showman, an offer of employment if she could "make good" in the arena—and Marietta Bailey became the Princess Perdita.

Like most trainers, she loved her animals, severely as she must occasionally discipline them. Grimness had settled about her mouth and chin, and she looked older than her years except when she forgot the animals and laughed at the adventures of Punch and Judy.

In one thing she deceived her mother. The good old lady imagined that leopards were as harmless as kittens if one knew how to handle them. She knew nothing of Nero and Betsy, who were kept in separate cages, and were allowed in the arena with the others only when Marietta was there to control them. If she had, she might have guessed why Marietta was ill sometimes, and wrote home from a hospital. The farm was far away from museums, and the deception was likely to continue unless—but that was something a good trainer doesn't let worry her. Meanwhile, the money went home regularly and made the farm more comfortable.

Marietta glanced at the clock, picked up her bar and whip, and went to the long looking-glass to take a final survey of her appearance. Down-stairs the restless movement of many feet abruptly ceased. There was a second of tense silence, then came cries of terror, the shrill scream of a woman, the rush and clatter of people running. Something terrible was happening in the exhibition-hall.

Her first thought was of fire, her second of the safety of the leopards. The door was thrown open before she could reach it, and her assistant stood on the threshold. His face was white, his hands trembling, but he did his best to control himself.

"Nero's out!" he gasped. "Out of his box! I don't know how it happened—all at once there he was out, and—"

"Never mind that," answered Marietta sharply.

She brushed past him and stepped out on the landing overlooking the exhibition-hall. At first glance the place seemed empty, and she breathed a sigh of relief. Nobody had been injured. The audience, despite its panic, had taken quick advantage of the several exits, and somebody had had sense enough to close them.

On the platform, the conjurer's table was upset, the fat lady's chair empty. In the big arena three leopards prowled stealthily back and forth, back and forth, brushing their big, soft bodies against the bars. From her private cage Betsy's great, cat-like head looked out with serene indifference. Beside it Nero's cage stood tenantless. Save for the padding footsteps of the three leopards in the arena, the room was so silent that Marietta's heart jumped violently as one of the side doors opened cautiously and the terrified face of the manager peered in for an instant—and then promptly vanished.

Gaudy in its decorations and heavy with disinfectants, the exhibition-hall was completed at one side by a few rows of upholstered settees in front of the Punch and Judy booth. There was little chance here for a leopard to hide himself, and Marietta shivered at the thought that Nero must have managed to follow the audience. A wild animal loose in the streets, a human being probably mangled or killed, Nero almost certainly shot to death by the police!

But now something waving to and fro over the seats of the Punch and Judy theater caught her attention, and she knew it for Nero's tail twitching with excitement. On a ledge beyond the seats a long-handled feather-duster, left there by some careless attendant, stirred softly in the breeze created by an electric fan, and the motion had attracted the leopard's attention. Even as she came quietly down

the stairs there was a low growl, a spotted body shot under the electric light, and Nero rolled over and over on the floor, grasping the feather-duster between his paws.

In the arena, the captive leopards stopped their restless pacing and roared with excitement; but Nero paid no attention. Stretched at length on the floor, he patted his victim, tossed it away from him, and then reached out a huge paw and gathered it in again with kittenish satisfaction.

"You stay here," whispered Marietta to her assistant. "When I've got Nero's attention, you get over by the arena and unlock the door for me."

She handed him the key and walked deliberately toward the leopard. At sight of her, Nero raised his big head and bared his teeth. He was used to the princess, and really thought no more of her presence than of that of another leopard; but he warned her frankly that just now it was his pleasure not to be tampered with. The red spark of suspicious anger gleamed in his eyes as Marietta stooped and laid her fingers on the long handle.

"Having a good time, old boy?" said Marietta.

She spoke cheerfully, as if nothing unusual were happening. Holding her bar and whip in her left hand, she knelt on one knee and gently moved the duster. She made no effort to take it away, but smiled into Nero's round, shining eyes, and played with him as a child plays with a kitten. Now she advanced the duster; again she drew it away ever so little, the shining eyes watching intently and the big paws following with swift, powerful jabs. Once the great paw, reaching beyond its plaything, struck her hand and left three bleeding lines behind it.

It was a long way to the arena. She drew back a foot or two, dragging the duster; and the great cat moved its crouching body a foot or two after it, stretched out a paw, and pinned it down firmly. A full minute she waited, the animal watching her. Then she snatched it away from him and whisked it boldly in front of his cruel jaws. The leopard slapped at it, the duster swiftly eluded him; and he followed its movements with deep, low growls and purrs of feline excitement. The attendant took a step

toward her, but she waved him back and went on with the game.

So, bit by bit, she led the leopard nearer the arena, until at last she dropped the duster for an instant, threw open the door with her free hand, and entered. Her back was turned toward the three leopards within, but the hand holding the bar and whip was behind her, and the beasts were too near to spring. They slouched away from her, snarling at the whip, and Marietta snatched up the duster and threw it lightly into the arena. For a long moment Nero crouched outside, looking at the motionless object; then he bounded lightly after it. The snap lock of the door clicked behind him.

Marietta, whip in hand, went straight to the three leopards, and one after another ordered them into their corners. The creatures obeyed, snarling and grumbling. Then she turned to Nero, but the beast was in no mood for obedience. His great body sank close to the floor, his tail swung back and forth viciously. A gentle undulating motion ran along his back and through all his muscles, and he sprang straight at his mistress.

Equally quick, Marietta stepped aside; the lithe body flashed harmlessly past her, and before the beast could gather itself for another spring the point of the wooden bar was against his chest, the thin whip curling biting about his body. He retreated, trying to gain space enough for another spring; but Marietta fol-

lowed him, driving him steadily toward the door of the arena, which her assistant had unfastened and blocked by the open box from which the leopard had escaped. Her eyes, hard and shining with excitement and tense power, began to frighten him, and the repeated sting of the lash hurt him cruelly.

The alarmed face of the manager again peered cautiously into the exhibition-hall. He saw Nero rise straight on his hind legs, reaching his great paws toward the girl's face. Involuntarily the watcher closed his eyes; but the paws swept through empty space. Marietta was beyond their reach, and the whip cut savagely into the leopard's flanks until he dropped back on all fours, roaring with anger and defeat, and, with a final snarl, crawled into his own box to escape further punishment.

Marietta leaned exhausted against the side of the arena, and the three other leopards, cowed by the punishment of their comrade, crept from their corners and laid themselves at her feet.

When the Princess Perdita came out of the arena, she brought the feather-duster with her.

"What you goin' to do with the duster?" asked the attendant. "Goin' to keep it as a souvenir?"

"Souvenir nothing," said Marietta. "I'm just going to give it back to old Nero. Poor brute! He was having such a good time with it!"

## Mike's Boss

BY ROBERT RUSSELL

THE boy realized something of the novelty of his present position long before he opened his eyes. As he began to be aware of the fact that he possessed a body with its attendant senses, there also came the knowledge that his head rested on a fresh pillow, and that there was something strange about the sheets which enveloped his ninety pounds of humanity.

At length the blue Irish eyes opened, and he saw a long room bordered by numerous small white beds similar to the one he occupied. His freckled fore-

head assumed perplexed lines, but was almost immediately smoothed by remembrance, as a sharp pain shot through his left leg.

"A 'orspital," came from the thin, expressive lips.

"Yes, dear, a hospital."

Mike's head turned quickly to the girl sitting at his bedside, and a great wonder filled him at the nearness of such beauty.

"I was on horseback," she continued gently. "I was just going into the park when you dashed around the street-

car and"—with a shudder at the thought—"under my horse's feet. Oh, I ought to have been more careful!"

"Sure, miss, 'twasn't your fault," replied Mike.

"But I shall never forgive myself. I will come to see you every day while you are laid up, and we must get to be good friends."

A dim suspicion that she was talking to some one else caused Mike to make another secret investigation of his surroundings; but an incredulous searching of the girl's eyes, which were looking intently into his, finally convinced the boy that this wonderful creature was addressing him.

"I will tell the house-surgeon that you are conscious," she continued, "and he will send word to your home."

Mike's eyes twinkled.

"He'll have er job ter find it," said the boy; "but I've got ter let de boss know," he added suddenly.

"All right, I will send the doctor to you at once, and he will do anything you want, dear—or get you anything. Good-by until to-morrow, and—and do forgive me!"

Alice Denton rose, but turned to the sufferer again as the apologetic inquiry reached her ears:

"Don't s'pose you er de doc'll know who won de ball game?"

"No, but I will read all the sporting news to you to-morrow."

## II

THE weeks that followed had seemed interminable to Mike, but there had been compensations. Miss Denton's daily visit was an hour eagerly anticipated, intensely appreciated, and proudly dwelt upon. And the thrilling stories his other visitor had told him!

But to-day the boy's intelligent eyes watched the tall figure of his employer with perplexed anxiety as the young man passed between the rows of beds and through the distant door. Mike's head dropped back on the cool pillow, and a sigh of momentary physical peace escaped him. His active brain was very busy for some time, and at last there came the expression of a firm determination:

"If Miss Denton heard him tell me

'bout Red Radigan de Roarin' Rover's bein' converted in de midst o' his wicked ways an' savin' de goil's life, why, she wouldn't b'lieve dat he's t'reated ter fire me from me job. De tears sure hung round de corners o' his eyes wen he talked 'bout de goil. 'Pictur from life, Mike,' says he, kinder laffin' at hisself. But I'll have ter tell her how in-ex-plic-table is de workin's o' de minds o' bus'ness men like me an' him."

The eyes closed; but soon, to a consciousness slowly succumbing to sleep, there came another voice.

"Better to-day, Mike?" asked Miss Denton, taking his hand.

The boy was instantly alert, but his slight movement caused a barely perceptible twitching of his mouth.

"Ain't goin' ter whine, Mis' Denton; but de present bulletin can't encourage de waitin' t'rongs much."

The girl bent over him, her cool hands bringing a wonderful peace.

"Tell me, is anything worrying you?" she said.

"Say, Mis' Denton, you got hair dat looks shimmery in de sunlight, too, ain't ye?" Mike's eyes glistened with the recollection of the man's description of "de goil"—the cause of Red Radigan's return to grace. "An' eyes dat makes a feller who's never seen 'em know what violets look like growin' in de fields."

"Oh, Mike," and dew gathered in the depths of the violets, "I do hope you are not going to have a relapse!"

The boy became serious at once.

"Sure not," he said reassuringly; "I'm lots better. I was on'y t'inkin' 'bout a goil somebody tole me 'bout wunst." And then, with a quick appreciation of the effectiveness of his position, he continued: "But I'm awful worried 'bout me bus'ness. 'F I don't git to de office Saturday I loses me job. De boss—de boss sent woid—an' it's Toisday a'ready."

"That's ridiculous, Mike. Don't worry about that; I will get you another place."

"Oh, no, Mis' Denton"—with a patient smile—"females can't 'preciate wot an awful bad beginnin' t' a bus'ness c'reer it is ter lose yer job. It marks ye. I wouldn't lose mine fer nothin'."

"Then I will write to you employer."

Who is he? You simply cannot go to work by that time."

"Does seem kinder hard," said the boy pathetically, "an' me leg gettin' hurted in de performance o' me duty."

The girl was indignant now.

"It's outrageous! I'll go and see him, Mike. What is the address?"

"De Paulton Buildin', Wall Street, room ten twenty-four." Mike winked knowingly. "I allus ask him favors 'bout five-tirty in de afternoon; he's alone den, an' he's a man what has his good points."

"All right, Mike. Don't think about it any more. Good-by, and I will tell you about it to-morrow."

His blue eyes never left the graceful figure as the girl passed from the room.

"Sunshine an' violets, an' trees an' shade," he mused. "Gee! I'd like ter be in a place like dat." And the contented brain was quiet.

### III

MIKE knew to-day, as she sat by him, how the hair looked with pure gold glistening through it, and how violets glowed softly when life was in them.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "The 'boss' says you can stay till you are absolutely well."

"I tole ye he had his good points," but the voice expressed no surprise.

"And Mike"—she was not looking at the boy now—"you did not tell me

his name; but I found that—that I had known him very well. He said he did not understand about your fear of losing your place. What did you mean, dear?"

"I dunno 's it's anythin' ter brag 'bout, Miss Denton; but I wanted ter do somethin' fer him. Yer see, he used ter tell me a story every day when he come ter see me, an' bring me t'ings; an' every story had a goil in it. Can't 'member all he said 'bout her, but 'twas allus de same goil, dough. An' one day I says: 'Dat's like Miss Denton.' 'What you know 'bout Miss Denton?' says he; an' den I tole him 'bout yer comin' here. He looked kinder's if he seed sompin' 'way out de windy. 'I used ter see her, too, Mike,' says he. 'Not now?' says I. 'If ye'd seen her wunst, I'd t'ink ye wouldn't wanter stop.' 'I didn't,' says he. 'She won't see me.' He didn't say nothin' more, but he kept comin' an' tellin' me 'bout de goil in de story. An' den, Miss Denton, I lied to ye. He never told me I'd lose me job if I wasn't at de office Saturday. But I kept t'inkin' 'bout all he done fer me, an' I guessed he wanted ter see ye bad. An' so I lied to git ye to see him again—him, me boss."

The big Irish eyes closed. Gentle lips pressed the anxious brow and soft arms crept about the boy's body. In her voice was the old, dear tone—the tender love of a mother.

"He's my boss now, too, Mike!"

## Courtship by Absent Treatment

BY W. D. WATTLES

CARTWRIGHT was a bachelor, moderately young, very good-looking, and with plenty of money. Mrs. Cora Payne was a widow, a little younger than Cartwright, much better looking, and also possessed of money. Three times within a year he had asked her to marry him, and three times she had refused to do so, being careful, however, to couch her refusal in such terms as should insure his asking her again. She liked Cartwright, but was not sure she loved him well enough to marry him. Besides, she was young, a widow,

rich, and free. What need to change her condition for one that might possibly prove worse?

It was the first day of June, and Cartwright had called on her; and they were chatting comfortably in her cozy sitting-room.

"You don't really believe in that nonsense?" asked he.

"To be sure I believe in it," she answered warmly. "Why, Billy, it's something that everybody admits. Telepathy is an established fact; and if the thoughts of one person can reach the



mind of another, then there must be something in mental treatment. Look at little Mrs. King. She was an invalid for ever so many years, and now she's the picture of health, just by taking absent treatments. And Mrs. Long—her boy was going completely to the bad, and she gave him mental treatments, and he reformed without one word being spoken to him."

Cartwright whistled.

"I—should—say!" he ejaculated. "How do they do it?"

"Why, you just concentrate your mind on the person you wish to influence and give him the right mental suggestion. You tell him continuously that he is strong, healthy, successful, or whatever it is you wish him to be. You pay absolutely no attention to any adverse things he may write, say, or do, or to indications or symptoms. You just hold the thought of what you want as true, and when the vibrations reach his mind it *becomes* true. In a little while he will think the same thoughts that you are thinking; and 'as he thinketh in his heart, so is he,' you know, Billy."

"Are no outward or visible means to be used at all? Wouldn't it make it a more rapid process to convey the suggestions orally or in writing, also?"

"Perhaps it would. It might help if time were lacking."

"I can begin to understand it, and I see great possibilities in it. If I fell in love with a woman, for instance, couldn't I give her mental suggestions until she loved me? Court her by absent treatment, so to speak?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"But wouldn't that be possible, if your theory is true?"

"I suppose so."

"Don't you think, though, that in such a case the—er—present treatments would be pleasanter to take?"

"No. I think I should prefer the absent kind. The vibrations would be more easily checked, I think. Must you go, Billy?"

Cartwright had left his chair and reached for his hat.

"Yes. I am going to commence practising concentration at once. You may expect to have your first treatment to-morrow."

She laughed merrily as she accompanied him to the door.

"Is it your intention to confine yourself strictly to the absent variety, Billy?" she asked tantalizingly as he went down the steps.

"Absolutely," he answered calmly, without looking back. "You will not see me again until the work is done."

The next morning she found in her mail the following note, written on fine note-paper, but unsigned:

DEAR CORA:

You are going to marry me June 15. Am sending the rest of this by vibrations.

Mrs. Payne astonished her cook and housemaid by frequent outbursts of laughter during the day. At night, when she went to her bedroom, she saw a large sheet of cardboard lying on the floor, as if it had been thrown through the open window; and on picking it up she found painted upon the under side, in large letters:

DEAR CORA:

You are going to marry me June 15.

She tore it up, and retired for the night, still laughing.

The next morning her mail contained two duplicates of the first letter. In the afternoon a small box arrived by express. Opening it, she found a neatly folded paper, conveying the information that she would marry the sender on June 15. She flushed a little, and then laughed, not without a slight feeling of nervousness; but after due reflection she concluded to take no notice of the anonymous communications.

On the following morning she found that sealed notes had been tucked under each of the doors during the night; there were five more of them in her mail; and during the day two were delivered by express and one by carrier. This continued without abatement for an entire week. Dozens of notes came to her in various ways, each conveying the same assurance, with the information that further particulars were being forwarded by vibration.

To crown all, on the 8th of June some men erected a huge bulletin-board on a vacant lot across the street, directly in front of her windows; and a painter

traced upon it in large black characters the following cabalistic message:

D. C.: 6, 15.

She did not laugh at this; she was growing angry. Late in the afternoon of the same day her telephone-bell rang, and she placed the receiver to her ear.

"Dear Cora," said a well-known voice, "you will mar—"

She hung up the receiver with a snap. "Choked off that vibration, anyway," she muttered in triumph.

She sat down and wrote the following note:

DEAR BILLY:

Your joke is becoming annoying, and is attracting the notice of the neighbors. Please do not send me any more notes, and take down your sign. It is quite useless, as the treatment is having no effect. I have not the slightest intention of marrying you at any time, and I certainly shall not do so on June 15. Sincerely,

CORA PAYNE.

No notice was taken of this, except that the first note delivered to her on the following day read as follows:

DEAR CORA:

In giving mental treatments, pay no attention to appearances; do not be disturbed by symptoms; never mind what the subject writes or says. Hold the thought you wish her to get, regardless of adverse manifestations. You will marry me June 15.

The bombardment of notes continued unchecked, but on the next day—the 10th of June—a startling variation occurred. She received by registered mail a small package, and on opening it found a beautiful solitaire diamond ring, with this note:

DEAR CORA:

Here's the engagement-ring. Been trying for a week to send it by vibrations, but she won't vibrate, so I fall back on the physical mail. So glad you are going to marry me June 15.

She wrapped the package up again and addressed it to William Cartwright; but upon second thought retained it, and sent the following note:

MR. CARTWRIGHT:

Will you please call, and let me have a few moments' conversation with you? This

foolishness must be stopped. You are annoying and distressing me exceedingly.

CORA PAYNE.

No heed was paid to this note, and on the 12th she received a flood of "suggestions," one being specially marked to secure attention:

DEAR CORA:

Engaged our passage on Kronprinz Wilhelm, sailing June 16 for Europe. Wedding trip last six months. Go everywhere, see everything, have high old time. Leave here right after wedding. Best girl in world, and love you very much. Same by vibrations every day. You are going to marry me June 15.

She tore this up, threw the pieces on the floor, and set her heel upon them; and for an hour she walked the floor of her room with flashing eyes and a very red spot on either cheek.

"Suggestions" of similar tenor were exceedingly plentiful on the two succeeding days, and about six o'clock on the evening of the 14th the following note was delivered by carrier:

DEAR CORA:

Got license, and arranged with clergyman. Will call with auto to-morrow, 11 A.M. sharp. Go parsonage, get married, live happy ever after. Love you tremendously; see vibrations. You are going to marry me.

On the following morning, at eleven o'clock, Cartwright's automobile rolled up to Mrs. Payne's house; and Cartwright, immaculately dressed, sprang briskly up the steps and rang the bell. The door opened promptly, and Mrs. Payne, in a bewitching traveling-suit, stepped out and slipped her hand within his arm.

"I'm all ready, Billy," she said, her voice trembling between laughter and tears, and she gave his elbow a little squeeze.

He promptly helped his bride into the car, and, sitting down beside her, imprisoned one of her neatly gloved little hands in his own.

"Blessed be mental science!" he said softly.

"You might have spared yourself the labor of writing all those letters, Billy," she said. "It was the vibrations that did it, really and truly!"

And perhaps it was; who knows?

# LIGHT VERSE

## 'TIS THIRTY YEARS SINCE

OLIVIA dreamed  
That in a dusk and fragrant wood  
At eve she stood;  
When round her swept a cloud of wings  
Of lovely, tiny, dancing things,  
Half angel, half fairy—  
Alas, they spied a mortal near!  
Hushed was their elfin chorus clear;  
The charming airy  
Quadrille they danced was broken;  
But as the bashful creatures fled,  
A voice of melody was heard—  
No earthly voice to her it seemed—  
"These are the spirits," so it said,  
"Redeemed,  
Of every harsh and bitter word  
Olivia leaves unspoken."

*Sarah N. Cleghorn*

## A SEX PROBLEM

WHAT a puzzling sight is this—  
Sight one's wonder to arouse!  
Do you call it "bub" or "sis"?  
Is that garment frock or blouse?  
Those are trousers—or what then?  
Such uncertainties annoy!  
I can only ask again  
Tomboy girl, or sissy boy?  
From its clothing none could tell,  
Or its long hair floating wild,  
See it romp and run! Well, well!  
What is Mrs. Simpson's child?

*George Jay Smith*

## A DISTINCTION

FAME's very sweet, yet we should careful  
be  
That it is fame, not notoriety;  
'Tis satisfaction small, none can deny,  
To be a cinder in the public eye!

*Carlyle Smith*

## THE MUSIC OF ERIN OF OLD

SWEET as the sound of far-away bells,  
Ringing and chiming over the dells,  
Deep in the heart of memory dwells  
The music of Erin of old.  
A smile and a tear, a zephyr of June,  
An evening of love, a wreath and a rune,  
Soul of a song and life of a tune,

Rose and shamrock, girdled in gold—  
The music of Erin of old!

Strong as the roar of thundering seas,  
Soft as the rustle of leaves in the breeze,  
Light as the wind over blossoming leas—  
The music of Erin of old;  
Voice of a hero and prattle of child,  
Gentle and fierce as the wail of the wild,  
Flashing and crooning, caressing and mild,  
True and tender, pleading and bold—  
The music of Erin of old!

*William Lightfoot Visscher*

## GOOD-FELLOWSHIP

OF all good gifts the gods bestow  
On weary mortals here below—  
Health, wisdom, laughter, riches, rest—  
Good-fellowship, I vow, is best.

And granted that all earthly good  
Were mine, along with solitude,  
How gladly would I change the whole  
For one congenial, friendly soul!

Let sages calmly prate the bliss  
Of lofty, lonely height; I'd miss  
Eternal fame writ large in stone,  
If I must walk those heights alone.

Let poets sing, with rapturous praise,  
The joys of love in ardent lays;  
Let others cry, in accents bold,  
The pleasures bought with glistening gold.

Give me a pleasant friend or two  
To walk with me the journey through,  
And, though I miss the flame divine,  
The best of living still is mine!

*Mary Stuart*

## ENOUGH

POOR Cræsus! Doomed, alas, is he  
To failure dire and deep!  
He seeks rich treasure constantly,  
And dreams it in his sleep.

His coffers bulge with massy gold,  
His chests with precious stones;  
His palaces the riches hold  
Of all our earthly zones.

His ships are speeding o'er the main,  
His acres gird the shore,  
And yet, despite these stores of gain,  
He's ever seeking—more.

In spite of all his vast estate—  
Gold, gems, and silken stuff,  
The chiefest of all wealth elate  
He'll never win—enough!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

#### AN AWAKENING

WHEN Phyllis fair I first espied,  
"She's good enough to eat!" I cried.  
I thought of it the livelong night;  
And later, in the morning light,  
And at all hours I'd oft repeat:  
"By Jove, she's good enough to eat!"

Last night—the merry play was o'er—  
We stood at Mr. Rector's door.  
We hesitated and were lost—  
Who at such times would count the cost?  
We entered, chose a table near  
The center, 'neath the chandelier.

"Pray choose," said I; and Phyllis chose—  
Clams first, with some Château la Rose.  
A lobster next, and then, alas!  
Mushrooms on toast, and under glass.  
A ruddy duck next followed on,  
With hot-house artichokes anon.

A salad, alligator pear,  
Came next upon her bill of fare,  
And then some peaches burnt in wines  
Named for some one at Hammerstein's—  
Melba, perhaps—at any rate,  
Those peaches cost four eighty-eight.

An ice came next, with petit four,  
A demi-tasse, and then the score!  
Well, what's the use? On no pretext  
Will I rehearse what happened next,  
Except to say though good she be  
To eat, no more she'll eat with me!

*Wilberforce Jenkins*

#### A SONG OF MANHATTAN

DIM, misty vistas in the park,  
A song—the organ-grinder's, not the  
lark!

Milady radiant in her Easter frock,  
Whose tints the glories of the lily mock;

Pledge me with Venus, bring an ivy  
crown;

The world is young—the bloom is on the  
town!

A sound of music from the turret roof,  
Salome dancing—not the devil's hoof!  
And pictured mirth beneath heaven's starry  
floor

Beguiles the night like Babylon of yore.

Pledge me to Pan, his pipes shall memory  
drown;

The world is free—the heat is on the  
town!

A coat of brown upon milady's cheek,  
A lobster sizzling—not the biped freak!  
Pegasus prancing in the tanbark's glow,  
Chained to the chariot of a fashion show!  
Pledge to Diana! Toast her fair renown!  
The world is ripe—the tan is on the town!

A chime of sleigh-bells, like a wind-swept  
lyre,

A spark—the lovers kissing—not a fire!  
Jewels of Ind and gems from purple seas,  
In diadems that grace milady's ease!

Pledge me with Bacchus! Scoff the  
storm-king's frown!

The world is gay—the frost is on the  
town!

*Mary C. Francis*

#### A WINTER SONG

WINTER, and splinter of leaf-barren  
bough;  
Never a thrush with its lyrical vow;  
Down in the garden-close everything sere;  
Oh, for the rose and the prime of the year!

Eery and dreary the night and the noon;  
Gone all the glamour that girdled the moon;  
Gone all the glows from the mead and the  
mere;  
Oh, for the rose and the prime of the year!

Whirling and swirling of ominous cloud;  
Waves in a welter and earth in a shroud;  
Yet through the snows, love, the dawn will  
break clear;

Oh, for the rose and the prime of the year!

*Clinton Scollard*

#### RECOLLECTION

HAND in hand we walked together  
Down the winding moonlit way,  
Loving in the love-filled weather  
Of the mating month of May.  
Close at hand a night-bird singing  
From its perch among the trees,  
And the breath of blossoms clinging  
To the warm, caressing breeze—  
Oh, my love, thy spirit dies  
Wandering under southern skies!

In this land of chill unending,  
Where the snow eternal drives,  
Thine the tragedy of spending  
All the winter of our lives;  
Thine the tragedy, the yearning,  
Since thou canst not understand  
How I find the May returning  
At each pressure of thy hand—  
In the love-light of thine eyes  
Find the stars of southern skies!

*Channing Pollock*

# THE STAGE

## WHY BEST-SELLERS FAIL AS PLAYS

THERE is probably no field of artistic endeavor which arouses so much discussion as the theater. Where ten people may cautiously admire or criticize a new painting or a fresh poem, a hundred will freely say what they think of the latest play or the most recently created star.

In this matter of criticism the theater is unique. The labor of months and the expenditure of thousands of dollars may be nullified in one night. A new novel is criticized—yes, but it is never simultaneously condemned by every newspaper in the only town where it has a chance of being sold. Yet this is what may happen to any play that is brought out; it is what did happen very frequently last autumn in New York, and it has happened again there this season in the very August week in which I am writing these lines.

Suppose a new restaurant should be opened in your city, and the newspaper men should all be invited to dine there on the first night of its existence. Suppose, further, that they should go back to their offices and write in their various styles, clever or otherwise, that the soups were cold, the meats bad, the bread sour, and the desserts unspeakable. That restaurant would not be likely to be overcrowded in future, would it? Well, this is exactly the position of the manager when he has the bad luck to pitch on a poor play.

"But why does he invite the critics to come?" you ask.

Because, if he has gambled correctly—for every manager, if he tells you the truth, will admit that play-producing is a gamble—these same newspapers are invaluable to him in disseminating quickly the news that he has a popular attraction. If he waited for those who were present the first night to carry the tidings, it might be weeks before he could gain the same following that a concerted chorus of praise from the press will bring him the day after a *première*.

"But why not advertise that it is a success?" you suggest.

Ah, yes; but who will believe his unsupported word?

The aid of an author who has made a previous hit cannot be counted on to lure people to a show approved only by those who have put it on. Last season was thickly studded with failures by successful playwrights. Indeed, such a common experience has this grown to be that one of the most frequent comments on the hit of "The Traveling Salesman" was the wonder that it should have been written by a man who had so recently scored a success with "The Chorus Lady." Similarly, his ten-strike with "The Man of the Hour" appears to have been a hoodoo to George Broadhurst. Last spring his "Easterner" fell far short, and now he misses fire with another point of the compass for his goal—"The Call of the North," a dramatization of "Conjurer's House" for Robert Edeson.

I have already noted in these pages that the public seems to have formed a prejudice against the dramatized novel. This condition is so well recognized in England that no reference on the playbill was made to the fact that "Mrs. Dot" and "The Explorer" were adapted for the stage by Somerset Maugham from two books of his own.

When you come to analyze the matter, it is not surprising that the book-play should have a harder row to hoe than the drama that comes fresh to the footlights. If it has been a best-seller, all the more reason why it should disappoint an audience, for almost every reader who sees it acted will miss some portion of the story that especially appealed to him between covers, and will criticize the play in consequence.

As for "The Call of the North," one could excuse the publishers of "Conjurer's House" for getting out an injunction against Edeson for using the name of the novel on his program, for I cannot conceive of any sane person caring to read the story after see-





BLANCHE BATES, STARRING AS ANNA GRANGER IN THE NEW AMERICAN PLAY,  
"THE FIGHTING HOPE"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

ing the play. About fifteen minutes of the last act proved to be interesting drama, but this one good passage was like an oasis in the surrounding desert of stupidity.

"The Call of the North" was with-



GERTRUDE COGHLAN, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES COGHLAN AND NIECE OF ROSE, NOW LEADING WOMAN AS BETH ELLIOTT IN THE COMEDY SUCCESS, "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

drawn after a run of some three weeks, giving way to "The Offenders"—a report upon which will be made later.

#### BILLIE BURKE'S BEST

It is pleasant to turn from this awkwardly put together book-play to the simple charm of "Love Watches," the French comedy in which Miss Billie Burke came forward as a star at the Lyceum. When I chatted with Miss Burke in London regarding this momentous evening in her life, she was filled with dread over it. At that time she knew nothing

of the play beyond its name and the fact that it had run well in Paris. This was the middle of July, and her *première* was set for August 27 in New York, so that she faced rehearsals in the hot weather.

But what a happy outcome! Seldom has there been such a complete triumph for play and player as in this instance. One of the critics even harked back as far as Maude Adams's first appearance in "The Little Minister" to find a fit comparison. The part of *Jacqueline* is such a relief from the usual stage



ROSE COGHLAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN DREW AS MRS. PARKER JENNINGS IN "JACK STRAW"

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*

heroine, who lets herself be loved discreetly by the leading man, repulses the villain at the psychological moment, and has to listen to protestations of affection from start to finish. *Jacque-*

young girl propose to a man, not boldly, as an advocate of woman's rights might do, nor coyly, as if in fulfilment of a wager, but honestly, frankly, with all the innocence of childhood, and sim-



FLORENCE REED, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE ROLAND REED, LEADING WOMAN PLAYING OPPOSITE CHARLES CHERRY AS PAMELA IN "GIRLS"

*From her latest photograph*

line has no such beaten track marked out for her. She has no chance to harken to the leading man's tale of love, being far too busy telling him how much she dotes on him. And isn't it enough to pique the interest of a jaded metropolitan audience to hear a

ply for fear that he won't know she loves him unless she tells him so?

There is only one drawback to Charles Frohman's complete satisfaction in having given this part to Miss Burke. He can't make money faster out of the play's success by duplicating companies



PAULINE FREDERICK, WITH WILLIAM GILLETTE IN "SAMSON," THE NEW PLAY BY  
HENRI BERNSTEIN, AUTHOR OF "THE THIEF"

*From her latest photograph by Purdy, Boston*

for the road, as has been done with "The Witching Hour" and "The Thief," because one cannot imagine anybody else capable of investing *Jacque-*

loves, and from that moment every member of the audience loves her.

At this writing it looks very much as if the lucky Lyceum had a third all-



LUCY WESTON, WHO PLAYED ALL LAST SUMMER IN NEW YORK AS EVE, IN  
"THE FOLLIES OF 1908"

*From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*

line with the same ingenuous girlish traits as does Billie Burke.

"Oh, won't you please put on the expression you had in the puddle?" she says in the first act to the man she

season run to add to the series inaugurated by "The Lion and the Mouse" and continued by "The Thief." Gladys Unger, the adapter of "Love Watches," is a young American playwright who



had to go to London to secure production. Only a few years ago she was so unfamiliar with the doings of the theatrical world that she spent several months in writing a play about Sheridan, the playwright, especially for E. H. Soth-

a wild-fire success, it served to introduce Miss Unger to the London boards, and thus brought her to the attention of Mr. Frohman, with the result that her work is now cozily housed at the new Lyceum.



MABEL VAN BUREN, GRAND-NIECE OF PRESIDENT VAN BUREN, APPEARING AS MOLLY WOOD, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE VIRGINIAN"

*From a photograph by Gehrig, Chicago*

ern, quite ignorant of the fact that Mr. Sothern had appeared for a whole season at the old Lyceum in a comedy by Paul Potter on the same theme. His letter of rejection was so complimentary to her work that Miss Unger took the manuscript to London, where it was produced by Arthur Bourchier at his Garrick Theater in the spring of 1907. While the play did not make

In a curtain speech which Arnold Daly made, under protest, at the opening of "The Regeneration," he admitted that he had made a failure of running a theater of his own in New York, and appeared altogether a meek and tractable young man. His descent to a more reasonable level of self-esteem makes it all the more pleasant to state that his work as *Owen Conway* in the



EDYTH WALKER, AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA WHO SANG LAST SUMMER AT COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, AND WHO IS A FAVORITE SINGER IN GERMANY—THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS ISOLDE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE"

*From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*



BLANCHE RING, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOE WEBER IN THE NEW COMBINED BURLESQUE ON  
"THE MERRY WIDOW" AND "THE DEVIL"

*From her latest photograph by Sykes, Chicago*

dramatization of "My Mamie Rose" was of the finest he has ever done.

This play was quite successful in Chicago last winter. Wallack's has lately housed two other offerings with the Chicago brand attached, one "A Knight for a Day," proving a hit; the other, "The Girl Question," a failure. Which trail "The Regeneration" will follow depends, perhaps, on just how badly New York needs an antidote to the "Devils" at this writing rampant

on its boards. For if the Hungarian play of disputatious fame lauds Satan and all his works, the moral flavor of "The Regeneration" is as good as a visit to the Water Street mission.

Crude and unconvincing in spots, there is no getting away from the fact that there is strong work in this drama of the slums, which is founded on the actual life of Owen Kildare, its author. Herein, no doubt, lies the reason why, in the main, the story is so uncon-

vincing. Truth being proverbially stranger than fiction, one should be very careful in transferring the actual into the realm peopled with creatures of the imagination. For the most part, the characters in "The Regeneration" are like paper dolls arranged with gramophone attachments to speak the things the dramatists have shouted into them. Aside from Mr. Daly's own part, the only living, breathing reality in the play is *Nellie*, whose portrayal by Helen Ware swept the house with the first wave of genuine applause on that Wallack first night—for that the plaudits were genuine was sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that Miss Ware's first entrance passed without a hand.

#### A MIXTURE OF FUN AND FURY

Melodrama with comedy trimmings is found in "The Man from Home," another Liebler offering brought to New York after a big success in Chicago. The hit of this piece, however, depends on the comedy it contains, as may be inferred from the fact that it serves as the starring vehicle for William Hodge, a Rochester man who first came into fame through his *Mr. Stubbs* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Following that long-distance engagement, he essayed a starring flight in "Eighteen Miles from Home," a little thing of his own, which carried him, however, only through a few of the one-night stands.

"The Man from Home" received strong indorsement from the New York critics when it opened at the Astor on August 17, following the long run of "Paid in Full." By way of variety in comment, I will give a business man's opinion of the show. His view-point is that of a regular theater-goer, who attends the play purely for relaxation.

"The *Grand Duke* was very well done," he said. "I liked him exceedingly. The English lover was excellent, too. So were the heroine and her brother. The star did not appeal to me. I think he is like Raymond Hitchcock, but not nearly so good."

The people thus singled out for praise are Henry Jewett, Echlin P. Gayer, Olive Wyndham, and Hassard Short. Mr. Jewett is a well-known

player of what is known as "heavy parts"; Mr. Gayer is practically a newcomer, as is also Miss Wyndham; while Hassard Short is a young English actor who first won his spurs on this side in support of John Drew in "The Second in Command."

"The Man from Home" was written by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Mr. Tarkington is the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," which once served the late Richard Mansfield for a season. Mr. Wilson has not had much to do with the stage, though his novel "The Spenders" was dramatized for William H. Crane some years ago. He was at one time editor of *Puck*, and he wrote a capital short story for *MUNSEY'S* as long ago as the first year of the magazine's existence.

George Tyler, managing director of the Liebler company, is a hardened automobilist. Channing Pollock, author of "The Little Gray Lady," felicitates himself on having declined an invitation to accompany him on a tour abroad last summer, thus escaping the accident that laid the manager up for a while. As Italy is Mr. Tyler's favorite speeding-ground, and he had Booth Tarkington there with him some three seasons since, this Sorrento drama may have had its inception in the Tyler car. Some of the best lines in the second act revolve around the full-sized motor standing at stage lower right.

#### WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FROHMAN?

One might think that Charles Frohman wished to restore the balance of things by what he did on two successive evenings in early September. On the first, at the Garrick, he presented "The Mollusc," with only four characters in it; on the second, at the Knickerbocker, he produced "The Girls of Gottenberg," with thirty-three names in its cast—a long list even for musical comedy.

The odd part of the affair is that Mr. Frohman appears to have exercised better judgment in picking the thirty-three people than in choosing the four. To pitch on Joe Coyne for a Charles Wyndham part would seem to be an inexplicable proceeding. From the lines—which have not been changed for New

York—*Tom Kemp* is a confirmed old bachelor, and to see a man as young as Coyne in the rôle jars the vraisemblance, to say the least.

The critics have been busy for so long in lambasting plays that it was quite a novelty to read trenchant criticisms of players. Even the star in the curtain-raiser preceding "The Mollusc" came in for a share of the "call-down" for misplaced talent. This was Doris Keane, remembered for her capital performance of the victim in "The Hypocrites." In "The Likes o' Me" she did a boy's part, but most of the praise went to a real boy playing the opposite rôle.

"JACK STRAW" TICKLES ROSE COGHLAN

A threefold interest was imparted to the reopening of Charles Frohman's home theater—the Empire—for its regular season. First, John Drew was the attraction—which was, to be sure, nothing new. Second, his vehicle, "Jack Straw," was the first of Somerset Maugham's three winning comedies to be shown in America. Third, the play gave an opportunity for that sterling actress, Rose Coghlan, to desert vaudeville.

In dividing the resultant laurels between Mr. Drew, Mr. Maugham, and Miss Coghlan, the names cannot fairly be set down in that order. New York by no means rose to the comedy as did London, and yet to my mind John Drew was even better in the part than was Charles Hawtrey. Complaint is made that the piece is rather thin in texture, and somewhat awkwardly constructed. Short it undeniably is, and in London it is played with a curtain-raiser. In New York, the overture does not begin until half past eight, and the intervals are unduly prolonged, especially in view of the fact that there is no change of setting between the second and third acts. Nevertheless, the production is a success, and will undoubtedly serve Mr. Drew well for the season.

However, did it accomplish nothing else beyond providing so good a part for Rose Coghlan's return to the legitimate, the importation of "Jack Straw" would have been worth while. Miss Coghlan, now fifty-six years old, was born in Peterborough, England, the daughter of a guide-book publisher.

Her brother Charles—who died nine years ago—took to the stage, whither Rose followed him when she was only sixteen. Her first part was that of *Cupid* in the burlesque "Ixion," and the same piece served for her début in New York, whither she came with the Lydia Thompson troupe, this time doing *Jupiter*.

From this environment she was rescued by no less a person than the elder Sothern, who secured her for *Mary Meredith* in "Lord Dundreary." He was playing at Wallack's, and brought Miss Coghlan to the attention of the famous Lester, who engaged her for his stock company there, beginning in 1876. Her début here was unlucky, as the play—"Clarissa Harlowe," by Dion Boucicault—failed. After a trip to San Francisco, she returned to New York and again came forward in a Boucicault drama, this time at Booth's; but once more the play fell short, a contingency, you see, which was just as liable to occur in the so-called "palmy days" as in the commercial present.

Lester Wallack now induced her to return to his stock company, and cast her for *Stéphanie de Mohrivar*, the adventuress, in "Forget-Me-Not," in which she scored a whirlwind success. So great was her triumph, in fact, that the glories of it were carried across the Atlantic, and came to the ears of Genevieve Ward, for whom the play had been written. She put a veto on Wallack's production of the drama, and came over to do it herself, but without damaging Miss Coghlan's renown. The latter remained at Wallack's, doing "La Belle Russe," "Moths," and *Claire* in "The Ironmaster." The justly famous stock company, which for its last two seasons was under the management of Henry E. Abbey, gave its final performance at Daly's on May 5, 1888, when Miss Coghlan appeared as *Lady Teazle* in "The School for Scandal."

She became an independent star in 1891, appearing at Wallack's—then known as Palmer's—in "Lady Barter," by her brother Charles, who never achieved as much success with any of his own plays as with "The Royal Box," in which his daughter Gertrude made her début. Rose Coghlan's last



prominent appearance in New York previous to "Jack Straw" was in an English melodrama, "The White Heather," which Charles Frohman brought out at the Academy of Music some ten years ago.

#### THE BIG PLAYHOUSE'S BIGGEST SHOW

In a sense, the Hippodrome should be the easiest theater in New York to write for, because one need never stop to think of the players. In any production in this vast auditorium, the principals count for practically nil, so that the dramatic author who sets out to provide a spectacle for the place need not be hampered by seeking to please any but his audience. Hence it should be matter for surprise, not that the Hippodrome has a success, but that it should ever house a failure, as it certainly did last season.

The new bill, however, amply atones for past mistakes. "Sporting Days" opens with a baseball game on an apparently real diamond, followed by the arrival of a circus. You are shown just how the tent is set up, after which a bill of ten big events is run through in a ring very like the real thing, except for the sawdust, which is missing. Then you are transported to a boat-house, giving opportunity for a catchy song by Manuel Klein—brother to Charles—on "Rowing," in which the water and the boats are represented by an ingenious arrangement of the chorus-girls' skirt-linings. All this leads up to a spirited regatta, ever so much more realistic than the everlasting treadmill horse-race that follows it.

Oddly enough, the critics gave most praise to the Birdland ballet, which the management had not played up as much as "Sporting Days" and "The Battle in the Skies," which latter, it struck me, has more possibilities than are utilized. What I had hoped to see was a couple of air-ships engaging in prow-to-prow conflict; but, as a matter of fact, there is no battle in the skies at all. More fighting, and less of the electric flashes of supposed wireless telegraphy, which are trying to the eyes, would be a welcome exchange; but one gets so much at the Hippodrome that it seems ungracious to suggest a change. Don't fail to wait for the "Apotheosis of

Victory" at the very end, containing the human flag episode, illustrating in novel fashion the catchy Klein song, "Dear Motherland."

When you grow tired of hearing smart speeches in comedies of the day, and of listening to weak voices in the up-to-date musical show, you will find positive refreshment in watching the busy doings on the big Hippodrome stage, where you are never bothered with curtain-calls. That huge semi-circular screen around the apron is too cumbersome to be juggled with to please the vanity of players, as is the custom in our regular theaters.

#### ONE WEEK WEIGHS OUT THREE WOMEN

Mary Mannering's metropolitan career in "Glorious Betsy" was far from justifying the adjective in the title of Mrs. Young's Napoleonic play. Far-sighted indeed was the judgment of her managers in keeping her out of New York until all the juice had been squeezed out of this particular lemon on the road. It would be difficult to find a worse specimen of a play written solely to please the star. That it gives Miss Mannering abundant opportunity for versatile acting there is no denying; but the futility of it all against such a wooden background would be pitiful, were it not for the memory of all the money it has extracted from one-night stands during the past two seasons.

The New York run lasted only three weeks. Too bad, for Miss Mannering is a charming and intelligent actress, and deserves what she has never found since she became a star—a vehicle wholly worthy of her.

Another woman star who essayed the road for many months before venturing on Broadway with her newest play was Lillian Russell. To her the critics were far kinder than they were to Miss Mannering. To be sure, she has to do little more than walk through "Wild-fire" and wear some stunning gowns; but for a woman brought up to comic-opera, Miss Russell enacts a songless part with good grace; and although this racing comedy is neither original in theme nor strong in construction, it manages to be entertaining for most of the time. Moreover, it affords an excellent

part for the dwarf, Will Archie, as a slangy stable-boy who promises to become as great a favorite with the public as has that other miniature, Master Gabriel, soon to be seen as *Little Nemo*.

Speaking of dramatized comic supplements, the same week that brought Miss Mannering and Miss Russell to town saw the return of a third feminine star, Hattie Williams. She brought with her a successor to "The Little Cherub," made in America this time, but not likely to achieve equal success. "Fluffy Ruffles" has, in short, been adjudged as too jerky and episodic to have much theatrical—not to say dramatic—value. Whatever merit it possesses as an entertainment is due to the accessories injected into the piece since its run began.

Mr. Frohman was most liberal in the cast he supplied for "Fluffy." George Grossmith, Jr., must demand a big stipend to keep him out of England, where he has plays of his own running, and where he has been for years a leading favorite in the Gaiety company. Bert Leslie, whose rapid-fire American slang delivery is the strongest possible contrast to the sedate humor of Grossmith, must also have had good financial reasons for deserting vaudeville. It is fortunate, though, that the piece has so many clever principals, for a less attractive lot of chorus-singers I have seldom beheld. I realize that it is difficult to obtain men who can sing in the "merry, merry" and at the same time look almost human, but I did not believe it possible to drive away the stage-door Johnnies by assembling such a scraggly lot of chorus-girls as have been collected for this Criterion "musical mélange."

#### WHERE GOOD MUSIC GOES ABEGGING

An effort to lift musical comedies to a little higher plane deserved to meet with more charity than was accorded to "Algeria" by the gentlemen of the daily press, only a few of whom seemed willing to forgive a certain lack of snap in the libretto and the absence of well-known comedians in the cast. Musically, the latest work of Victor Herbert is the most ambitious thing he has done in this line, and the airs are all catchy as well. In a city that supports two grand operas where the books are

not understood by half the people who listen to them, it would be too bad to have such good music as that of "Algeria" go hearerless because the story attached thereto is not as clever as "Mlle. Modiste" nor as continuously funny as "The Red Mill."

Don't on any account be too late to hear the opening song, a rousing number rendered by Ida Brooks Hunt, with chorus and trumpet accompaniment. This is followed by "I've Been Decorated," which falls to William Pruette, for so long an interpreter of Mr. Herbert's music in "Mlle. Modiste," where he "Wanted What He Wanted When He Wanted It." Doctors should be delighted with "You'll Feel Better Then," while smokers couldn't ask for anything more charming in its line than "Love Is Like a Cigarette." The one number that most of the newspapers raved about, "Ask Her While the Band Is Playing," was inferior to any of the others, in my judgment.

Matthew White, Jr.

#### THE NEW OPERATIC SEASON

THE opera season in New York will begin on the 9th of November, when Mr. Hammerstein opens the Manhattan with "Tosca." The singers announced are Labia as *Tosca*, Renaud as *Scarpia*, and Zenatello as *Cavaradossi*—a strong cast that will provoke interesting comparisons with Eames, Scotti, and Caruso, who have sung this favorite opera so many times at the Metropolitan.

The second production at the Manhattan is to be an elaborate revival of Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Delilah," a work little known to American opera-goers; and then—"in quick succession," according to Mr. Hammerstein's announcements—are to come Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," Block's "Princesse d'Auberge," and Massenet's "Griselidis." Richard Strauss's "Salome," banished from the Metropolitan after one performance, is also to be given at the Thirty-Fourth Street house, with Mary Garden in the title rôle.

The published list of singers at the Manhattan includes nearly all the strong cards of last year—Renaud, Dalmores, Zenatello, Sammarco, and Gilibert, and

Mmes. Tetrazzini, Garden, and Gerville-Réache, with Melba to arrive about mid-winter. The most important newcomer is Maria Labia, from Berlin. From this list of principals Mr. Hammerstein will apparently draw both for the Manhattan and for his new opera-house in Philadelphia, the opening of which is set for November 17. Allowing for the usual casualties of the winter campaign, it looks as if his resources are none too large for the task he is undertaking. Nevertheless, the dauntless impresario promises no fewer than thirty-seven works—twenty-four in Italian and thirteen in French. "Salome" is among the latter, and no attempt to give opera in German will be made during the coming season.

That imposing musical and social function, the opening of the Metropolitan, comes a week later, on November 16, the bill being "Aïda," with Caruso and Emmy Destinn as the star performers. Mme. Destinn is a very capable dramatic soprano, an established favorite in Berlin and London. Her engagement, together with that of Maria Gay, the famous Spanish *Carmen*, will give the Metropolitan a wonderful list of prima donnas, for Sembrich, Farrar, Morena, Eames, Fremstad, and Gadske are all to return. The male roster, on the other hand, may not prove quite so strong as last year, for Plançon and Knote are not upon it, and it is doubtful whether their successors will please New York as well. There is, however, a longish list of new tenors, barytones, and basses, including Schmedes, Joern, and Grassi (tenors), Feinhals and Amato (barytones), and Allen Hinckley, an American basso popular in Germany.

The joint impresarios of the Metropolitan—Messrs. Gatti-Casazza and Dippel—announce several operas not yet heard in America, among them being D'Albert's "Tiefland," Tschaiowsky's "Pique Dame," "Le Villi," an early production of Puccini's, and—strange to say—a work by an American composer, F. S. Converse's "Pipe of Desire." There is always more or less uncertainty, however, about a promise of operatic novelties. As a rule they do not pay, and though the new managers have declared that their institution "will henceforth be administered without any

thought of pecuniary benefit," it would not be well to take such a declaration too literally.

One of the most important newcomers at the Metropolitan will be Arturo Toscanini, late of La Scala, and famed as the foremost conductor of Italy. He is to be in charge of the French and Italian productions, and will also conduct "Tristan und Isolde." This may not wholly please the Teutonic school of opera-goers, who are already bewailing the alleged Italianizing of the Metropolitan. A leading newspaper critic has drawn a gloomy but highly imaginative picture of a Neapolitan basso singing "L'Addio di Wotan" on the stage so long hallowed by the best Wagnerian traditions. As a matter of fact, Toscanini is a Wagner specialist, and made the works of the great German master a leading feature of his régime in Milan.

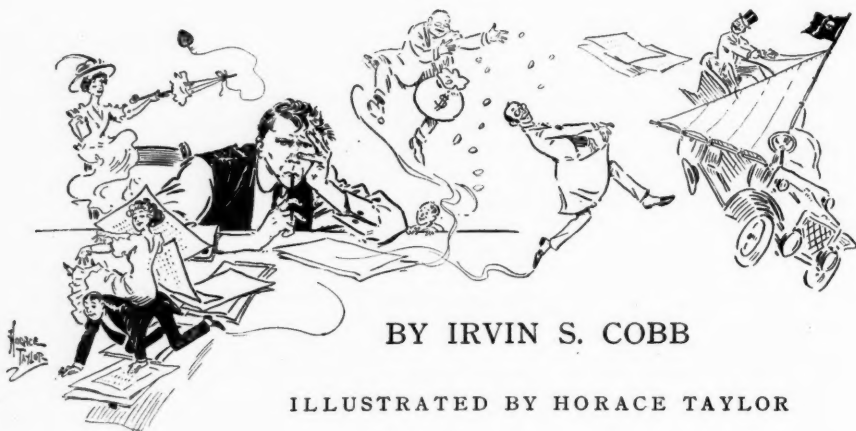
It is on Caruso, however, that popular interest is once more likely to center. There has been speculation as to whether the golden-throated tenor, following in the footsteps of Jean de Reszke, would essay a Wagnerian rôle—*Lohengrin*, probably, to begin with. This may come later, for those who charge Caruso with lack of artistic ambition and of power to learn do him an injustice; but for the present season his new characters are to be *Hermann* in "Pique Dame," and *Des Grieux* in Massenet's "Manon."

Henry W. Savage will not have a grand-opera company this winter, but he announces his intention of returning to the field a year hence with an English version of Puccini's forthcoming work, "The Girl of the Golden West."

Looking beyond the metropolis, there is to be noted a striking growth of public interest in opera. Mr. Hammerstein's new venture in Philadelphia, already mentioned, marks the first establishment of a first-rate opera-house outside of New York. It sets an example that is sure to be followed. Boston hopes to have a similar institution within twelve months; and it does not seem too much to prophesy that before long every great American city will have its own temple of lyric art, as is the case with much smaller and less wealthy communities in Germany and Italy.

R. H. Titherington

# THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE MAN WHO WROTE A PLAY



BY IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

**I**N the beginning I wrote a play. I claim no especial distinction on this account, however, because I am a newspaper man, and every newspaper man I know has written at least one play. Some newspaper men have written so many that there isn't room for the manuscripts in their trunks.

So, as above stated, I wrote a play. It was a comedy. It didn't start out to be a comedy. It started out to be a strong problem play of modern life, full of terse epigram and gripping satire, with touches of comedy deftly interspersed here and there, like the onion in a hamburger. But after I had the whole thing blocked out, and had got to work on "Act I, Scene I—The Anteroom of a City Law-Office," I discovered, to my surprise and at first to my chagrin, that my characters absolutely refused to stand for any problem business.

I remember that I wrestled for hours and days with my principal character, trying to show him how necessary and vital it was for him to be a part of a play that would send the audience forth into the night at the conclusion of the first performance, saying to one another: "Well, Ibsen may be dead, but—" But, no, he wouldn't have it that way, my lead-

ing man character wouldn't. He was so self-willed! Later he developed into a sunny-tempered, middle-aged barrister with a strong vein of humor and a heart so full of warm, human sympathy that there was hardly room for the customary supply of cockles that always go with that sort of a heart; but at the time I am speaking of now he was very resolute and self-willed.

I couldn't do anything with him, and the other characters were almost as bad. I wish I might make the reader understand how I thrashed around and swapped "strangle holts" and "half nelsons" with that obstinate crowd until my typewriter was as limp as a rag. Human endurance has its limit, which is the main reason why collectors of bad bills can make a living; and so at length my patience wore itself down to a thin fringe, and, feeling that I was honorably overcome by superior numbers, I surrendered and told them to go ahead and have their own way.

They had their own way, and I wrote a comedy. Though I say it who shouldn't, it was a great comedy. Between them the low-comedy characters and the eccentric types kept me in a constant roar with their whimsical doings and their apt say-

ings. The landlady of the New York boarding-house where I lived used to come to my door and listen to the rollicking outbursts of laughter that filtered through the keyhole for hours at a time. Then she would go back down-stairs and tell the other boarders that while she was not certain, she thought I must be one of those secret drinkers who keep a bottle in their room.

#### AN ABODE OF LITERARY GENIUS

I think the other boarders mostly understood. In the main, they were literary persons themselves. Like me, they had come to New York to be near the great centers of literary supply and demand. There was one young man—a true Bohemian, but with the shucks still on—who belonged to the leading Bohemian set of Michigan City, Indiana. He had the room just over mine. He was writing one of the great novels of the decade. He said himself that it was the great novel of the decade. All that winter I used to hear him, overhead, walking back and forth, back and forth. I supposed for a while that he was walking for inspiration; but later I decided that he was trying to nerve himself to take a bath. He conquered the baser impulse, however, and remained a true Bohemian until spring.

After dinner we used to sit in the parlor of the boarding-house until the landlady's daughter's beau came, telling one another what we were doing, and dissecting the works of various persons who had somehow or other won a transient distinction in the realm of literature and the drama. If the ears of Augustus Thomas or Edith

Wharton ever burned of an evening during the winter of 1905-1906, this is to let them know the reason.

Then we would scatter each to his or her or their room and add a chapter to the book, or a scene to the play, or a verse to the epic poem, as the case might be. So for months I went along, guiding the sprightly currents of my comedy over rippling reefs of laughter, through splashing cascades of chuckles, and past the dimpling eddies where quiet smiles lurked in the shadows, until all was blended in the splendid, reverberating Minnehaha of my third act.

In due season the play was finished. But at the very last I had to do it all over again, practically. It occurred to me to count up the words in it. There were forty-six thousand and some odd hundreds of them. Figuring fifteen thousand words to the average comedy, mine would run about three nights and a Saturday matinée. I felt that I should have to do some pruning. I hated to do it—it was like chopping slices out of a Rembrandt to make it fit a frame, but I realized that I must condense the play into the space of one evening, or else antagonize the critics.

I went to work and cut and slashed with a brave hand, although sometimes, when a particularly strong passage had to be trimmed, I felt as if I were amputating my own legs. Finally I had my comedy reduced to the conventional limits, and I set out to do what I had thought would be the easiest detail of the undertaking—placing it.

I took it first to a prominent producer, whom I will call Mr. Charles Slowman



I USED TO HEAR HIM, OVERHEAD, WALKING BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH



to distinguish him from his brother Daniel. I didn't see Mr. Slowman personally; he was detained, it seemed, by pressing business somewhere in an inner office of his suite. I saw one of his readers, a slender young man with a high forehead and a preoccupied manner. In delivering the manuscript to this young man I could not forbear sketching out for him some of the main situations. At several points I was unable to restrain my amusement, and guffawed heartily; but he was evidently a person with a false sense of dignity, and he continued throughout to manifest an air of composure which must have been feigned. When I was through he took the manuscript from my hand, tossed it upon a pile of similar manuscripts, told me I would hear from Mr. Slowman in due time, and said "Good-by" several times in a rapid and hurried manner.

In due time I did hear from Mr. Slowman. In returning my play to me, he had gone to the trouble of having a neat little

printed slip struck off on my account. The slip said it was a very good play, but owing to Mr. Slowman being stocked up with stuff by Clyde Fitch and George Ade and Henry Arthur Jones, it was unavailable at this time. He didn't exactly mention Fitch and those others by name, but the inference was plain. At the bottom of the printed matter, Mr. Slowman had added a note—in his own handwriting, I felt sure—saying that there was one serious flaw in my play—a flaw which he pointed out briefly.

#### THE BLINDNESS OF THE MANAGERS

I didn't like to quarrel with an experienced producer, but I felt bound to do justice both to myself and to the play. I reflected that from time to time Slowman had brought out failures, and that he had been guilty of other errors of judgment; so I made no attempt to remedy what he had been pleased to call a flaw. In the first place, looking at it from any angle, I couldn't see how it could fairly be considered as a flaw; and in the second place, I couldn't touch it without changing the whole play. I felt that my nerves couldn't stand the strain of another struggle with those characters. Besides, time was passing, and the season for putting out new plays was rapidly approaching. I decided to pass up Slowman and let some other manager have a chance.

So I took it to one whom I will call Mr. Lee Flobert. He liked it very much, he said—or, rather, his secretary said so for him; but there was a certain flaw which made it impossible for the Flobert interests to produce my play just then. Strangely enough, Mr. Flobert's flaw was in the first act, whereas the one which Mr. Slowman thought he had discovered was in the second act. I said to myself that there appeared to be a conspiracy against me somewhere; and, besides, what was the use of fussing around with managers who were looking for flaws instead of plays? So I marked the name of Flobert off the list, and went to Mr. Grady.



IN DELIVERING THE MANUSCRIPT TO THIS YOUNG MAN  
I COULD NOT FORBEAR SKETCHING OUT  
FOR HIM SOME OF THE MAIN SITUATIONS



THE SCENERY AND COSTUMES AND THINGS HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN IN NEW YORK, HE SAID, AND WERE AS GOOD AS NEW; WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO WAS TO WRITE A BRIGHT MUSICAL COMEDY AROUND THEM

Mr. Grady was greatly pleased with the comedy, so his stenographer reported, but there was a flaw in it—in the last act, this time. Hamdilly's file-clerk bore me an almost similar message on behalf of his employer; Slaw & Clawhanger's head office-boy said practically the same thing, and so did the man who swept out for Wagonfuls & Tempter, except that each one of these flushed his particular covey of flaws at a different point from the others.

To sum up, I will simply state that this play is still in my possession. I am holding it for a purpose. Some day there will be a demand for a play made up of flaws—not a play with a mere incidental flaw flecked in here and there, but a play that is composed of one strong flaw superimposed on another, and that on another, and so on. Then I shall take my comedy out from the bottom tray of my trunk, where it now lies under a dress-suit which my waist-measure has outgrown. I shall brush the moth-crystals off it, hold it aloft, and say:

"Gentlemen, here are the goods!"

In case you should happen to see it, I

will mention its name here. It is called "The Sure Return."

#### A PLUNGE INTO MUSICAL COMEDY

I had spent five months writing a comedy and six months trying to place it, and I have it yet. Now comes the second part of my unvarnished story, in which it will be shown that sometimes the race is to the swift.

One day I got a message from a manager whose specialty is producing musical comedies and comic operas—they being musical comedies if made in America, and comic operas if imported from England and done over here for home consumption. This gentleman invited me to call on a matter of business.

I had always felt that I would sit down some morning after breakfast and write a really good musical show—a feeling which is shared, I am convinced, by nearly everybody who sees such entertainments. I was at the manager's office promptly on time. He took me up-town to a storage-warehouse, and showed me an outfit of scenery, a large number of costumes, and an ample supply of theatrical properties.

These articles, he explained, had been used in a musical show which he produced the year before, and which failed because of a number of unforeseen circumstances and adverse conditions for which he could in no wise be held to blame. The scenery and costumes and things had never been seen in New York, he said, and were as good as new; what he wanted me to do was to write a bright musical comedy around them. He had already engaged a capable musician to do the score, and so I wouldn't have to worry about that. I was glad to hear this, because, although gifted and attractive in many ways, I am not a musician.

I felt flattered. The manager asked me how long I thought it ought to take me to write the book and the lyrics. There would have to be some extra lyrics, he said, because it always happened that they threw out a lot of numbers during rehearsals.

I made a rapid mental calculation, and told him that in my opinion about three months, or maybe four, should be allowed for the work, if done properly. His manner became almost violent.

"Mushful Evans!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter—got creeping paralysis of the intellect, or something like that? Why, man alive, you've got your scenery and your props and your costumes and all that. All you've got to do is just to write to 'em. George Hobart, or one of those fellows, wouldn't want more than a day, or a day and a half at the outside, for a little job like that. Still, of course, we've got to figure that you are a little bit new at the game, and give you plenty of time. There'll have to be three acts, because we've got three sets of scenery. Let's see now—this is Tuesday; suppose you give me the first act day after to-morrow, so I can see what the parts are going to be like and get the company signed up. You must give me the last two acts by next Saturday night, because I've got the chorus called for rehearsals on Monday morning. And say, let it all be good, bright, new stuff, will you—none of that old junk they've all been pulling?"

I wouldn't like to say that I worked like a Trojan, because I don't know how hard a Trojan can work. I do know the Trojans have a large annual output of

linen collars and laundry-machinery and Republican politicians to their credit, so I assume that they are earnest workers; but if anybody in Troy ever worked any harder than I did that week, his union will probably take his card away from him for violating the eight-hour law, should the true facts become known. I ate little and slept less, but when Saturday night came the third act was ready.

#### HIS MAJESTY THE STAGE-MANAGER

No time was lost. On Sunday I was called upon to read the completed work to the gentleman who had been chosen for stage-manager. He was a stout, impressive person, whose figure sloped outward and downward in a series of overlapping layers. When he stood up sideways he made you think of a pagoda.

He shook hands with me, and then, remarking that he had been up late the night before, he settled down in his chair and dropped off almost instantly. However, he must have been a light sleeper, for several times when I paused to get my breath he roused up and told me to go on. When I was through reading he waked up slowly, took possession of the manuscript, and said (*yawn*) that it read all right (*gape*), and he had no doubt (*long, double yawn*) that he'd be able to lick it into shape and make something out of it. He then passed somnambulant out into the twilight.

The next time I saw him he was not to be likened to a pagoda. He had become a human volcano in an active state of eruption, pouring out live ashes, molten lava, powdered pumice, and the hot tar of inspired invective. It was in a hall, and he was conducting a rehearsal. He had his coat off, and was busier than a boss canvasman when the show-train has been delayed by a washout.

He was having things his own way. The principals, haughty enough on the street, were as dumb, driven cattle. The abashed chorus-girls and the sad chorus-men—and a chorus-man at a rehearsal is probably the saddest sight ever presented to the moistened eye of pity—they also were his, body and soul, to do with as he chose. He was their sole proprietor, their *Simon Legree*, their Great White Father. From time to time, however, he gave them a moment's peace while he rent

to further fragments that frayed and frazzled wisp of a thing which had been the book.

It was with the utmost difficulty that I recognized the wraith of my brain-child. Once, and once only, in the still, small voice of the oft-trodden-on-and-seldom-turning worm, I went so far as to protest against the brutal massacre of one of my best scenes. Never shall I forget what followed. He charged down on me the length of the long hall, and before an interested audience of his white slaves he informed me, in the voice of a squeaky lead-pencil rasping across an exposed

musical numbers was leaning up against a janitor, sobbing in baffled rage mixed with poignant sorrow. Together we fared forth into the pitiless night—joint parents of a murdered offspring.

#### THE POWER OF STAGE TRADITIONS

Days passed before I dared venture back to the scene of the crime. Somehow



THE STAGE-MANAGER INFORMED ME THAT I WAS MERELY THE INCONSEQUENTIAL, FUTILE-FACED DUB THAT WROTE THE PIECE

nerve in a neuralgic lower jaw—providing such a combination would have such a voice—that I was merely the inconsequential, futile-faced dub that wrote the piece, and that my wishes in the matter didn't amount to a hyphenated, double-cleft, asterisked, Billy-be-accursed blank space with him. He then ordered me to begone.

So I be-went. In the hallway, where I paused to think up a perfectly splendid retort that would have just suited the emergency if I had only thought of it three minutes sooner, I heard muffled sobs. The man who had done the

things had progressed. Stranger still, there were places where you could still detect traces of the plot, and spots where the skilled ear might recognize scraps of the original music. The stage-manager had not become an extinct crater, by any means, but he now seethed more mildly. The principals had begun to perk up. The chorus-girls were getting almost cocky. Even the chorus-men no longer flinched when spoken to.

It was at this period that I learned something of the traditions of the musical-comedy stage. I didn't think there were any ethics to be followed in musi-

cal - comedy - producing, but just the same there are—oodles of them. For example, we had a scene where a group of chorus-men were made up as sailors. They came in, ye-heaving and ye-heaving, and lifting up first one leg and then the other by yanking on their waistbands.

Having gained heart, I ventured to ask the stage-manager why this should be so.

"There's nothing in the play, so far as I know, that says these sailor-boys have the white swelling," was my remark. "Why, then, should they make their entrance in this way?"

"Why?" he repeated. "Why? Why, because they always have. And that's all there is to it!"

Which, indeed, was all there was to it. In the merry, merry world of musical comedies, the terriers of the craft may worry the poor rat of a book to death—and they do; they may gnaw the vitals of the musical score with their merciless teeth—and they do; they may bite off the feet of the songs—and they do; but the traditions endure and are unafraid, for no impious hand dare lay the weight of an



THE MAN WHO HAD DONE THE MUSICAL NUMBERS  
WAS LEANING UP AGAINST A JANITOR,  
SOBBING IN BAFFLED RAGE MIXED  
WITH POIGNANT SORROW

unhallowed finger upon them. All proper stage sailors must look as if they had hip-disease, just as all comic-opera banditti must apparently suffer from sore legs and wrap them from the knees to the ankles in buff bandages with criss-cross tapes.

But to revert to the main issue. The play went on at a Broadway theater. I had my dream. I saw my name in print on the program—wigs by Jones, costumes by Brown, shoes by Robinson, piano loaned by Green, book by Me. My friends congratulated me; they

said I was discovered. I shall pass over the miseries of the first night; the audience is said to have suffered, but I suffered more severely. I stayed up to get the first copies of the morning papers and read what the critics said. Then I knew that my friends were wrong. They thought I was going to be discovered, whereas I had merely been exposed.

And that's the way to write a play. Sometimes a play succeeds and sometimes it fails.

Mine failed.

#### THE WELCOME GUEST

My heart was selfish, and knew not love—  
In a world of doubts and glooms  
Content to rest with never a guest  
In its vacant, lonely rooms.

Then out of the vast unknown you came;  
How long my heart had kept  
A place for you I never knew  
Till into its voids you stepped!

Eugene C. Dolson



# THE MUSIC-MASTER'S WIFE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "ON THE HOTEL VERANDA," ETC.

THE ugly little alarm-clock on the kitchen-shelf seemed to tick faster and faster. Mrs. Clifton hurried her dish-washing in rhythm to its quickened pace; but as she began on the big black kettle which had contained the *pot-au-feu*, the door-bell rang.

It was characteristic that she allowed herself no exclamation of impatience as she untied the apron from her trim waist and flashed to the door. It was as characteristic that she did not permit herself a look of disappointment, scarcely even of surprise, as she opened upon a lank girl of fourteen, carrying a violin-case.

"Ah, it is you, Mees Wardle," she said, a slight accent coloring her speech pleasantly. "I was expecting a bigger friend, and hurrying to get through my work before she came. Go right up-stairs. My husband is just practising a little."

She stood smiling upon the awkward child until the violin-case had bumped against the last of the balustrades at the head of the stairs; then, with a nimble haste, she darted back into the kitchen. The clock was even more breathlessly counting out the minutes than before. It was half past two. Mrs. Clifton plunged her little hands indomitably into the greasy water, and for a moment drowned out the clock by the vigorous scrape and splash of her operations. At a quarter to three she gave a sigh of relief, although she did not slacken her speed. At three she sat in the dark little parlor which looked out on the grimy street, her hands still damp, but folded quietly over a decent black silk apron.

From up-stairs there wavered down uncertain chromatic scales, played with a slurring lack of precision which made

them sound like wailing whines. She leaned her head back against the chair and closed her eyes. With the momentary extinction of the resolute purposefulness in her face she looked suddenly old and worn.

The sound of the door-bell rang up this heavy curtain of dulness upon an expression of the liveliest expectancy. However, she did not hurry to the door; and when she reached it she stood hesitating a moment, and opened it slowly. There came a rush from outside, the smell of violets, and a rich voice exclaiming, in breathless reproach:

"Ah, naughty Camille, you didn't want to see me! You are so slow to open!"

From among the dangling tails of fur where the embrace of the tall girl held her, Mrs. Clifton's sweet, high voice rose in indignant self-justification.

"You wicked Sina! I was so afraid it might not be you. I thought you come half an hour ago, and I rush to let you in, but it is only a pupil come to take a lesson. Hear, up-stairs?"

As she spoke she was whirled back into a chair, her waist encircled by the long arms of her visitor.

"Chatterbox! Camille, dearest little Camille, are you not a bit interested to know why I've come all this way from flowers and sunshine into this black, wintry Pittsburgh, where you *will* be so perversely happy with no reason for it?"

The other put her firm, small hand over the girl's mouth.

"Sina, how can I say how curious your letter made me when you are speaking every minute? I think of nothing ever since I get that letter, but wonder why the splendid Miss McMaster want to see her so-poor foreign friend."

The girl sprang to her feet and threw off her wraps as she talked.

"Why do I want to see you, little Camille? Because you *are* so perversely happy with no reason for it—because you are the only happy person I have ever known, and because you've made me over by being so. *Petite chérie*, do you remember that first day when I came wandering here looking for a first violin for our stupid theatricals? Think! That's only two years ago, and sitting right here in your dingy little house, doing your hateful, dirty housework, you've made me over!"

She sat down on the floor beside her friend's chair, the wilful childishness of the attitude contrasting oddly with the rich amplitude of her beauty. Mrs. Clifton took the smooth hand between her own roughened palms.

"But, Sina, this does not tell me why you came all the way from 'that sunshine and those flowers' to say to me something you cannot write." She paused, startled at the face turned up to her. "Sina! You love!"

The girl's silence did not deny it.

"Then why do you come to *me*?" asked the woman with an enigmatical emphasis.

"Because—because it wouldn't have been so without you; because you made me believe in the existence of love, really truly love that lasts through everything."

"I!" with a startled accent.

"Yes, you—who else? You, with your Roger, and your poor, contented little home. Ah, Camille, you must have guessed how miserably bitter I was when I first knew you. You've never asked why, but you could not have healed me so without knowing I was sick with unbelief in what people had blasphemed by calling love."

"I knew you were not happy, yes, but you never told me—"

"I couldn't! It was like opening a raw wound; but now that I'm cured, I must tell you a little, so that you can know from what a prison I've escaped. It won't be long—it's only the sad preface to the lovely story I've come all this way to tell you. You know my sister is divorced, and lives with us at home? Well, I was in her home a

great deal when I was a little girl, and I thought her husband the best man who ever lived. He was a minister, and I used to think he looked like Christ as I looked up at him in the pulpit. At home he was always so lofty and above small things. I blamed my sister Anne because she didn't appreciate him. She was always moody and fretful often, even when he was talking most beautifully to her. And so I grew up till I was eighteen—"

She stopped short, her nostrils quivering, her mouth set in a bitter line.

"Camille, I can't tell you—even now I find I can't speak of it—how I found out, little by little, that he was cruel to my sister—oh, abominable! And then, one evening, Anne was out late with a sick person, and I had gone into the garden to try and get away from him. He came out after me and—he tried to kiss me, and he said—oh, horrible! I screamed and ran toward the house. Anne was there, and had heard it, and oh, Camille, the most terrible thing that ever happened to me was that Anne was not surprised! And when I got home and told my mother, she was not surprised, only heart-broken. It was the end of the world to me, and nobody was surprised at it!"

"Poor little girl! Poor child, to have it come so—"

"Oh, it didn't kill me! I grew up, but like an Ishmael! I said to myself that I too would never be surprised again at anything that men did to women. And I was not surprised when one of my uncles ran away from his family because it was too much trouble to support them. And when a friend of mine left her husband because she had grown tired of him, then I said that women were just like men. Everywhere I looked I saw things like that. Father and mother live quite apart, you know, as if they had never been married, though they are friendly enough at meal-times, as they never see each other anywhere else. I saw that whenever people tried to do more than that, they failed; and if they didn't seem to fail, it was only because you couldn't see deep enough to know about it."

She stood up, shaking her broad shoulders impatiently.

"It was like death to live so, but there was nothing in our world that could help me. All the women who had had experience looked at me with Anne's sick, tired eyes, or with mother's absent ones, busying herself with clubs and orphanages and things. And then I chanced here, far out of our world, and you opened the door and looked at me with other eyes than I had ever seen; and oh, dearest Camille, little beacon-light of happy love, you must know the rest of it without my telling."

Mrs. Clifton shook her head with a hasty vehemence.

"No! No! No! I never dreamed all this! What is the rest?"

"Why, you are the rest, you and your husband! Your radiant content with poverty, with exile from all you care for, with monotony, with real hardships, with everything, if you only are with him; his dependence on you, your comradeship, your keeping his art alive in him, your blessed certainty that neither of you will ever be alone till death comes!"

Mrs. Clifton had turned very pale.

"And is that the reason you—" she began; and then with a bluntness she made no effort to soften: "Have you promised to marry him?"

The girl flushed at this.

"No, dear Camille, I have not, but I have only waited to have your blessing on me before I follow you into your happy world. I am going back to marry him, and to tell him that you have taught me what love can mean."

She spread out her hands as if offering a visible tribute. Camille shrank back with a gesture of dismayed refusal. A door opened and shut above them, and a violin-case began banging against the balustrades. Mrs. Clifton hurried to hold the door open for the pupil. She made some pleasant remark about her good progress, to which the child answered mumblingly, staring rudely past her teacher's wife at the beautiful young lady in the sitting-room.

After the door had closed, Mrs. Clifton stood in the hall so long that her friend went to seek her. She made, at this, a gesture of almost harsh pre-occupation, as of one interrupted in the last stage of a complicated problem. As

the girl persisted, and put her arms about the rigid little figure with a half-apprehensive interrogation, she even pushed her away with a murmured—

"*Non! Non! Laisse-moi un instant!*" Then: "Thomasina McMaster, how old are you?"

"Twenty-six," wondered the girl.

Apparently this was the answer to the problem.

"Then you are old enough to know things as they are," preluded her friend a little grimly, pulling her down on a threadbare sofa. "You have somehow imagined to yourself some romantic ideas about me, and you are brave enough to know they are not true. It is not pleasant to tell any one, and you least—you who have brought so strangely sunshine to me; but I see that I have just the same as lied to you, and now I must tell you the truth. I am not happy! I am not content! I have tears, savage tears in my heart all ways, and in my eyes whenever I am alone. I do not love my husband. I do not respect him. I *know* him!"

The distilled bitterness of this last cut short like a blow a loud exclamation from the girl, whose dark eyes widened to a frightened stare.

"You must not go back to marry your lover and to tell him that I have taught you what love can mean, I who have worn out love utterly long ago—two months after I married that man. How could I love him? He is so weak that his great talent goes for nothing—nothing! He could be one of the great artists of the world, but if I did not make him work he would starve in the streets. Any one can cheat him, any woman of the street lead him away. He drinks, or would if I did not always stand between him and it; for never can I let him out of my sight, like a naughty child. I keep him well by cooking just the right things for him, I keep him amused, I make him go to bed, I make him get up and work; and so I can mostly keep him from making a beast of himself."

She added no emphasis of tone or gesture to the baldness of her narrative, and she finished it without a flicker of her steady eyes.

"And I, all these years in this black

place, I could scream with misery. Before I married him in Paris I was free, I had a good home, friends, my work—I can teach music better than he!—art, all Paris for my pleasure.” On the last words her voice broke a little. “A letter from Paris is like a cut from a sword now. I sit here and look out on the black soot falling, and I see Paris, the clean, gray little Rue de Cluny where we lived with the green of the old garden at the end.” The effort to keep the heart-beats out of her voice throbbed all over her now. “My youth is gone, and I have but a little time more. I want to *live* a little before I die. And I hate even to hear from Paris! They always try to make me leave him and go back. They knew what he was as soon as he came to Paris. I *would* not know then, but now I do. That is all, only now you will not go back to marry your lover and tell him I have taught you what love can mean!”

She stopped short, and looked at the girl, down whose white cheeks two large tears rolled, glistening. There were no others. The two women faced each other in a profound silence which was suddenly broken by a mounting roulade of sweet, shrill violin-tones from above them. The girl was the first to move. Her speech was like her aspect, dazed, blank, incredulous.

“But your gaiety, your love for housekeeping, your—”

“All part of the medicine I sell my soul for to keep him alive. I hate housework; more than mortal and deadly sin do I hate it. I am an artist as well as he; but I must give that up, like everything else that makes life sweet. He was jealous, and if I make music I cannot have the time to cook those little dinners you have liked so much and thought my soul was in. They are so he will eat much, much, like an American, and be heavy afterward and comfortable, and will not go out to those low pleasures that make him sick.”

For the first time the girl seemed suddenly to come to a realization of what had been said to her.

“Why, it’s infamous!” she exclaimed furiously. “Why don’t you leave him and go back to Paris?”

The answer came in a haste as furious as her own, with the unconscious and utterly involuntary promptness of a heart-beat:

“Oh, *mon dieu!* What would become of *him?*” cried the wife of the music-master.

She began to sob quietly. The stupefaction of the other’s face was like a pool into which this cry plunged for an instant, with no consequent wavering in the smooth blankness of its surface. Then, as the phrase seemed to echo and reverberate in the ensuing silence, wave after wave of deeper and deeper perception of its significance swept across her face. At first she said nothing at all, as if staggered by the immensity of her new vision. She shivered a little, as if this inner flood were a force almost physical. As it mounted, she stood up to her full noble height, throwing her head up. Her voice was harsh with her tense effort at self-control.

“Camille, tell me, how long have you lived in Pittsburgh?”

“Twelve years.”

“And you could have gone back, any day, any hour, to all you— You have stayed *here!*”

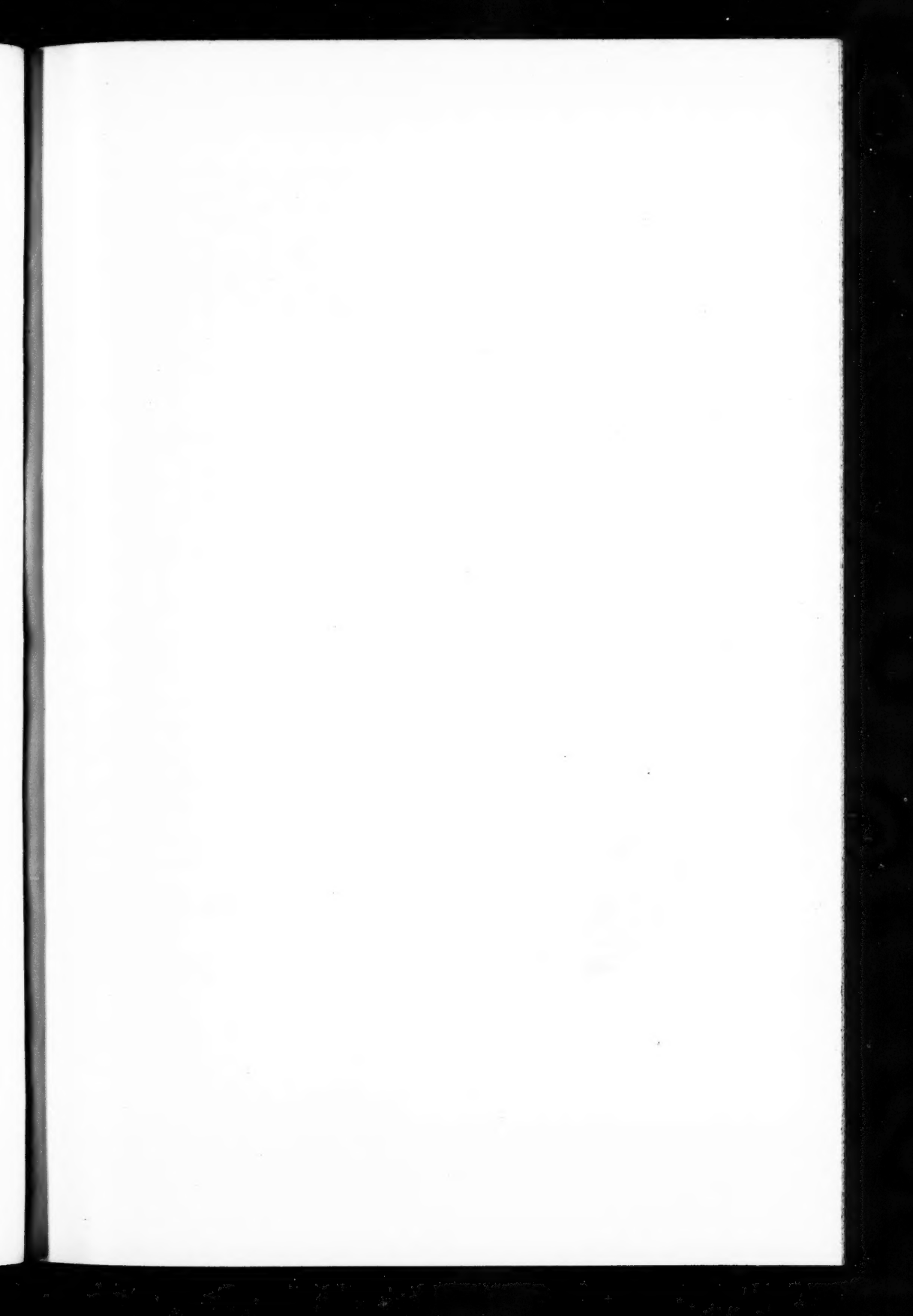
She looked about the dingy little room as if it were a place unutterably strange to her, never seen before, frightening. Her hand went to her throat, but with the great gasp for breath which shook her the flood within finally overwhelmed her. She began to weep, not with a self-contained repression like the woman on the sofa, but loudly, like a child. Groping blindly, she found her wraps, and, with a mechanical instinct, the tears streaming down her cheeks, made herself ready for the street.

The other, hearing her move toward the door, looked up and cried out:

“Oh, you are going away, like this—”

The girl turned back and, with a gesture as violent as her loud sobs, threw herself down beside her friend, kissing her hand again and again, and finally carrying to her lips the hem of the shabby little skirt.

“Yes, I am going away,” she said. “I am going back to marry my lover, and to tell him you have taught me what love can mean!”





THE SONG

# VIKING WOMEN

OF THE

by MILES SHELDON WILLIAMS

I

**D**OWN, haul her down to the surge  
That raises white arms to embrace  
her;

Down, haul her down! From the verge  
She smiles on the billows that face her.

II

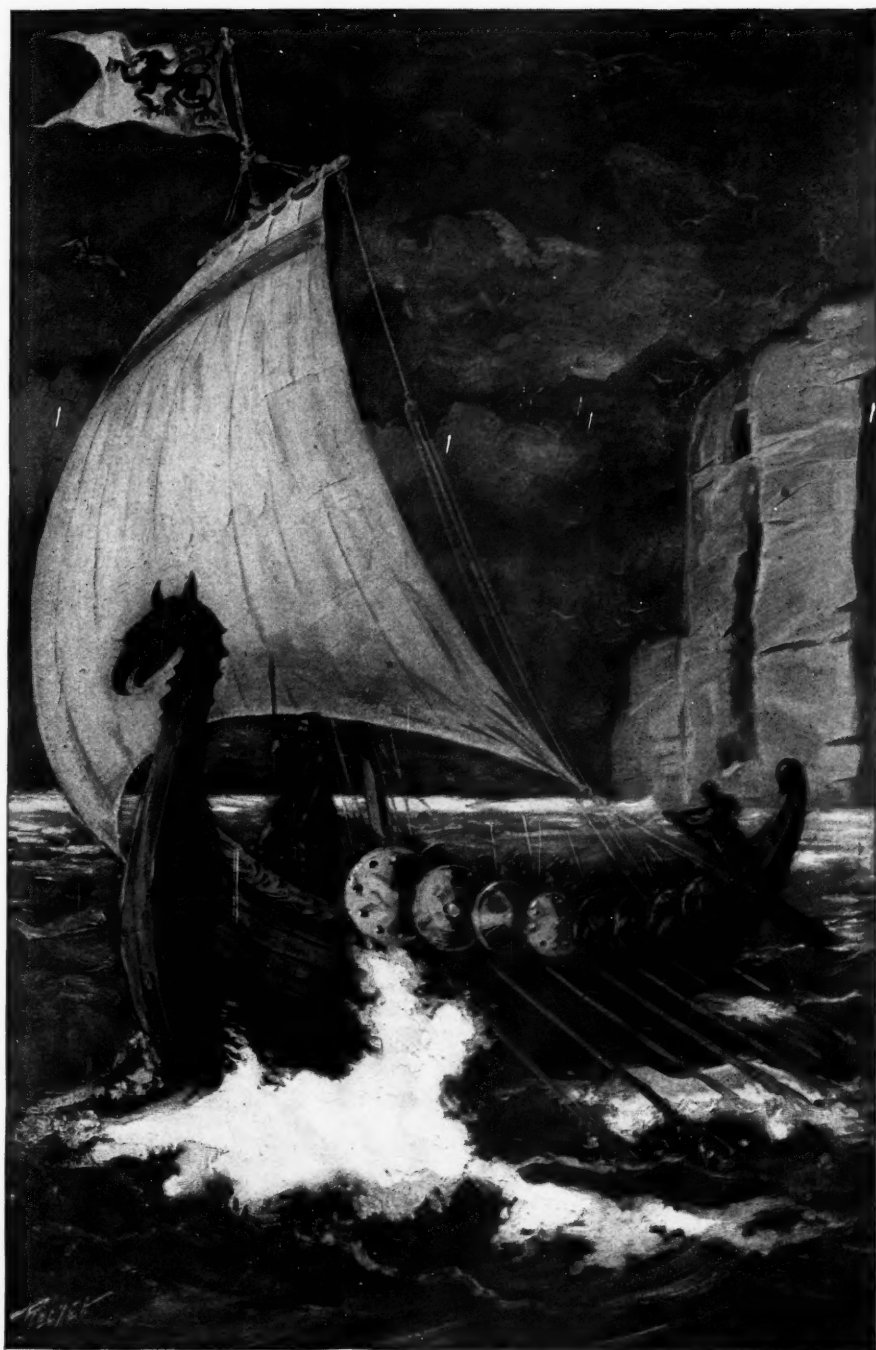
**L**AUNCH her and clear! On the tide  
Let her rock to the tremulous motion,  
Stanch in her strength and her pride—  
Our dragon-ship, queen of the ocean!

III

**M**OTHERS of vikings are we,  
Kindred, or bound to them nigher;  
So let the parting word be  
Tuned to their manhood's desire.

IV

**F**AME set our lips in a smile,  
Battle ring high in our voices;  
Honor that naught can defile  
To each that in honor rejoices!



V

ODIN set hand to the helm,  
Lest she swerve when the storm  
shall o'ertake her;  
Thor in his might overwhelm  
The peril of maelstrom and breaker!

VI

BUT most, woman-hearts, let us pray  
To the Lady of Asgard, to Freya,  
That she send to us back from the fray  
The lords of our love and desire!

VII

HAIL, dragon-ship! See, she leaps  
Forth as a wolf to the slaughter,  
On, driven on by the sweeps  
That churn through the turbulent water.

VIII

LOW, bulwark-low, where the fields  
Of ocean break sheer under heaven,  
See the long line of their shields  
Set, as the sun sets at even.

IX

HAIL, and farewell! The great sail  
That we wove through the long winter  
gloaming  
Drops—and our tears drop like hail;  
Oh, hasten our lords to their  
homing!

